

THE
WORKS
OF
LUCIAN.

VOL. III.



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OF
LUCIAN,

FROM THE GREEK,

By THOMAS FRANCKLIN, D.D.

Some time Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge.

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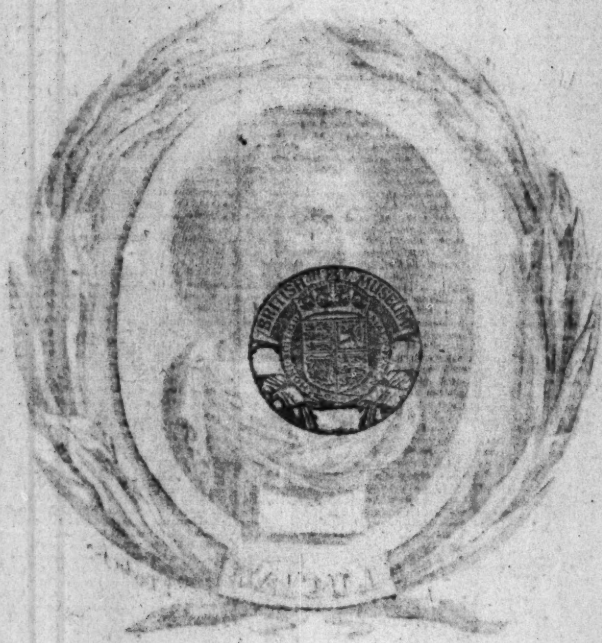
Tantum obtinet in dicendo gratiæ, tantum in inveniendò fœlicitatis, tantum in jocando lepôris, in mordendo aceti; sic titillat allusionibus, sic seria nugis, nugas seriis miscet, sic ridens vera dicit, vera dicendo ridet, sic hominum mores, affectus, studia, quasi penicillo depingit; neque legenda, sed planè spectanda oculis exponit, ut nulla comœdia, nulla satyra cum hujus dialogis conferri debeat, seu voluptatem spectes, seu spectes utilitatem.

ERASMVS.

L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND,
MDCCLXXXI.

THE
WORK
OF
LUCIAN

FROM THE GREEK
BY THOMAS FRANKLIN, D.D.
Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and Lecturer in the University of Cambridge.



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MDCCCXXXI

SIGNOR GALLINI,

THIS TREATISE IS INSCRIBED BY
THE TRANSLATOR.

ON
DANCING,
A DIALOGUE.

One of the bad Consequences arising from the Company of Wits, who deal in Irony and Sarcasm is, that you never know whether they are in Jest or Earnest; and this is the Case with LUCIAN, in regard to the following Dialogue, which wears such a double Face, that it is difficult to say whether he meant to ridicule the noble Science of Dancing, or truly and soberly to defend and extol it. When he tells us, in the Beginning, that Dancing is coeval with the Universe, and that the World is nothing but a grand Dance of Things, we can hardly conceive him to be serious; and yet in the latter Part of the Treatise, the Gravity of his Arguments and Manner would incline us to think him so. The whole, however, except, perhaps, the long String of old Fables, is entertaining and sensible.

LYCINUS AND CRATO.

LYCINUS.

AS you have thought proper, my friend Crato, for some time past to bring most heavy complaints against dancing, to abuse the art itself, and find fault with me for being fond of it, as spending all my time on a frivolous and womanish entertainment; I must now convince you how greatly you are mistaken, and how sadly you have forgot yourself, in speaking thus contemptuously of one of the most agreeable things in life: it may, however, be pardonable in you, who have been brought up and used to a gloomy way of life, and have always imagined that nothing can be good that is not harsh and rigid, and condemn that which you are an utter stranger to.

CRATO.

In good truth, my friend Lycinus, I am astonished to see a man like you, brought up to letters, and no bad philosopher, leaving his profitable studies and converse with the ancients, to be tickled with a flageolet, or sit admiring an effeminate fellow, in long petticoats, singing lascivious songs, and imitating the lewd women, the * Phædras, Parthenopes, and Rhodopes

* *Phædras, &c.*] The story of Phædra, and her passion for



dopes of antiquity, beating time with your foot upon the benches, and making a ridiculous noise, very unbecoming a man of your education. When I heard you frequented such entertainments, I not only blushed for, but was truly angry with you, for thus neglecting Plato, Aristotle, and Chrysippus, to sit like those who tickle their ears with a feather; and that too whilst there are so many noble and delightful employments for the eye and ear, so many excellent concerts, so many, where the † harp is played on in perfection, and above all, whilst there is grave tragedy and chearful comedy to amuse you, things worthy of public contest, for Hippolytus, is too well known to stand in need of any illustration. Parthenope was one of the Syrens whom Ulysses shut his ears against. The last mentioned lady is reported to have got money enough, by her profession as a courtesan, to build one of the famous Egyptian pyramids.

† *The harp.*] Greek *κithara*. I call it a harp, though, as Montfaucon has observed, it is very difficult to determine in what the lyre, cithara, chelys, psaltery, and harp differed from each other. Dr. Burney observes, that the cithara (from which the Italian word *chitarra*, or guitar, is manifestly derived), was, perhaps, as different from the lyre, as a single harp from a double one. The Greeks had, probably, two principal species of stringed instruments, one, like our harp, of full compass, resting on its base, the other more portable, and slung over the shoulder, like our guitar, or the ancient lyre, represented in sculpture.

and universal emulation. You will stand in need, therefore, my good friend, of a long apology, at least with every liberal mind, if you mean not to be cut off from the society of all good and virtuous men: you had better, indeed, at once, deny that you were ever guilty of such a folly; and take care that, for the future, we never see you changing yourself thus, from a man into a Lydian or Bacchanal; it would be not only your fault, indeed, but ours, if, when we saw you stupified, like † Ulysses by the lotus, we did not endeavour to bring you back to your senses, before you were totally possessed by those Syrens of the stage; his Syrens caught mariners by the ears, if they did not stop them up with wax, as they failed that way; but you are taken by the eye, and reduced to the most abject slavery.

L Y C I N U S.

Bless us, Crato, what a fierce dog have you let loose upon me! but your simile, let me tell you, of the Syrens and Lotophagi, is by no means applicable to my case: for those who eat the lotus, and listened to the Syrens, were punished with death; whereas, with regard to my-

† *Like Ulysses.*] See *Odyssey*, book ix. l. 92. I have quoted the passage as translated by Pope, in another place.

self,

self, besides that the pleasure is much greater than theirs, the consequence also is good and happy; for neither have I by this forgot my private concerns, nor become incapable of doing my business; but, on the contrary, I can affirm, always return from the theatre more alert, and fit for all the offices of life, so that I may say with Homer, who was an eye witness of it,

* Delighted I return, and wiser far.

But pray tell me, Crato, do you find fault with dancing, and the stage, after being often present at them; or, having never been there, do you, notwithstanding, assert that they are indefensible? If you have seen them yourself, you are upon the level with me; and if you have not, surely your accusation is unreasonable and ill-founded, when you condemn that which you know nothing of.

C R A T O.

Most certain it is, I have never been there: it would but ill become me, with my long beard

* *Delighted.*] This is a literal translation of the line in Homer, which is

Τερψαμενος μετ' αὐτοῖς, καὶ πολλὰ κινῶν,

which is part of the Syren's song in the twelfth book of the *Odyssæy*. Pope has sunk the whole line in his translation, and, as he frequently does, gives us something else in the room of it.

and grey locks, to sit myself down amongst a heap of women, and mad spectators, to applaud a worthless fellow, writhing his body into a thousand forms, for no good or useful purpose whatsoever.

L Y C I N U S.

I must pardon you, Crato, since this is the case; but if you will take my advice, only go by way of experiment, and open your eyes; I will answer for it, you will soon be for going early, and before any body else, to secure a good place, from whence you may see and hear every thing distinctly.

C R A T O.

May I perish if ever I submit to any such thing whilst I have hair on my legs, and my beard is not pulled off! In the mean time I sincerely pity you, who are seized with this Bacchanalian frenzy.

L Y C I N U S.

Will you then listen to me, my friend, whilst I defend dancing, and endeavour to convince you that it has many perfections; that it is not only entertaining, but profitable to the spectators; that it is useful and instructive, harmonises the souls of the beholders, charms the sight with agreeable spectacles, and the hearing with delightful sounds, displaying the united beauties

beauties both of mind and body : that it does all this by the assistance of music and numbers, is not to its disgrace, but adds to the praise and honour of it.

C R A T O.

I am not at leisure to hear a madman harangue in praise of his distemper; but, if you are very desirous of pouring out your nonsense upon me, I will submit to the operation, and lend you my ears, which, though I shall not stop them with wax, may not, perhaps, be very attentive to you. I will hold my tongue, however; therefore, say what you please, as if there was nobody to overhear you.

L Y C I N U S.

That is the very thing I wished for; you will soon see whether what I am going to say to you is nonsense. In the first place, then, I must observe, that you seem not to know the antiquity of dancing; that it is not of yesterday, not invented by our ancestors, nor by those who lived before them: they who know the true origin of it will inform you, that it is coeval with the birth of the Universe, and sprang forth at the same time with Love, the eldest of the gods. The Chorus of the stars, the conjunction of the planets, their harmonious order and connection, are but various copies of the first

great dance of things : from that time the art hath been advancing, which is now arrived at perfection, and is at length the most * muse-like, all comprehending, all harmonious, first of things.

† Rhea, we are told, delighting in the art, first commanded the Corybantes in Phrygia; and the Curetes in Crete to dance ; and she received no small advantage from it ; for they preserved her son, and Jove will himself acknowledge, that to them he owed his delivery from the cruelty of an incensed father : they danced in arms, and striking their swords on their shields, seemed, as it were, filled with a martial and divine fury. Some of the bravest Cretans

* *Muse-like.*] Greek, πολυμυσον αγαθον.

† *Rhea, &c.*] To understand the force, and taste the ridicule of this passage, it is necessary to inform the reader, if he does not know it before, that, according to the unaccountable system of ancient theogony, Rhea, or Cybele, when she was with child of Jupiter by Saturn, that her husband might not destroy the infant as soon as born, which it seems he had threatened, retired to Crete, when, after being delivered, she gave her little Jupiter to the care of her friends, or priests, the Curetes and Corybantes, who made a violent noise with their lances, shields, and bucklers, that Saturn might not hear the child cry. Lucian takes this opportunity of laughing at the whole story, and tells us that it is therefore to dancing alone we are indebted for the preservation of the father of gods and men.

after-

afterwards studied this art, and became excellent dancers ; and these were not the low and common people, but of the noblest families, and amongst those who were deserving of the empire. Homer, with a view to distinguish, and not to disgrace Merion, calls him a dancer ; and so famous was he in this art, that not only his countrymen the Grecians acknowledged his perfections in it, but his enemies the Trojans also ; they experienced, no doubt, in battle, that skill and agility which he had acquired by his proficiency in this useful science : the verses, I think, are pretty nearly as follows,

* Swift as thou art, the raging hero cries,
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize ;
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

And yet we find he did not kill him : by his knowlege of † dancing, I suppose, he escaped the arrows that were shot at him. I could enumerate several other heroes who were renowned for this art ; it may suffice to mention only Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, a most admirable dancer, who invented the famous Pyrrhic dance, so called from him. When

* See Pope's Homer's *Odyfsey*, B. xvi. l. 745.

† *Dancing*] Is this a serious defence of dancing, or a severe ridicule of it ?

Achilles

Achilles heard this of his son, it gave him more pleasure, they say, than when he reflected on his beauty, and all his other accomplishments and perfections. It was † his dance indeed, that destroyed and laid level with the ground, the proud city of Troy; which, to that day, had remained unconquerable.

The Lacedæmonians, who were reckoned the bravest of all the Grecians, learned their Caryatic from Castor and Pollux (this is a species of dance, so called from Caryæ, a street in Sparta); these people did every thing in a muse-like manner, fought by numbers, music, and a regular motion of the feet; the pipe always giving the first signal of battle: and as they were led on by music and dancing, they always conquered: their young men were taught to dance, as well as to fight: they came to blows, then paused for a time, and finished the engagement in a dance; the fidler always sitting in the midst, and beating time with his foot; whilst they, forming themselves as it were, into metre, fol-

† *His dance.*] Surely Lucian appears here with a broad grin on his countenance, and is plainly ironical; it puts us in mind of the burlesque song, where Alexander

Drank about the council-board,
And subdu'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

lowed

lowed each other in various circumvolutions; and marching to different tunes, sometimes rough and warlike, and soon after to quick and spritely ones, such as Bacchus and Venus admire. The song which they sing in their dance, is an invitation to Venus and Cupid to trip it along with them; another, for they sing two, contains instructions how they are to dance: then they cry out aloud, "Boys, move your feet, and dance better."

Those do much the same who perform the * *Hormus*: this is a dance of the youths and virgins, moving in a chorus one by one, like a chain or collar, from which it takes its name. The young man leads the way, stepping gracefully along, and with such motions as he is afterwards to practise in the field; the virgin follows, teaching her sex, as it were, to dance with decency and grace; so that the whole appears indeed like a chain, where manly fortitude, and female modesty, are knit together.

What Homer tells us in his shield of Achilles concerning † *Ariadne*, and the dance which

Dædalus

* *Hormus*.] From the Greek *δεμος*, monile, a collar, or necklace. The idea is a pretty one, something similar to this is frequently adopted in our modern dances.

† *Ariadne*.] A figured dance succeeds; such once was seen,
In lofty Gnosſus, for the Cretan queen,

Form'd

Dædalus led her, as unnecessary to repeat to a reader like you, I shall pass over; as well as the two dancers, leaders of the chorus, whom the poet calls † tumblers; and likewise where he says,

The youthful dancers, in a circle bound.

And which, he tells us, was the most beautiful part of Vulcan's shield. The Phæacians, we may naturally suppose, were fond of dancing, being a delicate race of people, and who lived a life of luxury and happiness. Homer therefore, makes * Ulysses particularly admire them.

The Theſſalians had this art in such esteem, that they called their generals and great warriors

Form'd by Dædalian art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand,
Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,
And, undistinguish'd, blend the flying ring.

See Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, book xviii. l. 691.

It is worth observing, says a commentator on this passage, that the Grecian dance is still performed in this manner in the oriental nations; the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning slowly, by degrees the music plays a quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost swiftness, and towards the conclusion, sing as here in a general chorus.

† *Tumblers.*] Greek, *υψιμαρχες*, the Latin translator calls them saltantes in caput, such as dance on their heads. Pope calls them tumblers.

* *Ulysses.*] See *Odyssey*, ©. l. 365.

leaders

† leaders of the dance ; and this is proved by their inscriptions on the monuments which they raised, in memory of their great men : one of them says, “ the city made such a man Proorchester : and another, “ the people raised this “ to the memory of Ilation, for his well-danced “ battle.”

I shall not here observe, that amongst all the ancient mysteries, there are none without dances, as Orpheus, Musæus, and others, the best dancers of their time, who instituted them, always took care to make dancing an indisputable qualification for all who were initiated into them. We must not speak of the orgies, on account of those who are not initiated ; but every body knows, that those who reveal the mysteries, are said to have † danced out of the circle.

In

† *Leaders.*] Greek, προορχηστῆς, first dancers. This and the other appellations mean no more than that the Thessalians applied terms used in dancing to military affairs, and did this art the honour sometimes to draw allusions from it ; but Lucian’s business here is to make the most of the matter.

† *Danced out.*] Greek, ἐξορχισθαι, extra sacrum chorum saltare. Whence, perhaps, we may derive our English word, exorcism ; but, after all, this is nothing, as I before observed, but an allusion ; though Lucian seems to insinuate that religion itself depends on dancing. His fervent zeal on this occasion puts me in mind of a famous Treatise on the Art of Angling, now before me ; the author, after affirming

In Delos, no sacrifices, it is well known, were ever made without music and dancing : a chorus of boys always played upon the lute and harp, whilst the most skilful of them proceeded with hymns and songs ; and the verses written for these chorusses which the Lyric poets are full of, were called § Hyporchemata. But why need I dwell upon the Greeks, when even the Indians, as soon as they rise in the morning, worship the sun ; not as we do, who, when we have kissed our hands, think our adoration complete ; but turning their heads towards the east, salute him with a dance ; silently throwing themselves into certain postures, and imitating the motions of the divinity. Such is the adoration of the Indians, their chorus, and sacrifice ; in this manner they propitiate the deity in the morning and in the evening every day. The Æthiopians also dance whilst they fight ; nor will one of them take an arrow out of his hair, (for that is his quiver, which they surround like so many rays,) without first making

affirming that no man can be honest or good who does not love fishing, proceeds gravely to remark, that only three Apostles attended our Saviour to the mount on his transfiguration, and that these three were all—fishermen.

§ *Hyporchemata*.] From *ορχησις*, saltatio, *ὑπορχημα* δέ, says Meursius, το μετ' ορχησεως αδομενον μελος.

use

use of several threatening motions, and terrifying the enemy with a dance.

And now we are got into India and Æthiopia, it may be worth our while to step down into the neighbouring kingdom of Ægypt. Here, according to the old fable, lived the famous Proteus, who, I believe, was nothing more than a good dancer, and an excellent mimic; who could throw himself into all shapes and forms, imitating, by the rapidity of his motions, the swiftness of fire, the fluidity of water, the fierceness of the lion, the spirit of the panther, the bending of the trees, and any thing, in short, he pleased: but they caught hold of the marvellous, and told the story as if those things had really happened, which were so well represented by him, though those that dance now perform the very same, for they change themselves into every form, and rival * Proteus himself: we have reason to suppose that Empusa also, who could throw herself into such a variety of shapes, was likewise some excellent proficient in this art.

* *Proteus.*] Here the mask falls fairly off, and Lucian may be said to laugh out: his turning Proteus into a dancing-master plainly shews he cannot be in earnest, but it is hoped the Proteus's of the present age, in consideration of the many handsome things he has said on the subject, will forgive him a laugh or two on the profession.

Nor

Nor must we here pass over that dance of the Romans which is performed by the † *Salii* (for so they call some of their priests), in honour of Mars, the god of war, and which is most grave and holy.

Agreeable to this Roman custom is the fable which the Bithynians relate of their Priapus, a warlike deity, one of the Titans I believe, or the † *Idæan Dactyli*, well skilled in military knowledge, who is said to have received Mars from the hands of Juno, whilst he was yet a boy, though remarkably strong and manly, and to have instructed him in dancing, even before he taught him to fight; for this, as a reward, he was presented by Juno with a tenth of the spoil which fell to the share of Mars in

† *Salii*.] The *Salii* were Roman priests, and so called from *salio*, to dance, first appointed we are told by Numa: their office was to celebrate the rites of Mars with songs and dances; they were habited in a short scarlet cassock, having round them a broad belt, clasped with brass buckles, on their heads they wore a sort of copper helmet, short swords by their sides, a javelin in their right hand, and the ancle, or target, in the other. They were twelve in number, and always chosen from the patricians.

† *Idæan dactyli*.] Priests of Cybele, who was worshipped on mount Ida, called *dactyli*, from *δακτυλος*, a finger, in allusion to their number, as in their first institution there were but ten of them. See Strabo, Pollux, If. Casaubon, and the learned Bryant.

battle.

battle. I need not mention to you the feasts of Bacchus, which, you well know, all consist in dances; the principal of them the * *Cordax*, the † *Sicynnis*, and the ‡ *Emmeleia*, were so called from the Satyrs, priests of Bacchus, who invented them; by these he conquered the Tyrrhenians, Indians, and Lydians, and obliged those warlike nations to carry the thiasus.

Take heed, therefore, my most extraordinary friend, that you are not guilty of impiety, in vilifying this divine and mystic art, practised by so many of the gods themselves, and dedicated to their service, and which, at the same time, affords both profit and delight. When I consider (for I must once more recur to the poets), how great an admirer you are of Homer, and Hesiod in particular, I am astonished to find your opinion so directly opposite to

* *Cordax*.] This was a gay brisk dance, accompanied sometimes, we are told, with lewd and wanton gestures, and belonged properly to comedy; a learned writer on the subject calls it *genus ridiculæ saltationis in comediis, quæ turpiter lumbos spinamque quatiebat*—approaching, I suppose, pretty nearly to the indecency of our modern stage-dancing; the Bacchanalia, or feasts of Bacchus, consisted principally of various dances.

† *Sicynnus*.] This was a satirical dance, wherein the grave and brisk were intermixed.

‡ *Emmeleia*.] This was a grave and solemn dance.

them, who praise this art above all things. When Homer speaks of things the most desirable, he mentions sleep, love, and harmony, and calls dancing alone the § irreprehensible pleasure: he bears testimony, you see, to the excellency of song, which always accompanies my favourite art, and expressly says, that is irreprehensible, which you have dared to find fault with; and again, in another part of his poem, he says,

|| To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some sweet music, and the charms of song.

Most delightful, indeed, are song and dance together, they are the sweetest gift of heaven; the poet seems to have divided all things into two parts, war and peace, and in opposition to the former has contrasted these pleasures as the most delectable.

Hesiod also, who was not told of it by others, but himself,

At early morn beheld the dancing choir,

in the beginning of his poem, sings the Muses praise, and tells us, as the highest encomium of them, that

§ Irreprehensible.] Greek, ἀνυμνητος ὁπποῦν. Il. N. 636.

|| To some, &c.] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xiii. l. 915.

* On the clear fountain's brim, with tender feet,
They lead the mazy dance, around the altar
Of their celestial fire —

And is it not, my friend, almost to fight against
the gods, thus to revile so noble an art?

Socrates, who, if we are to credit the Py-
thian oracle, was the wisest of men, not only
praised dancing, but did himself condescend to
learn it, attributing the greatest effect to music,
numbers, and modulated motions; nor was he
ashamed, though an old man, to consider it as
the most serious thing. He was, indeed, no
little friend to it who frequented the schools of
music, and listened even to the † courtesan As-
pasia for wisdom and instruction, though he
lived when the art was in its infancy, and long
before it had arrived at its present perfection;
had he seen those who now practise it, he would,
I doubt not, have left every thing else for this
entertainment alone, nor have taught his pupils
any thing before, or in preference to it.

When you talked of tragedy and comedy,
you must certainly have forgot that there are
dances appropriated to each of them; for one,

* *On the clear.*] See Hesiod's Theogony.

† *Courtesan*] This is an invidious sneer on Socrates,
whose exalted virtue Lucian frequently takes the liberty to
call in question.

the Emmeleia; for the other the Cordax; the Sicynnis also is sometimes taken in with them; but since you set out by preferring these to dancing, because they are frequently proposed as subjects of contention, and are therefore honourable, let us compare them together, to pass over music, which is only an attendant on our art, and subservient to it.

If we are to judge of tragedy from its first appearance, what a disgusting and formidable spectacle it is! to see a man come in stretched out to an enormous length, and stalking in high-heeled shoes, with a mask that comes out beyond his head, and gapes as if it would devour all the spectators, not to mention the cushions stuck out on the breast and belly to make artificial fat, to prevent the inconsistent appearance of a thin body: then from under his covering you hear him crying out, sometimes high, and sometimes low, and chaunting his sorrows in iambic verse, minding nothing but his voice, for every thing else used to be supplied by the poet himself: as long as only Hecuba or Andromache spoke, this was tolerable; but when Hercules comes to sing alone, he forgets the club and the lion's skin, drops the character, and may be said to make a solecism indeed.

You

You alledge, that in dancing, men act the part of women; now this is commonly done both in tragedy and comedy, for * in both there are more women than men: in comedy, the principal parts, to make the audience laugh, are given to the ridiculous characters, cooks, scullions, Davus's, and Tibius's: on the other hand, how neat and decent the habit and appearance of the dancer is, I need not remark, one must be blind not to see it: add to this, that the mask is always handsome, and suited to the action, not gaping like the other, but with the mouth shut. There are, indeed, other mouths enough to open in praise of it. It was formerly usual for the same person both to sing and dance; but, finding that shortness of breath from quick motion spoiled the song, they relieved the dancer, and appointed a person to sing † under him. With regard to other things,

* *In both.*] This, so far as it regards the small remains of the ancient drama now extant, is by no means true; in Lucian's time, however, for ought we know, it might have been so. Women, it is almost certain, never acted either in comedy or tragedy, and most probably were not then thought capable of it. What would Lucian say, if he could come amongst us, to a Young, a Yates, or a Barry?

† *Under him.*] This lets us into a dramatic manœuvre which we were totally unacquainted with, one man dancing,

things, tragedy and dancing are nearly the same, except that the latter has more variety, and is † more instructive.

The reason why there are no exercises, or prizes for dancing appointed in Greece, was, I suppose, because the magistrates thought it too noble and sacred a thing to become a subject of public trial, as it were, and examination; not to mention that there is a city in Italy, which has added this ornament to their other games and ceremonies.

I must here apologize to you, for omitting many things which I might have mentioned on

and another explaining his motions in a song; a great deal of skill and exactness must have been necessary in both. This idea agrees surprisingly with the hypothesis supported by the Abbé du Bos. See his *Reflections on Painting and Poetry*.

† *More instructive.*] Greek, *πλουμαθισται*, plus doctrinæ habentes, a bold assertion of Lucian, which the tragic poets of this or any other age will hardly admit; but our satirist, we must remember, is apt now and then to deal in the hyperbole: the writers, however, on the other side of the question are equally extravagant, melius est fodere quam saltare, says the pious St. Augustine; nemo saltat sobrius, says Tully; and the author of the *History of the Waldenses* very gravely assures us, that a dance is the devil's procession, and as many paces as a man dances, so many steps does he make towards hell; with many other reflections of the same nature.—Must we then, after all, send our children to the dancing school or not? as Pope says,

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

this

this occasion: I am not ignorant that several who have treated the same subject before me have dwelt much longer upon it, have run through every species of dancing, given us their names, and described what they were, and by whom invented, with a view, I suppose, to shew their extensive learning; for my own part, I look upon all this, as the poor ambition of the ignorant; and besides that, it would be very troublesome and inconvenient to me, and for that reason I pass them all over. I must desire you, moreover, to recollect, that it was not my present intention to trace out the origin of every kind of dance, but only to describe the few which I first mentioned, and which, I considered as the principal efforts of this noble art. The chief end of this discourse being to recommend dancing in general, and to shew how much, both of pleasure and profit, there is in it: I mean, as it is now practised, not as it was formerly, but with all the improvements which it received in, and since the time of Augustus. Passing over, as it were, the roots and foundation of the art, we come now to the flower and fruit of it. Taking no notice of the *

Thermaystis,

* *Thermaystis*.] A remarkably quick dance, abounding in leaps and caprioles, such as required the greatest strength

Thermaystis, the † Crane, and the rest of those which are foreign to our present practice: nor shall I mention the ‡ Phrygian dance, made use of, generally, by boon companions in their drinking bouts; and which, our rustics continue to this day to the sound of flutes, which, likewise, have very little resemblance with our present modes and fashions. Plato, in his laws, finds fault with several of these; in his division of them into the useful and agreeable, rejecting some as rude and indecent, and praising and admiring others. So much therefore, for the art itself. For to describe all the species of it would be a ridiculous and unnecessary task.

And now I will enumerate those qualities which the dancer should be possessed of, how he should be prepared, and instructed, and by

strength and agility. Athenæus calls it *furiosa saltatio*, a mad dance; and another author calls it, *genus saltationis vehementis, & præcipuæ agilitatis*.

† *The crane.*] Greek, *γέρανον*, so called, we may suppose, from the flight of that bird, whose motions were probably imitated by the dancers.

‡ *Phrygian.*] This was probably, as it is described to us, a rustic popular dance, in which the performers, as they danced, sung to the dance tune,—Where are my roses, where are my violets, where are my beautiful swarms of bees, &c.

what

what means his knowlege may be strengthened and confirmed; by which you will perceive, that this art is not to be numbered amongst the easiest and most practicable, but reaches to the * summit of all human learning : comprehending music, numbers, geometry, with your favourite philosophy, both natural and moral, though it doth not hold the subtilty of disputation by any means necessary. Oratory, however, it would not despise, but lays claim to a part of it, as far as concerns the passions and affections of men : nor must it be a stranger to painting and statuary, as it can imitate their symmetry and proportion, in such a manner as neither Phidias nor Apelles can be superior to it. But, above all, it will be necessary for the dancer to have a great and comprehensive memory : for, like Homer's Calchas, he

† Must know the past, the present, and to come.

That nothing may escape him, as it is an imitative science, he must be able to point out and express the thoughts of men : what Homer, therefore, attributed to Pericles, the good dancer

* *The summit.*] This exaggerated encomium puts us in mind of a stroke of humour (and I believe it is the only one in it), in one of our farces, where the dancing-master observes, that the young lady's imprudent conduct can be attributed to nothing but her never having learned to dance.

† *Must know.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i.

must

must also enjoy; a power of understanding what ought to be done, and of practising it also. How he is to do this, I will now consider.

The first great requisite is a knowledge of ancient history, a perfect remembrance, as I before observed, and a proper representation of it. He must know every thing, therefore, from chaos and the origin of things, down to the times of Ægyptian Cleopatra; with all that passed in the interval; as, the † castration of Cœlum, the birth of Venus, the battle of the Titans, the nativity of Jupiter, the fraud of Rhea, the stone, the imprisonment of Saturn, and the fate of the three brothers; the rebellion of the giants, the stolen fire, the creation of men, the punishment of Prometheus, the power of the two kinds of love; the wandering of Delos, the

- † *The castration, &c.*] Lucian has here, probably to shew his learning, which was very extensive, given us a long detail of ancient stories, which, to confess the truth, is rather tedious and unnecessary; it would surely be sufficient to observe, in support of his laboured panegyric on the art, that the dancer should be acquainted with every part of ancient history, fable, and mythology, without entering so minutely into the repetition of them

It is observable that some of the tales alluded to are not mentioned by any author but Lucian, and contain some facts and histories which we know nothing of: an enquiry into, and full explanation of them all would fill a quarto volume; I have not, therefore, attempted a task which would be both tiresome and unnecessary.

birth

birth of Latona, the taking away of Python, the snares of Tityus, the middle of the earth discovered by the flight of eagles : besides these, he must remember the wreck of things in the time of Deucalion, one * ark containing the remnant of mankind, and mortals springing up again from stones ; the tearing Iachus in pieces, the trick of Juno, and burning of Semele ; the birth of both Bacchus's, every thing about Minerva, Vulcan, and Erichthonius ; the contention for Athens, the story of Halirrhodius, the sentence of the Areopagus, with all the mythology of that country, particularly the travels of Ceres, the hospitality of Celeus, the agriculture of Triptolemus, the planting of the vine by Icarius, the misfortunes of Erigone, and every thing that is related concerning Boreas, and Oreithyia, and Theseus, and Ægeus ; the carrying away of Medea, and the retreat into Persia ; the daughters of Erectheus and Pandion, with all that they did and suffered in Thrace ; not forgetting Acamas, and Phyllis, the first rape of Helen, the invasion of Athens by Castor and Pollux, the adventures of Hip-

* *The ark.*] A strong confirmation of the truth of the Mosaic history of the Deluge ; but Lucian, in another part of his works, which the reader will come to presently, gives us a full and very extraordinary account of this matter.

polytus, and the return of the Heraclidæ; this all belongs to the history of Athens, from which I have only selected these few particulars. Afterwards must come that of Megara, the account of Nisus and Seylla, and the purple hair, the journey of Minos, and his ingratitude to his benefactress; to which will succeed, the story of Cithæron and the Thebans, the affairs of the Labdacidæ, and the travels of Cadmus, the ox that laid down, the serpent's teeth, and the men springing up from them, the metamorphosis of Cadmus into a serpent, the walls built by Amphion by the sound of the lyre, the madness of the builder, the pride of Niobe, her silence and grief, the history of Pentheus, Actæon, Oedipus, Hercules and all his labours, with the murder of his children. Then comes Corinth that abounds in fables, of Glaucus and Creon, Bellerophon and Sthenobæa, the battle between Neptune and the sun, the madness of Athamas, the flight of the children of Nephele through the air upon a ram, with the reception of Ino and Melicerta amongst the deities of the sea: then follows the history of the Pelopidæ, Mycenæ, and all that passed there; Inachus, Io, Argus, Atreus, and Thyestes, Ærope, the golden fleece, the wedding of Pelops, the murder of Agamemnon, and the punishment
of

of Clytemnæstra; before this, the expedition of the seven leaders against Thebes, the reception of the banished sons-in-law of Adrastus, the oracle concerning them, the forbidding of funeral rites, and the deaths of Menæceus and Antigone in consequence of it; add to this, as necessary to be known, what happened in Nemæa, to Hyppipyle and Archemorus, and what passed long before that with relation to Danaë's prison, the birth of Perseus, and his combat with the Gorgon, to which is joined the history of Æthiopia, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, and Cepheus, whom the credulity of after-ages placed amongst the stars: neither must he forget the story of Danaus and Ægyptus, and the fraudulent marriage of their children. Lacedæmon will also furnish him with many events, the loves of Hyacinthus, the rivalry of Zephyrus and Apollo, the murder of the boy by a discus, the flower that sprung up from his blood with the melancholy marks upon it, Tyndarus rising from the dead, and Jupiter's quarrel with Æsculapius, the wandering of Paris after his judgment of the apple, with the rape of Helen. The history of Troy is connected with that of Sparta, and is very large and comprehensive: as from almost every one of the adventures there, a fable may be composed; all which, he ought, therefore,

fore, to retain in his memory, particularly from the rape of Helen to the return of the Greeks, the voyages of Æneas, and the passion of Dido ; with which may be connected, the acts of Orestes, and what he performed in Scythia : nor must the previous circumstances be forgot of Achilles remaining at Scyrus in the habit of a virgin, the madness of Ulysses, Philoctetes left in the desert island, all the adventures of Ulysses, Circe, and Telegonus, the power of Æolus over the winds, and every thing that happened down to the death of the suitors, back as far as the snares laid for Palamedes, the anger of Nauplius, the madness of one Ajax, and the death of the other amongst the rocks. Elis will also furnish the skilful dancer with many subjects ; Oenomaus, Myrtilus, Saturn, Jupiter, and the first contenders at the Olympic games. Arcadia will likewise supply him with abundance of fables, such as the flight of Daphne, Callisthes living the life of a savage, the drunken frolics of the Centaurs, the birth of Pan, the loves of Alpheus, and his diving under the sea. If he passes over into Crete, he will meet with great variety, Europe, Pasiphae, the two bulls, the labyrinth, Ariadne, Phædra, Androgeos, Dædalus, Icarus, Glaucus, the prophecies of Polyides, and Talus the traveller,

veller, who carried the brazen tablets through Crete. If he goes from thence to Ætolia, he will find Althæa, Meleager, Atalanta, the fatal brand, the combat of Hercules and Achelous, the birth of the Syrens, the origin of the Echinæ, when the fury of Alcæon had subsided, the story of Nessus, and Deianira, and the funeral pile of Hercules. Thrace will likewise produce some things very necessary to be known by him, as, the death of Orpheus, his head swimming upon the lyre and speaking, Hæmus, Rhodope, and the punishment of Lycurgus. Thessaly will furnish him with still more, Pelias, Jason, Alcestes, the fleet of the fifty youths, Argos, and the * talking ship; the adventures of Lemnos, Æte, the dream of Medea, Absyrtus torn to pieces, what befel her in her voyage, and the story of Protefilaus and Laodamia. If from thence you go back to Asia, you will meet with Samos, and the misfortunes of Polycrates, and his daughter's rambles into Persia, not to mention the more ancient fables of the imprudent tongue of Tanta-

* *Talking ship.*] Orpheus calls it *εὐλαλὸς ἄργυ*, and the Roman poet says,

Mox, uti victa gravi ceciderunt lumina somno,
Visa coronatæ fulgens tutela carinæ
Vocibus his instare duci.

See Val. Flaccus, book i. l. 301.

lus,

lus, the dreadful banquet of the gods, with the death of Pelops, and his ivory shoulder. In Italy he will find Eridanus, with Phaeton, and his sisters turned into trees that distilled amber: he must be acquainted also, with the Hesperides, the dragon that guarded the golden fruit, the labour of Atlas, Geryon, and the driving of the oxen out of Erytheia; nor must he be ignorant of the various metamorphoses into trees, beasts, or birds; and of women into men, as Cæneus, Tiresias, and the like; in Phœnicia, Myrrha, and the death of Adonis. Besides these, he must know those more recent facts which happened after the establishment of the Macedonian empire, with all that Antipater and Seleucus suffered for the love of Stratonice. He must be acquainted with the mysteries of the Ægyptians, and be able to express them by proper symbols; such, I mean, as Epaphus, Osyris, and the gods changed into various animals; and above all, their love-adventures, particularly those of Jove, and the many shapes he transformed himself into. He must know also all the tragic history of the infernal regions, their punishments, and the causes of them; with the uncommon friendship of Theseus and Pirithous, continued even in the shades. His memory, in short, must comprehend every thing

thing which Homer, Hesiod, and the tragic poets have recorded.

These few things, out of a great many, or rather a great many out of an infinite number, I have here mentioned as indispensibly necessary, leaving the rest to be sung by the poets, or gleaned up by the artist himself, which he must always have in readiness to produce, whenever he may have occasion for them.

As his skill consists in imitation, and he undertakes to explain every thing that is sung by gestures; he must, like the orator, be always perspicuous and intelligible, that whatever he points out may be plain and clear, and not stand in need of an interpreter: for, as the Pythian oracle declared, the dancer must be understood though he is dumb, and heard though he says nothing.

Something like this happened formerly to Demetrius the Cynic, who, finding fault with dancing, as you do now, asserted that it succeeded merely by the assistance of music, conducting not at all of itself to the main action: but that men were imposed on by a fine silken garment, a handsome mask, the flute, and the good voices of the singers with which that was set off, though it had no merit of its own. An eminent dancer in the reign of Nero, not less

distinguished for his knowledge of history, than for the grace and eloquence of his motions, only begged Demetrius, which was certainly a very reasonable request, to see him dance before he condemned him, and promised to perform without music or singing; which he did, and commanding the instruments to cease, he danced before him the whole story of Mars and Venus, the sun exposing them, Vulcan detecting and throwing the chains over the lovers, the gods standing by, Venus blushing, Mars frightened and supplicating him; in such a manner as beyond measure to delight Demetrius, who paid him the highest compliment, crying out with a loud voice, "I not only see every thing you do, but even hear it also; for your hands seem to speak to me."

And now I am talking of Nero: I will tell you what happened in his time, with regard to this very dancer whom I just now mentioned to you, and which was the greatest encomium on the art itself. A certain barbarian from Pontus, of royal lineage, who came to Nero on some private business, saw this man dance with several others; when he performed so amazingly, that though he did not know the meaning of the singing that accompanied him, for he was a Half-Grecian, yet he perfectly under-

understood him. When he was returning home, Nero embraced him, and desired him to ask for whatever he pleased, and he should have it: whereupon, the barbarian said, The greatest favour you can confer, will be, to make me a present of that dancer. And when Nero asked what service he could be of to him, he replied, I have several barbarians at home, who speak different languages, and it is difficult to get interpreters for them: this man will supply the place of one, and by his gestures explain every thing to me. So strong an impression had this imitative art made on him, and so clear and excellent did it appear to him.

The chief business and scope of this art consists, as I before observed, in its imitative perfection; the same which the rhetoricians aim at, particularly those who excel in what we call declamation; which always meets with extraordinary applause, when it is agreeable to the subject, and corresponds with the character of the person supposed to speak, whether he be a tyrant-killer, a poor man, or a husbandman; in either of these, the merit lies in representing what is proper for, and peculiar to him.

I will tell you what another barbarian said on this subject. Seeing one day five masks prepared, (for the fable consisted of five acts,)

and but one dancer, he enquired who was to perform the rest of the parts; and, being informed that he was to do them all himself, "I did not know, said he, my good friend, that this one body of your's had so many souls."

The Romans have not improperly styled the dancer a * pantomime, the imitator of every thing, as he really is; the † poetical exhortation, therefore, may be well applied to him; "Frequent thou, my son, various cities and various people, assuming their manners, and adhering, like the polypus, to every one of them." This is absolutely necessary to the

* *Pantomimes.*] The mimics and pantomimes which Lucian here speaks of, were not introduced till in the decline of the Roman empire, when an almost total depravity of taste prevailed: though dancers, they had their names from acting or imitation, copying all the force of the passions, merely by motions of the body, and without the help of words, represented all the stories of antiquity. They became so extremely fashionable, and were so universally cared for by the young nobility, that a law, we are told, was at last made, that no pantomime should be suffered to enter the house of a Patrician. See Weaver on Dancing, and the abbé du Bos.

† *Poetical.*] Alluding to those verses of Theogenis, as quoted by Plutarch,

Πελοπιδου οργην ιχε πολυπλοκον, ος ποτε πετρη

Τη προσομιλησει, τοιος ιδειν εφανη.

The polypus here mentioned, was probably a kind of oyfter or muscle, adhering to the rock, and appearing as a part of it.

dancer

dancer, who must adhere to, and be familiar with every thing about him. The art professes to describe the manners and passions, and to express them by action, to represent men as affected by love, by anger, by grief, by madness, and every one of them with its peculiar gestures. What is most astonishing, is, that in the same day is often performed the character of a raging Athamas, an affrighted Ino, an Atreus, or Oeripe, and all by one and the same person.

Other spectacles and representations either for the eye or ear, exhibit but one thing, it is the pipe, the harp, the song, the comedy, or the tragedy, but dancing comprehends them all; you have the pipe, the harp, the cymbal, the motion of the feet, the chorus singing, and the actor speaking, every thing, in short, put together into one: in other things, the functions of the mind and body are separately exerted, but in this they are united: it exercises the limbs, and at the same time employs the understanding; for nothing is done in it without wisdom and reason. Lesbonax, therefore, of Mytilene, one of the best and worthiest of men, used to say, that dancers had wise heads; he went frequently, therefore, to see them, as thinking he never came out of a theatre without

being the better for it : and his master, Timocrates, having been only once, and that when he was far advanced in years, present at this entertainment, cried out after it was over, What a spectacle hath the foolish shame of a philosopher so long deprived me of !

If Plato's division of the soul into three parts, the irascible, the concupiscible, and the rational, be a just one, the good dancer may be said to perform them all when he represents the angry man, the lover, and lastly, the moderate and sensible man, who guides every thing by reason : reason, indeed, presides over, and directs the whole of this art, being diffused through every part, as the touch is in every sense. Whilst, moreover, it consults beauty and grace, doth it not demonstrate the truth of Aristotle's assertion, who says in praise of beauty, that it makes one third of the happiness of this life ? And I have heard young men, jesting on the silence of the dancers, observe, that it favoured much of the Pythagorean doctrine.

Some studies boast of the useful, and others the agreeable ; but this alone possesseth both : and the profit is still greater, because it is joined with pleasure. It may be agreeable to see the contentions of young men, wrestling in the sand, beating one another with their fists, and
drenched

drenched in blood ; but how much more pleasant, safe, and decent, is the representation of it in a dance ! where you observe their various turns and motions, the bendings and writhings of the body, which at the same time that they are entertaining to the spectator, are wholesome and salutary also to the performer ; for the exercise is both healthful and becoming, that bends and supple the limbs, makes them fitter to bear any change, and gives them no small strength and firmness.

What then can be said against an art so universally excellent, which sharpens the mind, exercises the body, delights the spectator, teaches the knowledge of antiquity, and pleases both the eye and ear, amidst the harmony of flutes, cymbals, harps, and songs : if the modulations of the voice attract you, where will you find sweeter harmony ? or, if you take delight in music's still more enchanting sounds, in our art you will have enough of both. Nor need I add, that this entertainment improves the manners also, for we always find the stage detesting and abhorring every thing that is evil, sympathizing with the oppressed, and in every respect inculcating morality, and the conduct of the spectators. Most praise-worthy it is, in this art, that it promotes both the strength and agility of

the limbs; the force of Hercules, and the delicacy of a Venus, are at once exhibited by it.

I will now describe to you what a good dancer should be, both with regard to mind and body; the former I have already touched upon, and observed that he should have a fine genius and an excellent memory, a ready wit, and good understanding, knowing how to make the best of every thing; with a critical judgment of poetry, able to distinguish the best songs and verses, and to reject what is bad.

With regard to his body, it should be according to the rules laid down by Polycletes; he should not be excessively tall, nor too short like a dwarf, but of a true and proper height; not fat and bulky, for that can never be agreeable, nor, on the other hand, so thin, as to be like a carcase, or a skeleton.

The people of Antioch, a very ingenious and sensible nation, who are very fond of dancing, and so nice in their observations that nothing escapes them, made the following remarks: a * little man one day performing the

* *A little man, &c.*] This puts me in mind of Quin's facetious remark on Garrick in the part of Othello. I see the little black boy, said he, but where is the tea-kettle?—It is but justice to add, that Garrick played the part of Othello (though it was not his finest character), infinitely better than Quin,

part of Hector, they cried out, -this is Astyanax; where is his father? another time, an immoderately tall fellow, dancing in the character of Capaneus, who was to scale the Theban wall, "Get up, they cried, you do not want a ladder:" a fat heavy dancer, attempting to make a great leap, they roared out, "Take care you do not beat the stage down;" and a poor meagre creature cutting capers, they cried out, "I wish you better," as if the man had been sick. I mention these remarks, not for the jest's sake, but that you may perceive that there are whole nations, who consider the art of so much consequence as to prescribe what is becoming in it, and what is not so.

The body of the good dancer must, moreover, be both flexible and compact, that it may bend easily, or stand firm, as occasion shall require. Dancing, with regard to the motion of the hands, partaking in a great measure the nature of boxing in the public games, and borrowing whatever is beautiful and becoming from the rites of Hercules, Mercury, and Pollux. Herodotus tells us, that the † eye conveys more faithful intelligence than the ear: the dancer must make use of both.

† *The eye.*] See Herodotus, B. viii.

Dancing has such an effect on the mind, that the lover who comes into the theatre is cured of his passion by seeing the dreadful consequences of it: and the melancholy man shall go away brisk and chearful, as if he had drank the cup of oblivion, as the † poet says,

— Of sovereign use t'assuage

The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage,
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the fearful sluices of despair.

It is a certain sign that there is in this art something analogous to our nature, if the spectator weeps when any thing sad and mournful is represented. The Bacchanalian dance, which is so constantly performed in Ionia and Pontus, though a satirical one, has such an effect on the people there, that at certain seasons they neglect every thing else, to sit whole days viewing the Titans, Corybantes, Satyrs, and shepherds: even the nobility and chief persons there join in the dance, and are so far from being ashamed, that they are more proud of it than of their high birth, honours, and dignities.

† *The poet.*] Homer. See *Odyssy*, book iv. l. 303. What the *Nepenthe* of Homer really was, the critics have not yet determined: certain, however, it is, that the description corresponds exactly with our idea of opium, and the usual effects of it.

The

The perfections of dancing I have already enumerated; it is fit I should now take notice of its faults; those of the body have been just now mentioned: what concerns the mind may be easily discovered: many dancers, from ignorance (and it is impossible all should be wise), commit dreadful solecisms; some move irregularly, and, as we say, out of time and tune, the foot pointing out one thing, and the music another: others dance in tune, but mistake the period of time and the circumstance of action. I remember, for example, when a man was to represent in a dance the birth of Jove, and the cruelty of Saturn in devouring his children, he confounded it with the misfortunes of Thyestes; and another, who was to perform the part of Semele, who is consumed by lightning, ran into the story of Glauce, both betrayed into it by the similitude of the events. But the art itself is not to be condemned or despised for the fault of the artist, but those only are to take the blame who are ignorant and unskilful; and those, on the other hand, to be applauded who do every thing properly, and according to the rules of art. Upon the whole, the dancer should be exact and perfect, taking care that all is beautiful, consonant, and harmonious, superior to criticism, deficient in no
part,

part, but excellent in all ; acute to discern, deeply learned, and, above all, possessed of humanity and benevolence : then will his praise be complete, when every spectator shall in the dancer behold himself, and see, as in a glass, every thing which he is used to think and to do : then will they not be able to contain themselves for joy, but will break forth into rapture, at finding the image of their own minds thus reflected on them. The Delphic precept of “ know thyself,” is thus fulfilled by means of this noble spectacle, they go from the theatre instructed in what they are to follow, and what they are to avoid, and are there taught that which before they were totally ignorant of.

But there is in dancers, as in oratory, a kind of false energy, or affectation, which sometimes carries them beyond the proper bounds of imitation : if they are to represent any thing great, they make it immense ; if tender, effeminate ; if manly and robust, rustic and savage : an instance of which I remember in a dancer of the first character, and who in every thing else deserved the highest admiration, but unaccountably fell into this error from an excessive desire of pleasing, and performing the part of Ajax, so overacted it, that he seemed not to imitate a madman, but to be really so : he tore the robe
of

of one of the dancers in * iron shoes, took the flute away from another who acted Ulysses, and, as he was rejoicing in his victory, broke his head with it, and wounded him in such a manner, that if it had not been for the head-piece, that took off the force of the blow, our poor Ulysses had lost his life by attacking a madman: the common people, who could not distinguish right from wrong, thought it the finest imitation they ever beheld; and the better sort, who blushed for the performer, did not condemn him by their silence, but endeavoured to cover his error by their applause, though they easily perceived that it was the dancer's madness, and not that of Ajax: our noble performer, however, not contented with this, did something still more ridiculous; for, leaping into the middle of the theatre, he sat himself down between two persons of the † first rank, who were

* *Iron shoes.*] Wooden shoes we have seen, but the practice of dancing in iron shoes is, I believe, confined to antiquity, as I do not remember it has yet been adopted amongst us; though a dance of ladies in pattens might possibly, from the novelty of it, have no bad effect; but this I submit to the managers of the theatres royal.

† *First rank.*] Greek, *δυο υπατινων μεσος*, inter consulares duos, between two persons of consular dignity. The people of the first fashion in the ancient theatres sat close to the stage, and not as our's do, at a distance, where they can neither see nor hear.

not

not a little frightened lest he should have taken either of them for a ram and flogged him: some were surpris'd at this strange behaviour, others laughed, and many began to think, that from extraordinary attention to his part, the man was actually run mad: they say that when he came to himself, and was conscious of having appeared like a madman, he fell sick with grief: it was plain, indeed, he was greatly affected by it, for, being afterwards desired to perform the same part again, he recommended another, and said upon the stage, † it was enough to play the fool once in his life: but what gave him the most uneasiness, was the success of a rival, who, being appointed to succeed him in Ajax, did it so well as to gain universal applause, keeping within the proper limits of his art, and not spoiling the imitation by madness and excess.

I have laid, my friend, these few observations before you on dancing, that you may no longer be so angry with me for admiring it; and if you will accompany me to the theatre, I am sure you will be * captivated, and soon be

† *It was enough.]*

Nec luisse pudet sed non incidere ludum.

Horace.

* *Captivated.]* Greek, *αλωσμενον*, the translation here is literal.

fond

fond of it even to madness; I shall have no reason to say with † Circe,

Amazing strength these poisons to sustain.

For sustain them you will: you need not be afraid of having an ass's head, or a hog's heart, for your understanding will be improved, and you will be for putting the cup to your friends, over and over: for what ‡ Homer says of Mercury's golden rod, that it

Causes sleep to fly,

And in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,

may be applied to dancing; it pleases the eye, makes men watchful, and awakens them to every thing they ought to do.

C R A T O.

Lycinus, I am a convert to your opinion, my eyes and ears are open and attentive: therefore, remember, my friend, when you go to the theatre, that I take a place next to you, that you may not come out from thence so much wiser than myself.

† *Circe*] See Homer's *Odyssey*, book x. l. 326.

‡ *Homer.*] See Pope's *Odyssey*, book v. l. 60.

THE

T H E
E U N U C H,
A D I A L O G U E.

About the Time when this was written, a Number of Eunuchs, imported amongst other eastern Luxuries, had spread themselves over Greece, Rome, and other Parts, assuming various Offices and Employments, who, probably, finding Philosophy much in vogue, took upon them to teach it to the young Nobility: this furnished LUCIAN, who, we must acknowlege, had a Kind of Shandean Propensity to Things of this Nature, with some ludicrous Ideas, which he sports with no small Degree of Pleasantry and Humour in the following Dialogue.

PAMPHILUS, LYCINUS.

P A M P H I L U S.

WHENCE come you, Lycinus, and why so merry? you are always chearful, but this is something more than ordinary, for you seem ready to burst with laughter.

L Y C I N U S.

I come, my friend, Pamphilus, from the market-place; and I shall make you laugh too,
when

when I tell you, I have just now been entertained with a dispute between two philosophers.

P A M P H I L U S.

For philosophers to dispute with one another is truly ridiculous indeed, who, of all men, be the cause ever so great, should, doubtless, make up the matter amicably.

L Y C I N U S.

Very amicably indeed; for they have thrown * cart loads of abuse on one another, roaring and wrangling as long as they could.

P A M P H I L U S.

About their different tenets and opinions, I suppose.

L Y C I N U S.

Not so, I assure you; for their doctrines and opinions are exactly the same; it was quite another thing; they have appealed, however, to the judgement of the oldest and gravest men of the city, before whom none, who had any modesty, would dare to say what was improper or indecent.

* *Cart loads.*] Greek, ὅλας ἀμαξίας βλασφημιῶν, tota plaustra convivorum; the translation, we see, however, from the familiarity of the expression, it may appear forced, or intruded, to adopt it to one of our own language, is almost literal.

P A M P H I L U S.

Pray tell me the origin of this quarrel, that I may know what made you laugh so heartily.

L Y C I N U S.

A certain stipend, you know, is allowed by the emperor to every sect of philosophers, Stoics, Platonics, Epicureans, and Peripatetics, to every one the same: on the death of any one of these, another must be chosen in his room, by a majority of votes amongst the nobility; the reward of this contention is, not what the poets sing of, a hog, or an ox's hide, but * ten thousand drachmas a year, for the instruction of youth.

P A M P H I L U S.

It is so; and one of them, I hear, is lately dead, a Peripatetic, I believe.

L Y C I N U S.

This was the Helen for which they fought; and so far there was nothing ridiculous in it, except that those who call themselves philosophers, and pretend to despise riches, should contend about them, as if they were fighting for their country, their religion, and the sepulchres of their ancestors.

* *Ten thousand drachmas.*] Upwards of three hundred pounds. A better stipend, I believe, than most of our modern tutors receive from the English nobility.

P A M-

P A M P H I L U S.

It is a maxim, you know, with the Peripatetics, not to despise riches too much, but to hold them as the † third best thing in life.

L Y C I N U S.

You say right; and, agreeably to this doctrine, they went to war about them: now mark what followed; there were several candidates at these funeral games, but the struggle lay particularly between two; and it was doubtful which should succeed, either Diocles, you know whom I mean, the quarrelsome old man, or Bagoas, the reputed eunuch. They had disputed the point before in words, each of them had shewed his learning, and proved his attachment and fidelity to Aristotle and his tenets, and neither had the superiority; at length the contest ended thus: Diocles, without saying any thing about his own pretensions, attacked Bagoas, and began to find fault with his life and conduct; and Bagoas, on the other hand, enquired narrowly into his.

† *The third.*] “Of goods (says Aristotle, the great leader of this sect), some are in the soul, some in the body, and some external: first, in the soul, are ingenuity, art, virtue, wisdom, prudence, pleasure: secondly, in the body, health, soundness of sense, beauty, strength: and thirdly, riches, glory, power, &c.”

P A M P H I L U S.

There, I think, Lycinus, they were both in the right: the greatest part of the dispute should have turned on this point: had I been the judge myself I should have dwelt particularly on that, should rather have enquired who was the best liver than who was the best orator, and decided accordingly.

L Y C I N U S.

You say well, I am entirely of your opinion: at last, however, when they had abused one another sufficiently, Diocles insisted on it that Bagoas was not fit to teach philosophy, as being an eunuch; that he could have no title therefore to the reward; that such creatures were not only excluded from things of this kind, but from lustral vases, sacrifices, and all public assemblies; and that it was always counted an * ill-omen'd and abominable fight if one met any of them when we went out in a morning: he said a great deal likewise about their being neither man nor woman, but a kind

* *Ill-omen'd.*] Amongst the Grecians, who were almost as superstitious as the English of the last century, boars, weasels, hares, and many other things were considered as bad omens, and to meet any of them a certain presage of ill fortune. Lucian adds to the list, and brings in his eunuch as an ominous sight.

of strange and wonderful mixture, and something odious to human nature.

P A M P H I L U S.

This is quite a new accusation, and truly laughable: what said the other? did he hold his tongue, or make any reply?

L Y C I N U S.

At first, through fear and shame, which these people are very subject to, he puffed, sweated, and said nothing; but at last, in a feeble, thin, and womanish voice, he squeaked out, that it was very unjust in Diocles to exclude eunuchs from philosophy, when even women professed it; and then he brought in * *Aspasia*, *Diotima*, and *Thargelia* to support his cause; and also an † *Academic* from Gaul, an eunuch like himself, who flourished in Greece a little before our time. But *Diocles*, even admitting that there was such a one, and that he had been suffered to do this, would not allow the force of the argument, nor pay any regard to the glory he had acquired from an ignorant multitude; he mentioned at the same time, se-

* *Aspasia*.] See Menage on Female Philosophers.

† *An Academic*.] Lucian is here supposed to allude to one Phavorinus, a famous philosopher mentioned by Philostratus; who, though an eunuch, was tried and convicted as an adulterer. He is likewise taken notice of in our author's *Demonax*.

veral severe jokes thrown out particularly by the Stoics and Cynics, upon his bodily imperfection. The whole matter, therefore, with the judges, rested on this, whether an eunuch was qualified to teach philosophy, and to preside over youth? some asserting, that a philosopher should have every part of his body whole and complete, and above all, a long beard, that might procure him respect and authority amongst his disciples, and render him in every respect worthy the drachmas allowed by the emperor; that an eunuch was worse than one who had been totally emasculated, for they had enjoyed their virility for some time, as the former were deprived of it even from their infancy, and could be considered only as an ambiguous creature like the crows, which are reckoned neither amongst the pigeons nor the ravens.

On the other hand, it was strongly urged, that this was properly a contention of minds, and not bodies; it was a matter of science and learning, and Aristotle was cited, who admired Hermius the eunuch, king of Aternæ, to such a degree, that he even paid divine honours to him as to a god. Bagoas had the impudence to add, that eunuchs were the best preceptors for young men, as they must be free from all suspicion, and could not be accused of the crime
attri-

attributed to Socrates, of corrupting the pupils committed to his care. And when they objected to him his want of beard, he replied wittily, at least as he thought it, "If we must judge of philosophers by the length of their beard, a * goat must be preferable to them all."

In the midst of this bustle came in a third person, whose name shall not be mentioned; who cried out, "Judges, this † fellow with the smooth chin, and woman's voice, who is so like a eunuch, if you strip him, will be found as good a man as you could wish for; at least, if those say true who have accused him as an adulterer, and taken him in the fact, when he had recourse to this artifice, and pretended to be an eunuch; persuading the judges, from his outward appearance, to acquit him of the crime laid to his charge; and now, for the sake of the reward, I suppose, he would willingly retract again. Upon this, there was, as you may imagine, a general laugh. Bagoas was

* *A goat.*] The Greek Epigram on this subject is well known. See the Anthologia.

† *This fellow.*] It is remarkable, that this circumstance should, so many years after, form the ground-work of an English comedy. Wycherley's *Country Wife* turns entirely upon it, and the character of Horner is but a transcript of Lucian's Bagoas. Such a plot, to our honour be it spoken, would not go down in the present age.

confounded, changed colour, put himself into a thousand postures, and fell into a cold sweat: not caring to acknowledge the adultery, though at the same time, he thought that the suspicion of it might be of service to him in the present affair.

P A M P H I L U S.

The circumstance was ridiculous enough, and must have afforded you no small entertainment. But pray, what was done at last, and how did the judges determine it?

L Y C I N U S.

They were not all of the same opinion; some were for stripping him as they do the slaves, and examining whether, so far as certain parts were concerned, he might be deemed a philosopher: others, to make the affair still more laughable, voted for calling in some ladies, ordering him to speak with them in private; sending along with them some credible witness, to prove whether he was able to philosophize. After all, when every one of the company had split his sides with laughing, they agreed to dismiss the cause to Italy, to be finally determined there.

The other, it seems, is still carrying on the affair, preparing his accusation, and has taken up the business of the adultery, though it must
make

make against himself rather than his adversary : thus, like a bad lawyer, hurting his own cause. Bagoas, in the mean time, attends to other matters, and frequently gives proofs of his manhood, hoping he may succeed, if he can but shew that he has the abilities of a jack-ass.

This, after all then, my friend, seems to be the best criterion of philosophy, and a demonstration not to be controverted. I shall wish, therefore, that my son (at present but a boy) may be possessed, not of eloquence or understanding, but of certain parts, still more necessary to make a complete philosopher.

ON

O N

A S T R O L O G Y.

This little Tract of LUCIAN's has been handed down to us by the sagacious Critics and Commentators as a serious Defence of Astrology; though a Vein of delicate Irony and Sarcasm apparently runs through the whole, and must convince every intelligent Reader, that his Intention was to turn this absurd and pompous Science into ridicule. It was probably about his time creeping into some Degree of Credit, and our Satirist, therefore, took the first opportunity of laughing at it. Considered in this Light, the Piece has a considerable Share of Merit, and we are only sorry to find it so short. Many of the Learned have, notwithstanding, confidently assured us, that it is not LUCIAN'S. It is written in the Ionic Dialect, which is remarkable.

IN the following treatise on heaven and the stars, I shall only consider their influence over the affairs of human life, with regard to prophecy and divination. Neither do I mean to lay down precepts, or rules, how to excel in this art; but only to lament that the learned,
who

who so strenuously apply themselves to other sciences, neither practise nor pay any respect to astrology.

The art is not of late invention, but delivered down to us by our ancient kings, the favourites of heaven. But the present race of men, from ignorance and idleness; either, perhaps, because their opinions on those points are different from those who went before them, or because they have lit on false prophets and diviners, find fault with the stars, and condemn astrology as a lying, frivolous, and empty science; without any truth or profit in it. A very unjust and cruel sentence: for the builder's ignorance is no reflection on architecture; nor is the unskilfulness of the musician a reproach on music. Every art is wise in itself, though the artists may be fools.

The Æthiopians were the first who distinguished themselves in this branch of learning: and this we are to attribute partly to their own wisdom, for in that they were superior to most nations; and partly to the happiness of their situation, for the air is always serene and tranquil round them; neither do they suffer any vicissitudes of seasons, but remain for ever in the same temperate climate. When they perceived, therefore, that the moon appeared in various forms,

forms, they considered it as a matter worthy of admiration, and diligent enquiry : by which they discovered the cause of those changes, and found out that the moon had no light of her own, but borrowed it from the sun. They discovered also the motion of those stars which we call * planets, (as they are the only ones that move,) with their nature, power, and properties; they gave them names also, or rather signs, expressive of their several situations. Such were the observations on the heavens, made by the Æthiopians, who delivered down the imperfect art to their neighbours the Ægyptians, who greatly improved it, and measured out time, by days, months, and years; their months being determined by the moon and her changes, and their years by the circuit of the sun. But they soon performed much more than this: dividing the space occupied by the fixed stars in which the other were moved about, into † twelve parts, and to these, assigned the forms and names of different creatures, men, beasts, birds, and fishes. The religious ceremonies, therefore, of the Ægyptians, are of different kinds: they did not draw their divinations from

* *Planets.*] From the Greek *πλανητης*, errans, a wanderer.

† *Twelve parts.*] The zodiac, and its twelve signs.

the whole twelve, but from particular signs; those who looked towards the ram, worshipped him; they would not eat fish who lived under † Pisces; nor did those sacrifice a goat, who were beneath Capricorn. Some propitiate one divinity, and some another. Some worship a bull in honour of the cœlestial Taurus; and Apis is an object of adoration to them, because he pastures in that region, where an oracle is constituted by him.

The Libyans, not long after, took up this science; for there we meet with the oracle of Ammon, and they worship Jupiter under the figure of a ram. The Babylonians were also acquainted with it, as they report, indeed, before all other nations; but, I am of opinion, this knowledge did not reach them till many ages after. The Greeks were not taught astrology either by the Æthiopians or Ægyptians, but by Orpheus, the son of Oeager and Cal-

† *Pisces.*] From the solemnity of Lucian's countenance at his first setting out, an old acquaintance (and such I esteem myself, having had a long conversation with him), may easily perceive that he is in jest; when he tells us, with a grave face, that the people who lived under Pisces would not eat *fish*, nor those beneath Capricorn touch a *goat*, &c. is not the ridicule as strong as possible, and does it not sufficiently point out the author? To apply, what was once said of Erasmus, aut Lucianus est, aut Diabolus.

liope;

lio; neither did he entirely explain it to them, but wrapped up his knowledge in mystery and incantation; he made orgies for his lyre, and sung sacred songs, the lyre consisting of * seven strings, symbolically expressing the motions of the planets; with this Orpheus softened and prevailed over every thing; and in this lyre alone, and not in any other kind of music, the Greeks delighted, and even appointed it a place in heaven, some stars being to this day called Orpheus's Lyre; and if you see a picture or statue of him, he is always represented as sitting down, singing, and with a lyre in his

* *Seven strings.*] Agreeable to the description given by Virgil,

— Threicius longâ cum veste sacerdos
Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno.

The first Mercurian lyre had but four strings, others were afterwards added to it by the second Mercury, or Amphion; but it was Orpheus who completed the second tetra-chord, which extended the scale to a heptachord, or seven sounds, implied by the

Septem discrimina vocum.

See the ingenious Dr. Burney's excellent History of Music, vol. i. page 330.

Orpheus, the son of Oeager, was the father, or chief founder, of the mythological and allegorical theology amongst the Greeks, and (as Lucian here plainly intimates), of all their most sacred religious rites and mysteries.

hand,

hand, and round him various creatures, as a man, a bull, a lion, and the rest: when you meet with these, therefore, remember what the meaning of them is, you will know the reason when you look into the heavens.

It is reported amongst the Greeks that Tiresias, the Boeotian, so celebrated for his skill in divination, told them that some of the planets were masculine, and some feminine, and that their influence differed accordingly, whence arose the fable of his being both man and woman.

At the time when Atreus and Thyestes contended for their father's kingdom, astrology, and the knowledge of the heavens, flourished most in Greece, and it was determined by the people, that which soever of them excelled in that art should succeed to the empire: then it was that Thyestes pointed out to them that part of heaven which is called Aries, from whence came the fabulous account of his having a golden ram: but Atreus treated on the rising of the sun, and endeavoured to prove that his course was directly opposite to that of the starry firmament, and that what appeared to be the west of the world, is the rising of the sun: for these discoveries the Greeks raised him to the throne, and his wisdom was held in the highest esteem

esteem and veneration : nearly the same thing, I am inclined to think, happened to Bellerophon : I can never bring myself to believe that he had a * flying horse, but suppose he was fond of astrology, engaged in the study of sublime knowledge, and conversant with the stars ; that he ascended into the heavens, not by the assistance of a horse, but by the strength of his own mind. A fable of the like nature was told of Phryxus, the son of Athamas, who was carried through the air on a golden ram. The story of † Dædalus, the Athenian, is strange and wonderful ; my opinion is, that it arose from his knowledge of astrology, which he was well acquainted with, and which he taught his son : but Icarus, being young and rash, went into abstruse disquisitions, soared too high, and fell down into the unfathomable abyss : from hence the Greeks deduced their fable of the Icarian Gulph.

* *Flying horse.*] According to Hyginus, Minerva made Bellerophon a present of Pegasus (the flying horse here alluded to), to assist him in his combat with the Chimera. After he had destroyed that monster, having so good a beast under him, he was for making the best of his way up to heaven ; but Pegasus, being unfortunately stung by a horse-fly, threw his rider, who died in the fall.

† *Dædalus.*] This is an excellent burlesque of the story of Dædalus, and plainly shews that Lucian's design was, by every possible application, to turn astrology into ridicule.

Pasiphae

Pasiphae was most probably told of the sign Taurus in the heavens by Dædalus, and from thence fell in love with Astrology, on which they founded the report of Dædalus having wedded her to a bull.

In process of time, the learned divided the task between them; some applied themselves to the study of the Moon, others of the Sun, others of Jupiter; describing the motions, course, and influence of each. Endymion probably took care of what concerned the Moon; Phaeton marked out the progress of the sun, but dying, left the work imperfect; from whence the ignorant have invented a strange and incredible tale of Phaeton's being the son of Phœbus: that he came to his father the Sun, and begged to drive the chariot for a day; which was granted him, and rules laid down how he was to guide it; that Phaeton, from youth and inexperience, drove sometimes too near the earth, and sometimes too far from it, and killed mortals with the heat and cold, which were insupportable; that Jupiter being enraged, slew him with a thunderbolt; that his sisters standing round and lamenting his fall, were turned into poplars, and distilled tears of amber. No such things were ever done, nor should we give

credit to the fable : the Sun's child never died ; the truth, indeed, is, he never had one.

The Greeks tell a thousand other stories, which I do not entirely believe : how can we suppose, that Æneas was the son of Venus ; Minos, of Jupiter ; Ascalaphus, of Mars ; and Autolychus, of Mercury ? all of them, indeed, were beloved of the gods ; Venus beheld one, Jupiter another, and Mars another, at their
* nativity : for which soever god presided at
the

• *Nativity.*] This is the foundation, as it were, and corner-stone of astrology ; casting nativities has been practised in almost every age and nation, from the times of Lucian even to this day. Amongst us, this ridiculous science flourished greatly during the reigns of the Stuarts, and even at a later period. Some of our greatest men were weak enough to consult astrologers, and to listen to their predictions. Amongst these a story is told of Dryden which, as it is a pretty extraordinary one, I shall here subjoin for the entertainment of my readers.

“ Dryden, with all his understanding, was weak enough to be fond of judicial astrology, and used to calculate the nativity of his children. When his lady was in labour of his son Charles, he, being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies, then present, in a most solemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which she did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and observed, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the Earth,
and

the time of their birth, always adopted them as sons, and formed them after their own divine

and the lord of his ascendant afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn. If he lives to arrive at the eighth year, says he, he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth day, but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will in the twenty-third year be under the very same evil direction, and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third, or thirty-fourth is, I fear—here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of the lady, who could no longer hear such calamity prophesied to befall her son. The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month, in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country-seat of the earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him in Charlton in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, lady Elizabeth would have him take John, and suffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was too absolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be content with John. When the fated day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into so violent a fever, that her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity, and assuring her that her child was well, which recovered her spirits, and in six weeks after she received an eclairecissement of the whole affair. Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in astrology; therefore could not excuse his absence, on his son's anniversary, from a general hunting match lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen

vine similitude, in body and mind. Thus, Minos was a king under Jove; Æneas was beautiful, as born under Venus; and Autolychus a thief, from his father Mercury.

were invited. When he went out, he took care to set the boys a double exercise in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return; well knowing the task he had set him would take him up longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house, and the noise alarming the servants, they hastened out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also, when, just as they came to the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court wall, which was very low, and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall. ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after six weeks languishing in a dangerous way he recovered; so far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled: in the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower, belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occasioned by the swimming of his head, with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languishing sickly state. In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor. He had, with another gentleman, swam twice over the Thames; but returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help, though too late. Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetic." Dryden, we see by this, if the tale is to be credited, was the true VATES, and possessed the double character of prophet and poet. See Life of Dryden.

Neither

Neither do I believe that Jupiter bound Saturn, sent him to Tartarus, or committed any of those base actions which men attribute to him; Saturn, we know, is at a great distance from us, has a languid motion, and which is scarce to be discerned by men; he is, therefore, said to stand still, as if bound with chains; and the part in heaven where he resides, from its great depth, is called Tartarus.

There are many things in Homer and Hesiod, entirely consonant with astrology: when they talk of the chain of Jupiter, and the arrows of the Sun, I imagine they mean the days; and the description of Vulcan's shield, with the cities, the dancers, and the vineyard, may all be explained by astrology. All the story of Mars and Venus, is apparently drawn from thence. Homer's whole work is a conjunction of Mars and Venus; in his verses, he has described their several qualities and perfections: he says to Venus,

Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care;

Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.

And when he is speaking of war,

To † Mars and Pallas only, that belongs.

The

* *Go, let, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 435.

† *To Mars.*] Greek,

Ταύλα δ' Ἀρηίδω και Ἀθηνῇ πάντα μίλησει.

See Homer's Iliad, E. l. 430.

The ancients observing these things, drew from them their divinations; nor did they think lightly of this art, for neither would they build walls, or cities, go to war, marry, or do any thing, without first consulting the prophets concerning it: their oracles were always well-versed. At Delphi, a virgin possessed the gift of prophecy, a cymbal of the celestial Virgo; the dragon under the tripod, was taken from the Dragon in the heavens; and the oracle of Apollo at Didymus, was, in my opinion, so called, from the sign which goes by the name of Didymi, or the Twins. So sacred was divination held by them.

When Ulysses, desirous of prying into futurity, went down into hell, he did not go, merely

* To tread the downward melancholy way,

but that he might have the opportunity of conversing with Tiresias. When he came to the place which Circe had described to him, had dug the ditch, and slain the sheep; the dead crouded round about him, and amongst them his mother, all earnestly requesting, that they

Pope has not given, in his translation, the sense of this line, but, as in many other places, a circumvolution of his own instead of it.

* *To tread, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 117.

might

might drink of the blood, which he would not permit them to do; nor would he suffer even the shade of his own mother to quench her thirst, till he had, himself, tasted of Tiresias.

Lycurgus always regulated the commonwealth of Sparta by the motions of the heavenly bodies, and enjoined the Lacedæmonians never to hazard an engagement till the full of the Moon; as knowing that every thing was governed by her, though her power was not so great, either at the increase or decrease.

The Arcadians alone neglected and despised astrology; being mad and foolish enough to assert, that they were much older than the Moon.

Our ancestors, it is evident, were lovers of divination; but the present age deny that there is any foundation for, or dependence on it, esteeming it not true or faithful; and asserting that neither Mars nor Venus in the heavens, pay any regard to us, or concern themselves in human affairs; but, that things fall out, or vary, according to their necessary rotation. Others acknowledge the truth, but not the utility of the art; affirming, that nothing could be changed by divination, which was already decreed by fate.

To these objections I can only answer, that the stars perform their own rotations in the heavens, and at the same time perhaps, together with their own motions, may direct ours. When the horse runs, and men and birds move, the stones are loosened, and the stubble is blown about by the wind ; and shall nothing be effected by the motion of the stars ? from the smallest fire, some heat comes to us, though the fire burns not on our account, nor seemeth to care whether we are warm or not ; and shall we not feel and acknowledge the influence of the stars ? It is not, indeed, in the power of astrology, to make things better than they are, or to change them from what they were : it is, nevertheless, profitable to those who make use of it, for, when good events are foretold, it anticipates the pleasure of them ; and teaches us to bear evils with the greater patience, as they do not come upon us so unexpectedly, but become softer, and more tolerable, by our fore-knowledge of them.

Such are my sentiments, concerning astrology.

T O
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,
THE DEMONAX OF THE PRESENT AGE;
THIS PIECE IS INSCRIBED BY
A SINCERE ADMIRER OF HIS TRULY RESPECTABLE CHARACTER,
THE TRANSLATOR.

D E M O N A X.

LUCIAN has here rescued from Oblivion a Character well worthy of being transmitted to Posterity; it is, indeed, something extraordinary, especially as Demonax lived to see so great an Age, that no other Writer should have mentioned a Person of such singular Accomplishments. Our Author has shewn, in this little Tract, that he could excel as much in Panegyric as in Satire; the Whole being a serious well-written Encomium, on a Man whom he was intimately acquainted with, and who seems to have been not only a good Philosopher and virtuous Citizen, but a Man of Wit and Genius also. The Collection of Bons-Mots which LUCIAN has attributed to his Friend is curious, and gives us an imperfect Idea of that kind of social Pleasantry, and Repartee, which was fashionable in those Times. Some of them are very arch and severe, others laughable, and a few, to say the truth, rather dull and unintelligible.

T H E

THE age we live in cannot be reproached as entirely destitute of men worthy to be recorded, either for extraordinary strength of body, or for the more noble accomplishments of the mind. As instances of both, I shall mention * *Sostratus* of *Bœotia*, whom the Greeks called *Hercules*, for as such they esteemed him, and *Demonax*, the philosopher; these I have seen and admired, particularly the latter, with whom I was for a long time intimately acquainted. Concerning the former, I have treated in another book, wherein I described his immense size, and incredible strength, his living in the open air on *Parnassus*, and feeding on what the woods afforded him, his clearing the road of robbers, building bridges, mending impassable ways, and other labours not unworthy of his great † predecessor.

With regard to *Demonax*, I think it highly necessary to make honourable mention of him, for two reasons; first, because I should wish, as far as in me lies, to deliver down the memory

* *Sostratus*.] The same man, it is supposed, as is mentioned by *Philostatus*, who tell us he was eight feet high, &c. *Lucian* had, it seems, written a long history of him, which, however, is not come down to us. But as he was only remarkable for feats of bodily strength, the loss is not very considerable.

† *Predecessor*.] *Hercules*.

of him to posterity; and secondly, because it would be a recommendation of philosophy to our young nobility, to set before them not only the examples of antiquity, but to give them a recent model for their imitation in our own times, in the life of the best philosopher, whom I have ever seen or known.

He was born at Cyprus, of parents not mean or obscure, but distinguished by their wealth and dignity; aspiring himself to much greater honours by the search after every thing that was good and beautiful, he applied himself early to the study of philosophy, not from the example of † Agathobulus, ‡ Demetrius, or Epictetus, all whom he knew and was conversant with; nor || Timocrates the Heraclian, so famous for his wisdom and eloquence, but excited by the love of honour and virtue, the passions of his earliest youth, he looked with contempt on all the pleasures of human life, and attached himself to liberty and truth; living a sober and irreproachable life, and setting an example of prudence and wisdom to all

† *Agathobulus.*] He lived, according to Eusebius, Ann. Christi 120.

‡ *Demetrius.*] A Cynic philosopher, mentioned by Apollonius Tyaneus, and Phavorinus.

|| *Timocrates.*] This philosopher flourished, according to Philostratus, about the 130th year of Christ.

who

who saw and heard him. Nor did he enter upon it, as they say, with unwashed feet, but was familiar with the poets, and had most part of their works by heart; had not lightly skimmed over the tenets of the several sects of philosophers, or only touched them, as the common expression is, with the tip of his finger, but knew them all perfectly; keeping his body, at the same time, in proper exercise, and inured to labour. His ambition was not to be deficient in any thing which any body excelled in; insomuch, that when he found he was no longer equal to himself, he quitted life of his own accord, leaving to the principal persons in Greece, much to be said concerning him.

He did not, as it were, * cut off his philosophy from any particular piece, but blended all the sects and opinions together, and never openly declared which he was most attached to. He seemed, on the whole, rather partial to Socrates, though, in his habit and manner of living he resembled Diogenes; not that, with regard to diet, he carried things to ex-

* *Cut off.*] Greek, *ἐκ τῆς φιλοσοφίας ἀποτέμνομενος*, the idea of cutting off a piece of philosophy, like a bit of cloth, from another man's coat, is extremely droll, and quite in Lucian's best manner; some critics, notwithstanding, have told us that Demonax was not written by him.

tremity,

tremity, that he might be gazed at and admired, but eat and drank like other people, without pride and ostentation, associated with all, both public and private. His conversation was full of Attic grace, without the mixture of Socratic irony, so that those who kept him company never either contemned his advice, or dreaded the severity of his reproofs, but were always agreeably improved, growing more decent and orderly, as well as more chearful, and forming better hopes of an hereafter.

He was never noisy or quarrelsome, and though he would often chide, was never angry; he was severe on the offence, but pardoned the offender, like the good physician, who heals the distemper, without fretting at the patient: to commit faults, he thought was human, to repent of, and correct them, was divine. Living in the manner he did, he never wanted any thing for himself, but always endeavoured to provide his friends with what was necessary: but when they were exalted with the good things of life, he would remind them how frail and transitory they were; and when they complained of penury, banishment, diseases, or old age, would comfort them, by observing with a smile, that what afflicted them would soon be gone and 'past, that in a short
time

time there would be no more remembrance either of good or evil, but all would enjoy a long and lasting freedom. His constant employment was to reconcile contending brethren, and make peace between man and wife. When the people mutinied and rebelled, he interposed seasonably, and prevailed on the greater part of them to submit, and lend all reasonable assistance to their country. Such was his philosophy, gentle, mild, chearful, and benignant; nothing deeply affected him but the disorder or death of a friend, as he esteemed friendship the greatest blessing of life; he was himself therefore kind and benevolent to all: to be a † man was a sufficient title to his regard and affection, nor did he withdraw himself from any but such as were wicked beyond all hopes of amendment. Venus and the Graces, in short, attended on every thing he spake or did, and, as it is said in the * comedy, “persuasion dwelt upon his lips.”

Not only the principal persons in Athens, but the whole kingdom beheld him with admiration, and looked up to him as a divinity; though he at first offended many of them by

† *A man.*] Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.
Ter.

* *Comedy.*] From a fragment of Eupolis.

his boldness and freedom of speech : nor were there wanting an † Anytus and Melytus, to rise up against and accuse him ; to say that he never was seen to offer up sacrifice, nor was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries : these he confuted like a man ; appeared before the assembly crowned, and in a white garment, and answered them, partly in a meek and gentle manner, and partly with more asperity than he was wont. With regard to the sacrifice, “ Wonder not, he cried, O Athenians, that I have not sacrificed to Minerva, when I tell you that she ‡ standeth not in need of my offerings. “ And as to the mysteries, he said, the reason of his not being initiated was, that * if they were bad, he should not be able to conceal them from the uninitiated, which would deter them from the orgies ; and, if they were good, he was afraid that, out of good will and philanthropy, he should be apt to disclose them to

† *Anytus and Melytus.*] The accusers of Socrates.

‡ *Standeth not.*] A fine sentiment and agreeable to those of the holy Psalmist.—“ Burnt-offerings, and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required.—I will take no bullock out of thine house, nor he-goat out of thy folds ; thinkest thou that I will eat bull’s flesh and drink the blood of goats, &c.”

* *If they, &c.*] These would be excellent reasons for a man’s not chusing to be made a free mason.

every body. Whereupon the Athenians, who had stones in their hands ready to destroy him, were immediately reconciled to him, and from that time held him in the highest estimation. Though in the beginning of his discourse he had been very severe upon them, "You behold one, said he, before you, crowned like a victim, slay me now, therefore, as one, for ye never before sacrificed to any purpose."

I shall here subjoin a few of his smart and excellent § repartees.

* Favorinus being informed by some body that Demonax had laughed at his discourses,

§ *Repartees.*] Lucian is, I believe, almost the only Greek author now extant who has descended into the familiarity of conversation, and transmitted to us the good things said by his friends and acquaintance: considered in this light, he may be called the Joe Miller of antiquity. What he has given us from Demonax are of various kinds, like Martial's Epigrams.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura. Though many of them are pointed, sensible, and to the purpose, yet in these, as well as in most of the bon mots handed down to us, there seems to be a stiffness, and want of that ease and politeness, which we frequently meet with in modern times. I am inclined, indeed, to believe that conversation is one of the few things in which we excel the ancients; and I have, myself, heard more bon mots, when in company with Foote, Garrick, Warton, Goldsmith, Burke, &c. in one day, than would have served Lucian's friend, Demonax, for a twelvemonth.

* *Favorinus.*] See Bayle.

parti-

particularly those that were mixed with foolish verses, and said that they were poor, womanish, and unbecoming a philosopher, came to him and asked what fellow that was who had dared to ridicule his performances: "A man, replied he, who has ears that are not to be imposed on:" the Sophist still pressing on him, asked "How it happened that from a child he was a philosopher?" to which he answered, "Only because from a child I became a man." The same Sophist asked him another time, "what sect of philosophers he belonged to:" "How do you know, said he, that I am a philosopher?" and then laughed to himself, when the other enquiring what he smiled at, "I smile, says he, to think how you can pretend to judge of a philosopher by his beard, when you have none of † your own. A Sophist of Sidonia used to praise himself violently, and boast that he was acquainted with every part of philosophy (but I will give you his own words), "If Aristotle, said he, should summon me to the Lyceum, I would follow him thither; if Plato to the Academy, I would meet him there; if Zeno to the Portico, I would attend him; if Pythagoras commands me, I will be silent." "Hark you, said Demonax, rising up in the

† *Your own.*] Because Favorinus was an EUNUCH.

middle of the audience, and calling him by his name, † Pythagoras calls upon you."

A Macedonian youth, mighty handsome, and well-dressed, who had a mind to play the fool with him, asked him a sophistical question, and desired he would finish the syllogism: "One thing I know, child, said he, that you are § finished yourself!" The boy, angry at the jest, and threatening him, cried out, "I will shew you a man presently." "I did not know," replied Demonax, you had one there." Another time, Demonax laughing at a common Olympic wrestler, for wearing an embroidered coat, the fellow struck at him with a stone, and made him bleed: every body present was enraged at this, as if they had themselves received the blow, and cried out, he should go immediately to the magistrate: "Not to the magistrate, my friends, said he, but to the surgeon." Hap-

† *Pythagoras*] Pythagoras enjoined his disciples, during their noviciate, a five year's silence.

§ *Finished.*] Greek, *περαινωθαι*, unum inquit, puer, novi, says the Latin translation, *οι περαινωθαι, περαινω*, (says the commentator on this passage) est dialecticum, significatque efficere, vel concludere aliquid ex sumptis quibusdam. The Latin translator, we see, could not find a word in his tongue which would properly explain the ambiguous Greek one.—But ours, which bears more analogy to the original, is a tolerable substitute, and expresses the meaning pretty exactly.

pening

pening one day, as he was walking, to find a ring, he put up a note in the market-place, signifying, that if any body, who had lost such a ring, would come and describe the weight, the stone, and the impression on it, he might have it again; a handsome young fellow came and demanded it, but not proving any kind of right to it, "My pretty youth, said Demonax to him, take care of your own ring, for you have not lost this." A Roman senator at Athens, brought his son to him, a most beautiful youth, but rather weak and effeminate: "My son salutes you," said the father. "A handsome boy, indeed, replied Demonax, worthy of you, and very like his mother." He used to call a certain Cynic philosopher, who was always dressed in a bear's skin, not Onoratus, which was his real name, but * Arctesilaus. Being asked what was the summit of human happiness, he answered, liberty; and the other replying that infinite numbers were free, "None, said he, but those who neither hope nor fear." "That, said the other, is impossible, for we are all slaves to those two passions:" "But if, said Demonax, you properly consider hu-

* *Arctesilaus.*] A pun upon the Greek word *αρκτος*, *arktos*, signifying a bear, and alluding to his being dressed in a bear's skin. The joke is but a poor one.

man affairs, you will find that they are not worthy either of our hopes or fears, seeing that both happiness and misery are here of such short duration."

Peregrinus the philosopher, commonly called Proteus, used to reproach him for laughing too much, and being too familiar with people: "Demonax, said he, you do not act the † dog well:" "No, Peregrinus, replied he, nor you the man." When a certain natural philosopher was disputing about the Antipodes, he took him to a well, and shewing him his own shadow in the water, cried, "Are these what you call the Antipodes?" Another man boasting one day that he was a great magician, and had a certain charm that could persuade people to give him any thing he wanted; "There is nothing so surprising in that, said Demonax: I am a magician as well as you, and if you will follow me to the baker's, you shall see me, with a little charm and potion that I have about me, persuade him to give me some bread;" he then took out a piece of money, which is as good as any incantation whatsoever. When the famous Herod seemed beyond measure afflicted at the untimely death of his dear son Pollux, and had ordered his chariot and horses to be got ready,

† *Dog.*] Meaning the Cynic.

and a supper prepared for him; he came to him, and said, "I have got a letter for you from Pollux." Herod giving into the deceit, cried, and what does he want of me?" "He is very angry," replied Demonax, "that you do not come to him." The same Herod weeping bitterly for the loss of his son, and shutting himself up in darkness; he came to him, and told him "He was a magician, and could raise up the shade of his son, on condition that he produced three men who had never grieved for any thing." Herod beginning to doubt and hesitate, for in truth he could find out no such person; "How ridiculous, then, is it in you," said Demonax, "to imagine yourself the only unhappy man, when you cannot find one who hath not tasted of misfortune!" He used to laugh much at those, who, in their conversation affected uncouth and antiquated phrases; one of these being remarkably absurd, he said to him, "I ask you a plain question in intelligible terms, and you answer me in the language of Agamemnon." One of his companions saying to him, "Let us go to the temple of *Æsculapius*, and pray to him for the health of my son;" "Dost thou suppose," said Demonax, "that *Æsculapius* is deaf, that he cannot hear us pray just as well from hence." One day hearing two ignorant philosophers in

dispute, one asking foolish questions, and the other returning answers nothing to the purpose, “* One of these, says he, seems to be milking a he-goat, whilst the other holds the sieve under him.” Agathocles the Peripatetic, boasting that he was the first and only logician, “If you are the first, said he, you cannot be the only one; and if you are the only one, you cannot be the first.” When Cethegus, a man of consular dignity, was sent from Greece into Asia to represent his father, he said and did a number of ridiculous things, and one of his companions observed, “that he was a wondrous great fool.” “Fool enough, said Demonax, but there is no great wonder in it.” When Apollonius the philosopher went off with several of his scholars to attend on, and instruct the emperor, “There goes † Apollonius, said he, with his Argonauts.” A person asking him, whether he thought the soul was immortal, “Yes, said he,

* *One of these, &c.*] The image here is a good one, and puts us in mind of the old proverb, great cry and little wool, as the man said when he sheared his hog.

† *Apollonius.*] The joke lies entirely in the name, and merely as a pun is not amiss. Apollonius Rhodius wrote a poem on the Argonautic expedition, to whom Demonax alludes, and as the Argonauts went after the golden fleece, so Apollonius the philosopher, and his scholars, followed the emperor for what they could get, so that there is a double meaning in the application.

it

it is immortal, but just as every thing * else is." Concerning Herod, he remarked that Plato was right in saying that men had more souls than one, otherwise Herod could never have acted so ridiculously as to set † Regillas and Pollux up to supper with him, as if they were alive; with other foolish actions of the same kind. He had the courage once, to ask the Athenians at one of their public assemblies, "Why they excluded barbarians from their mysteries, when Eumolpus who instituted them, was himself a barbarian of Thrace." When he was going to sea in the winter, one of his friends said to him, "Are you not afraid of being drowned and eat by the fish?" "It would be ingratitude in me, replied Demonax, to murmur at being devoured by fish, when I have, myself devoured so many of them." He advised a certain rhetorician, who declaimed miserably, to exercise himself frequently for improvement;

* *Every thing else.*] Demonax, we see, with all his philosophy and virtue was a Materialist, and, probably, had no better idea of true religion than probably his friend Lucian.

† *Regillas and Pollux.*] His two sons who were dead. We have all heard of a parallel absurdity in a modern lady of fashion, who had so partial an attachment to the famous poet Congreve, as after his death to set up an image of him, dressed in his usual manner, which she addressed, and used to converse with; a farce which, they say, was carried on for some time.

“That I do, said he, and always repeat it to myself :” “No wonder you talk so wretchedly, replied Demonax, when you practise before such a foolish audience.” Seeing a diviner who prophesied for money, he said to him one day, “I cannot see what right you have to be paid thus for your prophecies, if they can reverse the decree of fate, take what you will, it must be too little ; but if all things must happen as it is determined by God, of what use is your divination ?” An old Roman who took care to keep his body in exercise by sham fights with a post, said to Demonax, “Don’t I fight well ?” to which he replied, “Nobly, indeed, against a wooden enemy.” Nobody was so clever as he, at solving a difficult point : somebody asked him one day, in a scoffing manner, this question, “Pray, Demonax, if you burn a thousand pounds of wood, how many pounds will there be of smoke ?” “Weigh the ashes, says he, and all the rest will be smoke.” One Polybius, an illiterate fellow, and who did not understand his own mother-tongue, acquainting Demonax, that the emperor had honoured him with the freedom of Rome ; “I wish, said Demonax, instead of a Roman, he had made a Grecian of you.” Seeing a fine-dressed man who was very proud of his purple robe, he went up close to him,

him, and laying hold of his garment, cried, "This belonged to a * sheep before you had it." Going to bathe one day in warm water, he seemed afraid of stepping into it, and somebody reproaching him for a coward, he replied, "I do not do this to save my country." "What do you think they are about, said somebody, in the shades below?" "Stay till I get there, says he, and I will write you word." Admetus, a very bad poet, telling him he had wrote his own epitaph, which he had left orders in his will should be graved on his tomb-stone, (it was only these two lines,)

Admetus lies beneath this stone,
His better part to heav'n is gone.

It is so fine an epitaph, said Demonax, methinks I wish it was there already. Somebody observing that his calves were a little shrunk, as old men's generally are, cried, "What is the meaning of this, Demonax?" he replied with a smile, "Cerberus has bit me, that is all." Seeing a Lacedæmonian one day whipping his servant most unmercifully, he cried out, "Do not put yourself thus upon a level with your

* *A sheep*] Agreeable to Pope's observation,

The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

The making cloth from sheep's wool, we see, was a very old invention. The application is arch enough.

slave."

slave." A girl whose name was Danae, having a law-suit with her brother, "You are in the right, child, said he, to go to law, for you are not Danae the daughter of Acrisius." He was a bitter enemy of all those who professed philosophy, not for the sake of truth but from pride and ostentation; and observing a certain Cynic, with his wallet and cloak, and a pestle instead of a staff, who called himself the rival of Antisthenes, Crates, and Diogenes; "Tell no such lies, said he to him, thou art the disciple of † Hyperides." Seeing some bad wrestlers, who, contrary to the laws prescribed, were biting one another, "Well, said he, may out wrestlers be called lions." What he said to a proconsul was smart, and at the same time very severe upon him; he was one of those, it seems, who pluck the hairs from off their legs, and every part of the body: a Cynic got up, and accused him of effeminaey; upon which, the proconsul being violently enraged, ordered him to be knocked on the head, or sent into banishment: but Demonax interfered and begged him off, telling him, "It was a liberty taken by the Cynics, and therefore ought to be pardoned;" "Well,

† *Hyperides.*] It does not appear who this Hyperides was, the Latin translator says, *Pistoris vel pistillarii*; that he was a baker, so that the joke lies in the pestle.

says the proconsul, for your sake I will forgive him now, but if he does so again, what punishment is bad enough for him?" "O then, said Demonax, order all his hair to be taken off immediately." Another who was appointed by the emperor to the government of a large province, and the command of the army, asked him how he should manage always to govern well: "Keep your temper, said he, hear every thing, and say nothing." Somebody asking him whether he eat honey-cakes, "Dost think, says he, bees ever made their combs for fools?" Seeing a statue in the portico with one hand, "At last, says he, * Cynægirus is honoured by the Athenians with a brazen statue." Seeing Rufinus, the lame philosopher, hopping about the Lyceum, "There is nothing so impudent, said he, as a lame Peripatetic." Epictetus one day advising him to marry, and get children, for that it was by no means unbecoming a philosopher to leave something behind him in room of himself; "Then, said he, you must give me one of † your daughters."

What he said to Herminus the Aristotelian, is well-worth recording; observing this rascal

* *Cynægirus.*] See Bayle.

† *Your daughters.*] Epictetus was older than Demonax, and died a bachelor.

doing

doing every thing that was bad, and always talking, at the same time, of Aristotle and his † categories; “ In good truth, said he, Herminus, you are worthy of them all.” The Athenians having some intention to build an amphitheatre for gladiators in imitation of the Corinthians, he went into the assembly, and cried out, “ Before you determine this point, O Athenians, you should destroy the altar of mercy.” When he came to Olympia, the Elians would have decreed him a statue of brass: “ By no means, said he, that would be a reproach to your ancestors, who never made one either for Socrates or Diogenes.” I heard him once tell a lawyer, “ he thought laws of very little service to mankind, for the good did not stand in need of, and the bad were never the better for them.” He used frequently to repeat this verse of Homer,

Alike * regretted, in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

† *Categories.*] Every body knows what the Categories of Aristotle were; but it is fit the English reader should know also that the Greek word κατηγοριος, categorius, signifies also, an accusation. The whole wit, therefore, of this bon mot, if any there be, consists in the pun upon, or double meaning of the word in the original.

* *Alike, &c.*] Gr. Κάτθαν' ὁμῶς ὁ, τ' αἰργὸς ἀνὴρ, ὁ, τι πολλὰ ἔργα. See Hom. Il. I. l. 320.

He

He always admired Therfites as a kind of Cynic philosopher. Being asked, which of the philosophers he liked best : " They are all excellent, said he, but Socrates I venerate, admire Diogenes, and love Ariftippus."

He lived till near a hundred without pain, grief, or disorder ; without being burthensome, or under obligations to any man ; was always serviceable to his friends, and never had an enemy. Not only the Athenians, but all Greece so loved and honoured him, that when he appeared in public the nobles rose up in respect to him, and there was an universal silence. Even in extreme old age, he went about from house to house, supped, and lay all night wherever he pleased ; the master always considering himself as honoured by the presence of some god, or tutelary genius. The sellers of bread, would beg him, as he passed along, to accept some from their hands ; and happy were they from whom he would receive it. The boys, too, would offer him fruits, and call him their father. On a sedition that had been raised up at Athens, his presence alone put an end to the tumult ; for the moment he appeared in the assembly, they were all silent : he perceived their shame and repentance, and without saying any thing to them, withdrew.

When

When he found he was no longer able to help himself, he spoke to those who were about him in the language of the Cryer at the public games.

The laurel crown attracts no more,
The games are done the sport is o'er;
Past is the business of the day,
And we are summon'd; hence, away!

He then voluntarily abstained from all food, and died, preserving the greatest ease and cheerfulness to his last moments. A little before his death, somebody asking him, "what orders he would give about his funeral:" "Never fear, said he, when I stink, they will bury me." "But shall such a man, replied his friend, be given to dogs and birds?" "So much the better, said he, for then I shall be of some service even after death."

The Athenians honoured him with a magnificent funeral, and long lamented him. They even crowned with garlands, and held as sacred, the stone he used to rest upon. Every body attended at his burial, and the philosophers carried him to the grave on their shoulders.

I have put together these few circumstances relating to Demonax, that posterity may know how truly great and excellent he was.

HUMBLY

HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY
THE TRANSLATOR,
TO HIS FRIEND
THE GREAT PORTRAIT-PAINTER OF ENGLAND,
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE
P O R T R A I T,
A D I A L O G U E.

*This Portrait of LUCIAN's is, as the Painters say,
in his best Manner, and finished CON AMORE: it
contains a charming Description, in the most
warm and glowing Colours, of*

*What never was, or is, or e'er shall be,
a perfect Woman; and is supposed to be a striking
Likeness of a Mistress, or Wife, (about which
the Critics are divided), of the Emperor Verus.
The Style, throughout, is finely adapted to the
Subject, smooth, animated, and poetical.*

LYCINUS, POLYSTRATUS.

LYCINUS.

Polystratus, the fate of those who beheld
the Gorgon resembles mine, the sight of
a fine woman has almost turned me into stone;
I am petrified with admiration.

POLY-

POLYSTRATUS.

What, the impenetrable Lycinus! astonishing, indeed, * * *

But who is this petrifying Medusa, and whence comes she? for I must see her too: you need not be jealous, as I must expect the same fate, and shall be stiffened into stone as well as yourself.

LYCINUS.

Depend upon it, my friend, if you look upon her, even at a distance, she will render you motionless as a statue: the wound, indeed, will be less dangerous if you only see her, but if she fixes her eyes on you at the same time, I know not how you can ever get away; she will hold you fast, and make you follow her about as the needle does the * loadstone.

POLYSTRATUS.

Say no more about her wonderful beauty, but tell me who she is.

her splendid appearance, eunuchs, maids, every thing, in short, about her seemed beyond what any private fortune could afford.

POLYSTRATUS.

Did not you hear her name?

LYCINUS.

No: all I could discover was that she came from Ionia, which I gathered from a person who, as she passed by, observed to his neighbour, "such are your Smyrna beauties;" nor can we wonder that the finest city in Ionia should produce the finest women: the man, I imagine, came from thence himself, as he seemed to be not a little proud of her.

POLYSTRATUS.

You acted like a stone indeed, never to follow her, nor ask the Smyrna man who she was: but, come, describe her form to me as well as you can, and, perhaps, I may recollect her.

LYCINUS.

You know not what

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LYCINUS.

You think me extravagant, but when you see her, you will say my praise was weak in comparison with what she deserves. Who she is I know not; but the number of attendants,

* *Loadstone.*] The virtues and properties of the magnet were known to the ancients: the great use and advantage of it was reserved to stand at the head of modern discoveries.

her

her splendid appearance, eunuchs, maids, every thing, in short, about her seemed beyond what any private fortune could afford.

POLYSTRATUS.

Did not you hear her name?

LYCINUS.

No: all I could discover was that she came from Ionia, which I gathered from a person who, as she passed by, observed to his neighbour, "such are your Smyrna beauties;" nor can we wonder that the finest city in Ionia should produce the finest women: the man, I imagine, came from thence himself, as he seemed to be not a little proud of her.

POLYSTRATUS.

You acted like a stone indeed, never to follow her, nor ask the Smyrna man who she was: but, come, describe her form to me as well as you can, and, perhaps, I may recollect her.

LYCINUS.

You know not what you request of me: it is not in the power of language, at least of mine, to give you an idea of her: scarce would Apelles, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Phidias, or Alcamenes be equal to the task: art is too weak to represent her.

POLYSTRATUS.

At least tell me what her features were; there

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is no danger, be they what they will, in drawing her picture for a friend.

LYCINUS.

I think it would be safer to call in the assistance of those eminent artists, to help me to paint her for you.

POLYSTRATUS.

What do you mean? How are those, who have been dead so many years, to appear before you?

LYCINUS.

O very easily; only answer me one question.

POLYSTRATUS.

Ask it.

LYCINUS.

Have you ever been at Cnidus?

POLYSTRATUS.

Most certainly.

LYCINUS.

Then you must have seen the famous Venus there.

POLYSTRATUS.

I have: the finest work of Praxiteles.

LYCINUS.

You have heard the story too, I suppose, which they tell of a man's falling in love with a statue, and hiding himself in the temple that
he

he might enjoy her: you have seen too, I imagine, the * garden Venus of Alcamenes?

POLYSTRATUS.

I should be incurious, indeed, to let the noblest of his performances escape me.

LYCINUS.

I need not ask you, who have been so often in the Acropolis, whether you have not also contemplated the Sofandra of Calamides.

POLYSTRATUS.

Many a time.

LYCINUS.

And which of Phidias's works do you most admire?

POLYSTRATUS.

The † Lemnian Minerva, which he put his name to; and the Amazon, leaning on her spear.

LYCINUS.

Very well: now we have artists enough: from all these I propose to make one picture, selecting what is most excellent in each of them.

* *Garden Venus.*] It is remarkable that this little piece of Lucian's takes notice of several famous works of ancient sculpture and painting, never mentioned by any other author, and gives us a high idea of their extraordinary merit.

† *Lemnian.*] A famous statue of Minerva, by Phidias, and so called from the inhabitants of Lemnos, who dedicated it to her. See Pausan. Attic.

POLYSTRATUS.

And how is this to be done?

LYCINUS.

With the greatest ease: let us only transfer the ideas to language, whose business it shall be to mix together the several parts, adorn, and form them into one complete whole.

POLYSTRATUS.

Well, take and try: for my part, I cannot conceive how you can make use of them in such a manner, as from so many different parts, not to form one ill-compacted and ridiculous work.

LYCINUS.

You shall see: and first, from the Cnidian Venus I shall take the head alone; the body, being naked, we have no occasion for: the forehead, hair, and perfect shape of the eye-brows, exactly as Praxiteles has made them: together with that * swimming softness, and vivacity of the eyes, which he has so finely represented: the cheeks, and look of the † full face, with

* *Swimming.*] The Greek expression is inimitably elegant,

Οφθαλμων το υγρον αμα τω παιδρω,

Oculorum mobilem hilaremque gratiam,

Agreeable to Anacreon's

Το δε βλεμμα ———

* Αμα γλαυκον ως Αθηνης

* Αμα δ' υγρον ως Κυθηρης.

Ode xxviii,

† *Full face.*] Greek, το παντος προσωπου περιγραφη.

the

the extremities of the hands, the fine-proportioned wrist, the delicate fingers growing thin at the tips, from Alcámenes. Phidias, and his Lemnian, will supply us with the general turn of the countenance, and size of the nose; the mouth and neck we will take from his Amazon. Calamides shall furnish us with the modesty of his Sofandra, the sweet half-smile on her countenance, the tucked up, and becoming robe; her head, however, shall be undressed: the age may be about that of the Cnidian Venus, according to Praxiteles. What think you, my friend, will not the picture be charming, if it be well finished?

POLYSTRATUS.

Are you sure, my friend, you have omitted nothing in the composition of your beauty?

LYCINUS.

Not that I know of, unless, perhaps, you think it cannot be complete without the proper colouring; there, indeed, we must be deficient; for how shall we procure it? Shall we call in all those painters who are famous for blending their colours with taste and judgment, Polygnotus, Euphranor, Ætion, and Apelles? let these divide the task. Euphranor shall lend us his Juno's hair, Polygnotus the handsome eye-brow, and rosy cheeks of his Delphian

Cassandra : he too shall furnish us with a robe of the finest work, most of it flowing in loose folds, and only succinct where it ought to be so. The rest of the body we will take from the * *Pacata* of Apelles, with a skin not too pale and fair, but shewing the † blood within. ‡ *Ætion* shall give us the lips of his *Roxana* ; we will borrow from Homer too, that best of painters, even in the presence of Euphranor and Apelles, the thighs of Menelaus, which he compares to § ivory stained with purple, will suit her also ; he shall give her the eyes :

* *Pacata*.] Greek, Πασατην, probably mistaken by the transcribers for Panchaste, mentioned by Ælian, and who, as Pliny tells us, was the same as Campaspe, the celebrated beauty, and mistress of Alexander the Great, whom Apelles fell in love with as he was drawing her picture.

† *The blood*.] See Shakspeare.

‡ *Ætion*.] See the description of this famous picture in Lucian's *Ætion*.

§ *Ivory*.]

As when some stately trappings are decreed,
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph in Caria, or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure iv'ry, with a lively red,
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness of the Tyrian dye ;
So, great Atrides, show'd thy sacred blood,
And, down thy snowy thigh, distill'd the streaming
blood.

Pope's Homer's *Iliad*, book iv. l. 170.

the

the || Theban poet too shall assist, and lend us his even brows; and Mæonides shall make her † white-arm'd, and rosy-finger'd, far more like golden Venus than his Briseis.

Thus far the statuary, the painter, and the poet may be of service to us; but for that grace which is diffused through every part, or rather all the Graces and all the Loves united, that dance around her; who shall imitate, or who shall describe them?

POLYSTRATUS.

Lycinus, thou speakest of something more than human, sent down from Jove, the progeny of heaven. But, tell me, how was she employed?

L Y C I N U S.

She held in her hand a book doubled in two, part of which she seemed to have gone through, and was reading the other; speaking at the same time to one of her attendants, but so low, that I could not distinguish what she said. When she smiled, she shewed a set of teeth so white, so even, so well put together, it is impossible to describe them to you: if you have seen a beautiful necklace, of the most brilliant

|| *The Theban poet.*] Pindar, who calls Evadna, *Ἐβαννα*. See Olymp. vi.

† *White-arm'd, &c.*] Epithets frequently used by Homer, and applied to Juno, Venus, &c.

pearls, all of the same size and splendour, you may have some idea of them; adorned as they were by her ruby lips, and shining through them; like Homer's * bosom of ivory, not one broader than another, sticking out, or separated as others have them, but all of one size and colour, and entirely even: upon the whole, she was a most astonishing sight, and infinitely beyond our conceptions of mortal beauty.

POLYSTRATUS.

Stop a moment: for, by what you have said, I am sure I know who she is; you told me what country she was of, and that she had eunuchs and soldiers attending her; it must be the celebrated beauty who lives with the emperor,

LYCINUS.

What is her name?

POLYSTRATUS.

That too is soft and lovely like herself, the same as that of † Abradatas's wife: you must have heard of the modest charming woman whom Xenophon speaks so highly of,

* *Bosom.*] And the pure iv'ry o'er her bosom spreads.
See Homer's description of Eurynome, in the eighteenth book of the *Odyssey*.

† *Abradatas's wife.*] Panthea. See the whole story in the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, one of the best written and most affecting tales to be met with amongst the writers of antiquity.

L Y:

LYCINUS.

I remember her well ; and as often as I read that beautiful passage, methinks I hear her speak, see her arming her husband, and preparing him for the battle.

POLYSTRATUS.

You, my friend, have only seen her once, glancing, like lightning by you, and speak only, therefore, of that which struck you then, her external form ; but you saw nothing of her mind, nor know how far that exceeds it in every beauty. I am her countryman, am well acquainted with, and have often conversed with her. You very well know, I prefer good-nature, benevolence, magnanimity, learning, and wisdom, to beauty ; these, doubtless, are far superior, and not to esteem them so, were as absurd as to prefer the garment to the body which is clothed in it. Where the virtues of the mind and body are united in one person, there, and there only, is true beauty. I could point out numbers whose form is excellent, but who disgrace it by their manners ; whose beauty fades and dies away, the body confessing, as it were, by its indecent actions, that it is ruled by the worst of mistresses, an evil soul. Such women put me in mind of Ægyptian idolatry ; the temple is large and beautiful, adorned with
precious

precious stones, gold, and pictures; whilst the god within, is, perhaps, an ape, an ibis, a goat, or a cat: of these there are but too many amongst us. But beauty alone is not sufficient, unless it is properly adorned; * not by purple robes, by necklaces, or toys; but by modesty, truth, benevolence, philanthropy, and the rest of those virtues which crown the complete woman.

L Y C I N U S.

You, therefore, Polystratus, must give me description for description, measure for measure, as they say, or rather something over (for you are very well able): let me have the portrait of her mind, that I may no longer admire only one half of her.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

It is no small trial of skill which you have exacted of me; it is much easier, let me tell you, to praise that which every body has before their eyes, than to describe that which cannot be seen by any; for my portrait, I must call

* *Not by purple, &c.*] “Whose adorning (says a better moralist than Lucian), let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

in the aid not of painters and statuaries only, but of philosophers also, that I may finish the figure by their rules, and according to the complete model of antiquity.

To the business then. And first, She is eloquent, and witty: with much more reason might Homer have said of her than of the Pylian sage,

* Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd.

The tone of her voice is inexpressibly soft and harmonious, not strong or masculine, nor thick and broken; but like that of youths just before the age of manhood, sweet and pleasant, stealing gently on the ear, so that even when it ceases, the words still dwell upon the sense, like echo lengthens out the sound, and leaves a pleasing remembrance on the mind, full of grace and persuasion; when she sings or plays, swans, grasshoppers, and halcyons, must be silent; for, compared with her, they are rough and inharmonious; and the † daughter of Pandion, with all her power of voice, would appear ignorant and unmusical. Orpheus and Amphion, who so charmed their audience that even things inanimate were attracted by their songs, if they heard her, would leave their lyres, and

* Words, &c.] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. i. l. 332.

† Daughter, &c.] Who was turned into a nightingale,
listen

listen in silent attention to her. So well does she know how to preserve true harmony, so to accompany her instrument, as never to be out of time or tune, to swell and sink in such a manner, as that the voice and lyre shall set off each other, with that easy touch of the finger, and motion of the limbs, which so distinguished the great † musician of Thrace, and || him who touched the lyre as he fed his cattle on Cithæron. Trust me, Lycinus, if ever you hear her sing, you will not, like those who beheld the Gorgon, be turned into stone; but will experience the fate of them who were allured by the Syrens; you will stand amazed and confounded, regardless of your country, your family, and your friends. Stop up your ears ever so close, her voice will penetrate through all; for such is the song of Terpsichore, of Melpomene, and Calliope, with a thousand enchantments of every kind to adorn and recommend it. Think, in a word, what the harmony must be which passes through such teeth, and is uttered by such lips as her's. You have seen part of what I tell you, imagine to yourself that you hear the rest.

† *Musician.*] Orpheus.

|| *Him who, &c.*] Amphion.

That

That she should speak correctly and in pure Ionic, that her conversation is full of wit and Attic grace, is by no means to be wondered at; she had it from her country and her ancestors: nor is it surprising that she should be fond of poetry, who is a native of that * place which gave birth to Homer. Thus much for her voice, both with regard to speaking and singing. I shall now proceed to her other perfections; and here, I do not intend, like you, to mingle all the beauties together, to make one complete model, but to describe at large every virtue of her mind, and refer them singly and separately to this great original.

L Y C I N U S.

You invite me, Polystratus, to a noble feast indeed, and seem resolved to give me, as I desired, full measure; pour away, therefore, as fast as you please, you cannot do me a greater favour.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

As knowledge then, particularly that which arises from study and contemplation, is, doubtless, of all human perfections the most desirable, let us take it in all its various forms, that our model may be as complete as your's. Let

* Place.] Smyrna.

her, therefore, have all the gifts of Helicon, not as Clio, Polyhymnia, or Calliope, and the rest; each possessing one, but endowed with them all, together with those of Mercury and Apollo. Adorned with whatever poets have feigned, historians recorded, or philosophers taught; these she must be perfect mistress of; not moistened only by this dye, but totally tinged and saturated with it. Of this, indeed, I can produce no living example, nor recollect one, even in the stores of antiquity. Such, however, let our portrait remain; you will think it, perhaps, no poor or contemptible one.

L Y C I N U S.

It is, indeed, most excellent, and comprehends every point of perfection.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Let us now produce the portrait of wisdom and prudence: and here, I shall want many examples, particularly from the ancients: amongst whom, I shall select Socrates and his friend Æschines, the most skilful of all artists, who painted with peculiar energy and grace. As the best model of prudence, we will take Aspasia of Miletus, who lived with the famous Pericles, and was so renowned for her knowledge and acuteness in all civil affairs; for quickness of parts, penetration, and sagacity. These we
will

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will all transfer to our own portrait, though one is but a small picture, the other a Colossus in comparison with her.

LYCINUS.

How is that?

POLYSTRATUS.

I mean that pictures may be very like, though not of the same size; as the republic of Athens may resemble the present state of Rome, though the latter is so much superior, because upon a larger scale.

Our third portrait shall be taken from * Theano, the Lesbian poetess, and Diotima. Theano shall lend her magnanimity, Sappho her elegance of manners, and † Diotima, not only what Socrates has so commended in her, but her wisdom and prudence also. Such is our second portrait.

LYCINUS:

And it is truly admirable: let us now have a picture of humanity and benevolence, that may represent her sweetness of disposition, and charity to the poor.

* *Theano.*] The wife, or, as some tell us, the daughter of Pythagoras. See a full and true account of this lady in Menage's Catalogue of Female Philosophers.

† *Diotima.*] See Plato's Symposium.

POLY-

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POLYSTRATUS.

For this we shall find a model in the wife of Antenor, Arete, and her daughter Nauficaë: and for her chastity and affection, we will take Penelope, whom Homer celebrates for those virtues, or her name-sake, Panthea, before mentioned.

LYCINUS.

You have now, I think, Polystratus, beautified her all over, and we want no more portraits; for you have gone through her whole mind, and sufficiently praised every part of it.

POLYSTRATUS.

Not so, Lycinus; for the greatest of her virtues is still behind: her humble and modest behaviour in that exalted station: never elated by her good fortune, nor relying too much on human prosperity, she is not insolent or ridiculous, but keeps herself still on the level; is affable to all, treats all as her equals, without pomp, or affectation; a conduct so much the more agreeable, as it comes from one of her rank and condition: those who thus use their riches, not for pride and ostentation, but for the purposes of charity and benevolence, are worthy of the gifts which fortune bestows on them: they alone can escape envy, for none grudge riches to those who enjoy them with rem-

temperance and moderation: such as do not, like Homer's † Ate, stalk over the heads of men, and trample on every thing beneath them, which often happens to low and groveling souls, unused to riches and prosperity: when Fortune lifts up such men, and seats them in her high and winged chariot, they will not look down below, but soar into the clouds, melt their wings like Icarus, and soon fall into the waves, and become the scorn and derision of all: but those who, like Dædalus, remember what their wings are fastened with, aspire not too high, content to be borne just above the waves, and dip their pinions in them, these fly with ease and safety; and thus it is she also gains universal admiration: for all wish those * wings may ever remain unhurt, which scatter blessings on every side of them.

L Y C I N U S.

Long may she do so, Polystratus! for she is not only beautiful as Helen in her external

† *Ate.*] Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples on mankind.

See Pope's *Hom.* II. b. ix. l. 628.

* *Wings*] This is to the last degree elegant: the whole description is, indeed, inimitable. It is, perhaps, impossible for an English reader at the present juncture, to read the latter part of it, without applying it to the best of women, our own amiable and beneficent queen Charlotte.

form, but boasts a mind also still more beautiful and lovely. Happy, therefore, is our good and beloved emperor, as in every thing else, so above all to have such a woman born in his dominions, and thrice happy to be beloved by her: nor less happy is that fair one, to whom we may apply those lines of Homer,

† She who, like golden Venus, charms the heart,
And vies with Pallas in the works of art.

For no woman can be compared to her, who, as the same poet says, is,

‡ — Unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace.

POLYSTRATUS.

True, Lycinus. Let us, therefore, join our portraits together, your's of the body with mine of the mind, and form of them one complete picture to be given to the present age, and delivered down to posterity: it may, perhaps, be more durable than those of Apelles, Parrhasius, and Polygnotus, as it is not made of wood, or wax, or paint, but the work of the Muses, and exhibits a perfect resemblance of her, both in body and mind.

† *She who, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ix. l. 512.

‡ *Unmatch'd.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. i. l. 141.

D E F E N C E

OF THE

P O R T R A I T,

A D I A L O G U E.

The Empress, whom LUCIAN had so highly complimented in the Portrait, not liking, or, perhaps, like other fair Ladies, rather pretending not to like, such extraordinary Praises, having signified to his Friend her Disapprobation, the Author enters here into a serious Defence of his Encomium, and supports it with some Reasoning, and a great deal of Politeness. It is, indeed, full of as courtly and delicate Flattery as could have fallen from the Lips of a French Marquis, though, probably, with a much larger Portion of Sincerity.

LYCINUS, POLYSTRATUS.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

I AM obliged to Lycinus, said the Lady, for his commendations, as it shewed his affection and respect for me; no man could be so lavish of his praises without some real regard: but I would have him know I hate flatterers, whom I look upon but as so many base impostors, mean and illiberal. When I am praised beyond measure, and much more than I deserve,

I always blush, and, if possible, would stop my ears against that which appears more like ridicule than applause. Panegyric is only to be borne so long as we are conscious of possessing those qualities for which we are extolled; all beyond this belongs not to us, and is downright flattery: and yet many I know, who love to be praised for what they have not: there are old men who would be celebrated for their strength and prowess; crooked and deformed, who wish to be called beautiful as Nireus or Phaon: they think, perhaps, that compliment will change their forms, and flatter themselves, like * Pelias, that they shall grow young again. Flattery would be valuable, indeed, if it could produce such effects; but it will prove the direct contrary: for the same thing must happen to such, as would to an ugly man putting on a handsome mask, and boasting of his beauty, though it might so easily be taken off by any

* *Pelias.*] Medea, the famous enchantress, we are told, put old Æron, Jason's father, into a kettle of medicated herbs, and boiled him till he became young again: such extraordinary success, in a project so universally desirable, put the daughter of Pelias, tyrant of Iolchos, on requesting the same favour of her for their father: she accordingly dipped him also in her cauldron, where she perfidiously left him to be consumed by the fire, and never brought him to life again. See the story told at full length by Ovid.

body,

body, and he of course only become the more ridiculous, when his own face appeared from under the vizard, and detected him: as if a little fellow should put on a cothurnus, and then pretend to measure with a man taller by three foot than himself standing on the plain ground. She then told me a story of a woman of the first rank, and who was, withal, handsome and agreeable, but short, and much below the common stature, who was extolled by a poet in his verses for her height, as well as her other accomplishments, and compared, for her size and straitness, to a poplar: the woman was highly pleased with the compliment, and stretched her arms out, as if she grew taller at every verse, and the poet observing how much she was delighted, repeated them over and over, till one of the company whispered in his ear: "Have done soon, my friend, or you will make the woman * get up, and spoil all."

Similar to this, though infinitely more ridiculous, is what they relate of Stratonice, the wife of Seleucus, who offered a talent of gold for the best poem to be written on her hair,

* *Get up.*] A short person, whilst sitting, may be imagined tall, but standing upright must always discover the real size and height.

though she had not one upon her head ; every body well knowing she was bald, and that it was occasioned by a long illness : she fate, nevertheless, to hear a set of execrable poets praising her hyacinthin locks, making them up into curls, and comparing them to leaves of parsley, though, in fact, there was not one belonging to her.

Panthea, therefore, laughed at all those who yielded themselves up to adulation, and observed, that praises were like pictures, which pleased only because they flattered and deceived : many, said she, only admit those painters who can draw a handsome likeness of them ; there are even some who will bid the artist take off part of a nose, make the eyes blacker, or add any other beauty, which they would be thought possessed of : forgetful that they are all the while crowning with applause such pictures as do not in the least resemble themselves.

Such were her observations on your book, which, however, in many parts she much admired, though she could not bear your comparing her to Juno and Venus. They, says she, are far beyond me ; beyond, indeed, any thing human : nor do I desire to be put on a level with Penelope, Arete, and Theano, any more than with the first of the goddesses. I am
a reli-

a religious worshipper of the gods, and fearful of offending them, and were I to admit such flattery, should dread the fate of * Cassiopeia, though she only compared herself to the Nereids, and adored Juno and Venus. This part, therefore, she desired you would alter; she would, otherwise, call those goddesses to witness, it was not written by her desire, or with her approbation, but was entirely disagreeable to her, as void of piety and religion. She should look upon it as impious, to suffer herself to be compared to the Cnidian or Garden Venus; and begged you would recollect what you said yourself, towards the end of your book, when you praised her modesty and humble behaviour, that never soared above human nature, but confined its flight within the limits of mortality; and yet you lift her up to heaven, and compare her to the inhabitants of it. She would rather wish you thought her capable of imitating Alexander, who, when the sculptor

* *Cassiopeia.*] Wife of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, and mother of Andromeda. She boasted that she was handsomer than Juno, which the goddess, as we may naturally suppose, was highly incensed at, and took the first opportunity to make an end of her. She met, however, afterwards with a noble recompence for her sufferings on earth, being placed, with all her family, in heaven, where she still shines as a constellation.

promised to make mount Athos into a statue of him, with two cities in his hand, would not encourage such a ridiculous scheme, but advised the man to let it remain as it was, and not attempt to fashion a mountain of such an immense size, into the shape and resemblance of a diminutive mortal. She praised, at the same time, the conqueror's greatness of mind, which, she said, would raise a nobler statue to him than Athos itself in the opinion of posterity, as it was doubtless a proof of the highest magnanimity to despise and reject so great an honour.

For herself, she said, she much admired the ingenuity and perfection of your portraits, but could by no means admit of their likeness to her, as neither she, nor any other woman, could ever arrive at such perfection. She begs leave, therefore, to return the intended honour back upon your hands, and with all humility adores your archetypes; begs you would praise those virtues only, which are within the reach of humanity, and that you would not make the shoe too big for the foot, lest it should throw her down, when she walks in it.

I have heard, said she, (whether it be true or not, you men know best,) that the victors at the Olympic games are not permitted to
have

have statues of them made bigger than themselves; that the judges always take care of this, and are even more nice in the examination of them than of the candidates. Take care, therefore, that your measure also is exact, or the judges will reject your portraits.

Such is her opinion of your performance: I would advise you, therefore, Lycinus, to revise and correct it, that you may not be accused of impiety. She appeared, indeed, herself, highly displeased at some parts, and seemed to shudder at them, deprecating the wrath of the goddesses, to render them propitious to her, and incline them to pardon a weak woman. To say the truth, I am, myself, a little of her opinion: when I heard you, indeed, first repeat it, I found no fault; but after what she said, began, I own, to think as she did. It is the same thing with regard to opinions, as with objects of sight; when the thing is close to us, and just before our eyes, we cannot observe it distinctly; but if we draw back a little, and view it at a proper distance, it is all clear and plain, and we see immediately what is right, and what is wrong in it.

To compare a mere mortal with Juno and Venus, what is it in effect but to depreciate the goddesses?

goddesſes ? for, in this caſe, the leſſer is not made ſo much greater by the compariſon, as the greater is diminifhed and degraded by it; for, if two men walk together, one very tall, and the other extremely ſhort, if you would make them appear of equal height, you cannot do it by ſetting the little one on his tip-toes, but by the tall man's ſtooping down to him; and, in like manner, the divine nature muſt be diminifhed and made lower by your compariſon. If, indeed, for want of terreſtrial objects, you are obliged to have recourſe to celeftial ones, the fault will be more venial; but when you had ſo many mortal women before you, to compare her to Venus and Juno was totally unneceſſary. Take off, therefore, my good friend, what is more than ſufficient, and what is obnoxious: this whole piece, indeed, is foreign to your nature and diſpoſition; for you are ſeldom inclined to panegyric, though at preſent ſo wonderfully altered, that from a niggard in praiſe, you on a ſudden are grown prodigal of it; but never be aſhamed of mending. Phidias did ſo, when he made his Jove; for when he firſt produced his work, he ſtood behind the door and liſtened to thoſe who either praiſed or condemned it. One found fault with the noſe becauſe it was too broad, another with
the

the face for being too long, and a third with something else. When they were all gone, he shut himself up again, and corrected his figure according to the several observations on it; the opinion of numbers, he thought, was by no means to be despised, and that many must of necessity judge better than one, even though he were a Phidias.

This I have faithfully delivered from her, and beg you will take the same advice from your old friend and companion.

LYCINUS.

I protest, Polystratus, I did not know you were so great an orator; you have made so long a speech, and brought so heavy a charge against my poor book, that I shall never be able to answer it. But, let me tell you, it is contrary to the usual form of proceeding, to pass sentence on a man before the cause is tried, or his advocate appears for him. "It is very easy, as the proverb says, to win the race when you run by yourself;" and it is no wonder I should be cast, when I had not the liberty to defend myself; but what was worst of all, you were, yourselves, both accusers and judges. What am I to do then? must I submit to your decrees,

decrees, or, like the poet of * Himera, sing a palinodia; or will you permit me to have a rehearing?

POLYSTRATUS.

By all means, if you have any thing proper to urge in your own behalf; nor will you plead before enemies as you seem to think us, but amongst your best friends; for myself, I am a party concerned; and shall be ready to assist you.

LYCINUS.

I am only sorry that she is not present, for now I must transmit my defence by another hand; however, if you will be as faithful a messenger from me to her, as you were from her to me, I will e'en cast the dye.

POLYSTRATUS.

Never fear that, Lycinus, I will repeat your speech like a good actor, you may depend on it; but be brief, I desire, that I may be able to remember it.

* *Of Himera.*] Stesichorus, the famous Sicilian lyric poet, who, having in one of his odes taken some liberties with the character of that immaculate lady, the celebrated Helen, was punished for it by her brothers with blindness. He made his peace, however, with their godships, by recanting, in a palinodia, and, in consequence of it, was restored to his sight.

L. Y.

LYCINUS.

So heavy an accusation will require a long defence, but for your sake I shall contract it; tell her, therefore, this from me —

POLYSTRATUS.

You had better speak as if she was now before you, and then when I go to her, I will imitate you.

LYCINUS.

We will suppose her, here then if you please, and that she has just spoke what you told me she did, and now I am going to answer her; yet I must fairly acknowlege to you, the affair becomes dreadfully serious: I know not why, but as you see, I absolutely sweat, and am frightened out of my wits. I think I see her before me, and am terrified: I must begin, however, for now she is come, there is no retiring.

POLYSTRATUS.

But see! her countenance is full of benignity, she smiles propitious on you; therefore, be confident, and proceed.

LYCINUS.

Most noble and illustrious lady, lavish as I have been of your praises, for so you say I am; nothing which I ever extolled you for, is equal to your piety to the gods, which incited you
to

to find fault with your poor admirer: this is infinitely superior to all I ever said of you; you will pardon, if through ignorance alone, amongst my portraits, I omitted it; for this, above all others, I should have represented. Here, therefore, at least, you must acknowledge, I went not too far, but fell short of what you deserved; I left out that, indeed, which contributes more than all to purity of manners, and a perfect mind; inasmuch, as those who most truly worship God, always behave best towards man. If, therefore, I correct my picture, it must be, not by taking any thing away from it, but by adding this as the crown of all. There is one thing, moreover, which I am infinitely obliged to you for, and that is, when I praised your moderation and humility, and said that your good fortune and prosperity had never made you proud or insolent, you condemn me for it, and by that very censure confirm the truth of it; for, surely, not greedily to swallow such praise, but to be confounded at, and say you did not merit, is but to shew yourself still more deserving of it. One may apply to you the answer of Diogenes, who, being asked how glory might be acquired, replied, "By contemning it:" and, if I were asked myself, who

who was most worthy of praise, I should answer, "Those who wish not to be praised at all."

But this, you will say, is foreign to the purpose, and has nothing to do with the cause in hand: I stand accused of comparing you, in the picture which I drew of your person, to the Cnidian and Garden Venus, and likewise to Juno and Minerva. It is an old observation, that painters and poets are not to be called to account for what they say; much less, consequently, such as write in humble prose, like myself: praise is free, nor is there any law to limit the size and extent of it: all it is bound to is, to prove the object praised worthy of admiration, and of imitation also. But I shall not dwell on this argument, lest you should say, it is because I have no other to produce: all I shall now contend for is, that in panegyric we have a right to make use of images and similitudes, and the principal merit is to draw a fit comparison. We must not compare one thing with another that is equal to it, or that is inferior, but with what is more excellent: if you speak of a dog, and say he is better than a sow or a cat, what extraordinary praise is it? or, if you compared him to a wolf, would

would it be any great encomium? What then would be the proper similitude? Doubtless, to say, he was equal in size and strength to a lion. When the * poet speaks of Orion's dog, he calls him the lion-tamer: this is the highest praise he could bestow on him. If a man were to make an encomium on † Milo the Crotonian, Glaucus of Carystus, or Polydamas, and should say, that each of them was stronger than a woman, would not you think him in jest? nor would it be sufficient to say, that either of these would be superior to any one man. But how has the noble poet described Glaucus,

Doth he not put forth
The strength of Pollux, or the iron son
Of great Alcmena —

You see how he compares him to the gods, nay, even makes him superior to them; and yet neither did Glaucus resent his being likened to the gods, nor did the gods punish Glaucus or the poet; both, on the contrary, were held in the highest esteem and veneration by the Greeks; Glaucus for his wonderful strength, and Homer for the celebration of him. Won-

* *The poet.*] The passage here quoted is probably from Pindar, but is not to be met with in any of his works now extant.

† *Milo.*] The famous wrestler.

der not, therefore, if, when I wanted a comparison to illustrate my subject, I made use of the noblest I could procure. You say, you hate flatterers, and I commend you for it; but I would have you distinguish between praise and adulation; the flatterer, who consults his own interest without any regard to truth, loads every thing with praise, says what he pleases, makes no scruple of asserting that Thersites was handsomer than Achilles, and that of all the warriors who fought at Troy, Nestor was the youngest; he will swear that the * son of Cræsus could hear better than † Melampodes, and that ‡ Phineus had sharper eyes than || Lynceus, if he could get any thing by it: whilst the true encomiast never says the thing that is not, but where good qualities are planted by nature, he improves, increases, and sets them off to the

* *Son of Cræsus.*] Who was deaf and dumb.

† *Melampodes.*] Or, as he is called by other authors, Melampus, was an eminent physician, of whom many wonderful stories are told, and amongst the rest, that he could distinguish sounds so well, as even to understand the language of birds. See Plin. x. 49.

‡ *Phineus.*] The son of Agenor, he married Cleopatra, the daughter of Boreas, but afterwards repudiated her, and commanded the eyes of two children which he had by her to be put out. Boreas, in revenge, punished him with blindness.

|| *Lynceus.*] The most sharp-sighted of mortals.

best advantage. If he would praise a horse, I mean a swift courser, he ventures to say,

† He lightly skimming, when he sweeps the plain,
Nor plys the grass, nor bends the tender grain.

Nor would he scruple, perhaps, to call the fleetest of them ‡ storm-footed. If he was to commend a beautiful and well-built house, he might cry out,

|| Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.

A flatterer would say just the same of a swineherd's cottage, if he thought the master would pay him for it. Like Cynæthus, the flatterer of * Demetrius, who, when he had worn out very mode of adulation, at last complimented him on his cough, and vowed that he hawked and spit most harmoniously. The difference between them, therefore, is, that the flatterer hesitates not to tell the most direct falsehoods, if he can please his patron; the encomiast only raises and illustrates what is true; add to this,

† *He lightly, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xx. l. 269.

‡ *Storm-footed.*] Gr. *αλλοποδον*, an epithet made use of by Homer, in the Hymn to Venus, generally attributed to him.

|| *Such, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Odyssey, b. iv. l. 89.

* *Demetrius.*] Demetrius Poliorcetes, of whom Lucian speaks in another place.

that

that the one makes use of all the hyperboles he can meet with, whilst the other is moderate even in them, and keeps within proper limits. These, out of many that might be mentioned, are the specific differences of praise and adulation, which I must beg you to remark, that you may not suspect all of flattery, but distinguish between them, and give to each its proper measure.

Let me then be judged by this rule; apply it to what I have written concerning you, and say to which class I belong. Had I compared an ugly and deformed wretch to the Cnidian Venus, I had been, indeed, an impostor, a worse flatterer than Cinæthus, but when I spoke of one who, as every body knew, deserved all that could be said of her, surely it could not be censured as deviating from the truth.

But, perhaps, you will say (you have, indeed, already said), that I might have praised your beauty, but that I ought not thus invidiously to compare a mortal to a goddess: but, for I must tell you the real truth, I did not compare a mortal to a goddess, but only to the work of an eminent artist in brass, stone, or ivory. There could be no impiety in saying that resembled a mortal which was made by one; unless you will say the picture by Phi-

dias was the true Minerva, or the statue made at Cnidus but a few years since, by Praxiteles, was the celestial Venus: take heed, noble lady, you think not thus of the immortals, whose true image is far beyond the reach of human imitation.

But if I had even said, you were like the goddesses themselves, I am not the first who struck out this path; many of our best poets have done it before me, and particularly Homer, your own fellow-citizen, whom I here call upon to plead for me, for he must fall under the same condemnation: let me ask him, or rather let me ask you for him (for you remember, and happily for you, all his charming verses), does he not tell us, when speaking of the captive Briseis, that she, who resembled golden Venus, wept over Patroclus, and a little after, as if not satisfied with comparing her to Venus only, he says,

* Prone on the body fell—the HEAVENLY fair.

And do you abhor him for this, do you throw by his book, or do you allow him the liberty of praise? if you refuse, posterity hath already bestowed it on him; I know none who accuse

* *Prone, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xix. Pope here calls her the HEAVENLY fair, which is a bad translation of Homer's *Εἰνα Θνητή*.

said

him

him of impiety, nor is there a man to be found who will dare to beat his statue, or to mark these verses as † spurious, and not belonging to him. Shall Homer then, liken a weeping Barbarian to golden Venus, and I, because you will not be praised for beauty, must not compare even to the statue of a goddess the most lovely of women, whose chearful countenance is ever covered with smiles? for in smiles, at least, we resemble the immortals. Observe, in his Agamemnon, how sparing he is of his divinities, giving him a proportion of each, his eyes and head are like Jove, his belt like Mars, and his breast like Neptune; dividing the man into parts, to suit his representation of the deities: in another place he compares him to Mars, the man-slayer. Phryges, he tells us, had the form of a god; and often calls Achilles the godlike son of Peleus. But I must return to examples of women; you remember where he says,

Like Dian she, or golden Venus —

And again,

As Dian wand'ring o'er the mountains strays.

He not only likens men themselves to gods, but even talks of Euphorbus's hair, and that

† *Spurious.*] Greek, *τη νοθα*, the English, it is observable, answers exactly to the original.

stained with blood, as resembling the Graces. There is not, in short, any species of poetry that is not adorned with divine images: blot them all out, therefore, or indulge me in the same liberty. So far, indeed, are similitudes of this kind from being liable to censure, that Homer frequently praises his deities by images drawn from inferior nature: compares Juno's eyes to those of an ox, another poet tells us, Venus had eye-brows like violets, and who, that knows ever so little of the blind bard, does not remember his rosy-finger'd goddess?

To be likened to the gods in shape and form is surely venial: how much bolder are those who assume their names, like Dionysius, Hæphestion, Zeno, Posidonius, and Hermæus! The wife of Evagoras, king of Cyprus, called herself Latona; and yet the goddesses resented it not, though she might have turned her, like Niobe, into stone. I need not mention the Ægyptians, who, though the most superstitious of all people, make use of the divine names perpetually: every thing with them comes from heaven.

You need not, therefore, be so fearful of praise; if there be any thing impious or profane in what I wrote, it is not your fault, unless you think it one, even to have read it: the
gods

gods will punish me for it, when they have first revenged themselves on Homer, and the rest of the poets; but they have not yet shewn their resentment against the * first of philosophers, who has said that, man is the image of god.

I had a great deal more to say, but must leave off for the sake of this Polystratus, who will otherwise not be able to remember it.

POLYSTRATUS.

I do not know, indeed, Lycinus, whether I can or not, for you have been very long, and much beyond your glass already; but I will endeavour, as well as I can, to recollect what you have said, and shall go to her immediately, first taking care to stop my ears, that nothing may get in and disturb the order of things; for then, perhaps, I shall be † hissed for my pains.

LYCINUS.

I have given you your part, Polystratus; it is your business to act it well. I must be gone; when the judges have passed sentence, I shall come back, to know the fate of my performance.

* *First of philosophers.*] Plato.

† *Hiss'd.*] Alluding to the image he had before made use of, when he said, that, like a good actor, he would play the part of Lucian before the empress as well as he could, and hoped to represent him faithfully.

TOXARIS,

A DIALOGUE ON FRIENDSHIP.

This Dialogue is very entertaining. The Stories are well told and extremely interesting: at the same Time that a striking Contrast between the Grecian and Scythian Manners presents a Degree of Light and Shade which greatly embellishes the Picture.

MNESIPPUS, TOXARIS:

MNESIPPUS.

IS it so, indeed, Toxaris? do you Scythians sacrifice to Pylades and Orestes, and believe them to be gods?

TOXARIS.

We sacrifice to them, Mnesippus, not as gods, but as good men.

MNESIPPUS.

Have you a law, then, which obliges you to sacrifice to good men after their deaths, as if they were divinities?

TOXARIS.

We have; and not only that, but to honour them also with public festivals and solemnities.

MNESIPPUS.

And for what purpose? that the dead may be propitious to you?

TOX.

T O X A R I S.

There would be no harm, perhaps, in that; but * we do it principally for the sake of the living, paying due honours to the memory of our departed heroes, in hopes of persuading others to follow their example.

M N E S I P P U S.

There you are certainly in the right: but how came you to fix on Pylades and Orestes as worthy of divine honours, who were strangers, and, what is worse, enemies to you? who, when your ancestors, the Scythians of that time, had seized on, and were going to sacrifice them to Diana, bribed the keepers, broke through the guard, killed your king, stole away the priestess, and took the goddess herself along with them, and, setting all your laws at defiance, escaped from you. If for this, indeed, you honour them, it cannot fail but you will find enough to imitate their conduct. Look back on what is passed, and judge whether it would be to your advantage to call in any more such guests as Pylades and Orestes. If the rest of your divinities should be carried off in the same manner, you will soon be left without any gods at all, and you must make them of those

* *We do it, &c.*] This is the papist's plea for his worship of saints and martyrs.

very men who came to deprive you of your deities. Formerly you would not own them for divinities, but now you sacrifice to them, and offer up victims to those who were very near being victims themselves. This appears to me, I own, truly ridiculous, and beyond all example.

T O X A R I S.

What they did at that time I think great and noble, for so, in my opinion, it was. To attempt such an undertaking, to sail so far from their own country, through seas unknown and untried by any Grecians except those who went to Colchis, not terrified by the reports of its being an inhospitable climate, inhabited by savage nations: to behave so bravely when taken, and, not content with escaping from us, to revenge the injuries they had received on our tyrant, and bear away the goddess with them, surely these were deeds truly admirable, and worthy of divine honours. But know, my friend, it is not for this alone we look upon Pylades and Orestes as our greatest heroes.

M N E S I P P U S.

Let me know, then, what they ever did besides which was so wonderful and god-like: for, as to their skill in navigation, I can shew you some merchants, who are much more divine voyagers

voyagers than either of them ; particularly amongst the Phœnicians, who will not only sail to Pontus, Mæotis, and Bosphorus, but through the Greek and Barbarian sea ; who run over the whole coast every year, and return home at the latter end of it : these you may just as well make gods of, though three parts of them are no better than victuallers and fishmongers.

T O X A R I S.

Mark, now, my friend, how much better judges of good men we Barbarians are than you. Neither at Argos or Mycenæ is there any monument to Pylades or Orestes, whilst we have erected a temple, offer sacrifice, and pay every honour to them both, as friends and companions. Nor because they were strangers did Scythia esteem them less worthy of her notice : we never ask of what country a good man is, nor, if they have done noble actions, whether they are our friends ; but when they are praise-worthy, consider them as our own. But that which above all excited our applause and admiration of these men was, that they seemed to be the best friends that ever lived ; the great legislators, appointed, as it were, by heaven, to teach mankind how friends should act in all ranks and circumstances of life : and therefore intitled to the praise and worship of every noble Scythian.

Scythian. What they did for each other, and what they suffered, our ancestors ordered to be engraved on a pillar of brass, in the Orestæum; and made a law that this should be the first study of their children. Sooner would one of them forget the name of his father than the acts of Pylades and Orestes. On the walls of the temple is painted, by ancient artists, the whole history, as engraved on the pillar. There you see Orestes sailing with his friend, his ship split on the rock, himself taken, and Iphigenia preparing to sacrifice him: in another part he is represented freed from his chains, slaying Thoas, and several other Scythians: their setting sail with Iphigenia and the goddess; the Scythians attempting to board the ship, and hanging on the rudder, some wounded, and repulsed, others frightened, and swimming back to shore. On the opposite side of the wall is pourtrayed the mutual affection of the two friends in their battle with the Scythians: the painter has drawn one of them driving away the enemies who attacked the other, without regarding those who fell on himself, as if careless of his own life, if he could but preserve that of his friend, covering him on every side, and receiving the strokes that were aimed at him. That strong attachment, that mutual participation

pation of dangers and afflictions, that truth, honour, fidelity, love, and kindness, which they shewed for each other, we regarded as something more than human, as proofs of a mind far superior to the generality of mankind, who, when the * wind sets fair, and the voyage is prosperous, resent it highly if they are not admitted to a share in the happiness of their friends, and yet, if it turns about, retire, and leave them alone, exposed to all the dangers of the storm. The Scythian esteems nothing so much as true friendship: there is not any thing which gives him more pleasure and satisfaction than to partake with his friend of every sorrow and calamity, nor doth he hold any thing more shameful and ignominious than to desert and betray him; for this we honour Pylades and Orestes, because they excelled in that virtue which we most admire: for this reason, we call

* *When the wind, &c.*] There is a striking elegance and propriety in this image. Prior has finely improved upon it in his beautiful poem of Henry and Emma, where he makes his heroine say to her lover,

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?

them

them the Coraci, which, in our language, signifies, the gods of friendship.

M N E S I P P U S.

I find, Toxaris, you Scythians are not only famous for the swiftness of your arrows, and skill in war, but for your eloquence also. Formerly, I own, I did not think so of you; but must now confess you seem to have a proper sense of justice, by the honours which you pay to Pylades and Orestes: nor did I know, my friend, that you were, yourself, so excellent a painter; your pictures in the Oresteum, the battle, and the wounds which the noble friends received for each other, are finely drawn. I little thought that friendship was held in such high esteem amongst the Scythians, whom I always looked on as a savage and inhospitable people, passionate, quarrelsome, and contentious, strangers to friendship, even amongst their nearest kindred and relations; which, I was inclined to believe, as well from many other things that I have heard concerning them, as from their custom of devouring their own parents after death.

T O X A R I S.

With regard to our treatment of, and veneration for our parents, I shall not at present enter into dispute with you; but that the Scythians

thians are much more faithful to their friends, and have a better idea of friendship than the Greeks, is past a doubt. By your own gods, I intreat you, therefore, do not be offended, if I tell you what I have remarked, during the long time that I have lived amongst you: my opinion is, that you talk better about friendship than any other people, but are so far from practising what you preach, that you entirely content yourself with only praising, and shewing what a fine thing it is: when there is the least occasion to exercise this virtue, you bely your own words, and fall off from your promises. When your tragedians bring on the stage scenes of exalted friendship, you applaud them most furiously, and sometimes even shed tears at the representation, though, at the same time, ye will none of you do any thing to serve your own friends: if they come to want or misery, your tragic scenes all fly off as so many dreams, and leave you, like those mute personages in the drama, who gape with immense wide mouths, and say nothing. We, on the other hand, by as much as we fall short of you in words, by so much do we excel you in our actions, at least with regard to this subject.

Let us then make this agreement; we will permit, on both sides, the friends of former
ages

ages to remain in peace; for there, I think, you would have the better of me, as your poets bear witness, who, in most harmonious metre, have sung the praises of Achilles and Patrocles, Theseus and Pirithous, with others of equal renown; and let each of us produce some few examples in our own times, I from Scythia, and you from Greece; and whichever shall bring instances of the most noble and disinterested friendship, shall be declared victor in this honourable contest. For my own part, rather would I be conquered in single fight, and have my right hand cut off, (which is the punishment inflicted amongst us,) than be overcome, especially a Scythian by a Greek, in this particular.

M N E S I P P U S.

It is no easy task, let me tell you, Toxaris, to engage hand in hand with such a warrior as you are, one who so well knows how to aim the * arrows of his wit and eloquence. Challenged, however, unexpectedly as I am, I will not tamely give up the cause of Greece; shameful and ignominious, indeed, would it be,

* *The arrows.*] In allusion to the manner of fighting generally made use of by the Scythians with bows and arrows, in which they were remarkably skilful.

when

when † they two alone could conquer so many Scythians, as fame and your ancient pictures record, which you have just now so tragically set forth ; if, after this, so many cities, and nations, all Greece should yield the palm, and be overcome by you alone : were this to happen, I should deserve not to lose my right hand, as you say, but to have my tongue cut out. But how is it to be ? must each of us produce just so many friendly actions, or, is he who can bring the most, to be declared conqueror ?

T O X A R I S.

By no means : we are not to consider the quantity of examples, but the quality of them. If your arrows are sharper, and more penetrating than mine, though only equal in number, they will make the deeper wounds, and I shall yield the sooner to them.

M N E S I P P U S.

You are right : let us, therefore, fix how many they shall be, five, I think, from each of us, will be sufficient.

T O X A R I S.

I think so too : do you begin then, but, first, you must swear that what you relate is true,

† *They two.*] Pylades and Orestes, as represented by Toxaris in the picture.

otherwise it would be very easy to invent stories of this kind, and very difficult to prove the falsehood of them; whereas, if you swear, to doubt would be impiety.

M N E S I P P U S.

Let us swear then if you think it necessary: let me see, by which of our gods now — what say you to Jupiter * Philius?

T O X A R I S.

With all my heart, and I will call upon one of our gods, that will best answer to your's.

M N E S I P P U S.

Bear witness then, O Jupiter Philius, that what I am about to say, either of my own knowledge, or which I have gathered from the certain information of others, is strictly true; that I will make no fabulous, or † theatrical addition to it. First, therefore, I shall relate

* *Philius*.] The friendly. Jupiter was called *ἔταρος* and *φίλιος*, as the great protector of friends and guests. Cleodemus, in Plutarch, calls the table, the altar of the gods of friendship and hospitality.

† *Theatrical*.] Alluding to the liberties generally taken by the ancient dramatic writers, of representing facts in any manner that best suited their purpose, without a strict regard to historical truth; a freedom which the supercilious critics of modern times are always exclaiming against, with a degree of asperity, which the crime, (if such it be,) by no means deserves.

the

the friendship of Dinias and Agathocles, so much celebrated amongst the Ionians. This Agathocles, who has not been long dead, was of Samos, not distinguished from his countrymen for birth or fortune, but by the sincerity of his friendship for Dinias of Ephesus, the son of Lycion, with whom he was acquainted from his infancy. Dinias was immensely rich, and, as is usual with such as come suddenly into great fortunes, was visited by a number of people, who came to eat, drink, and be merry with him; but who, at the same time, little merited the title of real friends. Amongst these, Agathocles, though he delighted not much in such company, was admitted: Dinias paying little more regard to him than to the flatterers who surrounded him, he was at last even affronted at the freedom which he took to reprove him, by reminding him of the dignity of his ancestors, and advising him to be careful of that estate which his father had acquired by his industry, and bequeathed to him. For this reason Dinias no longer invited Agathocles to his feasts and entertainments, but drank with the rest of the company, and shunned him as much as possible. At length, this unfortunate young man was, by the sycophants about him, drawn

into an affair with one Chariclea, the wife of Demonax, a man of the first quality in Ephesus, who, they made him believe, was violently in love with him. They took care she should send him letters, garlands half-faded, apples bit by her own sweet lips, and other such tokens of love, with which artful women allure young men. These things, they well knew, go a great way towards drawing in the unwary, especially such as fancy themselves handsome, and easily fall into the snare. This Chariclea was a most agreeable woman, but the true lady of pleasure, and always ready for any man who shewed the least inclination to her; whoever looked at her, she would answer with a nod, and there was no fear of Chariclea's refusal. She had, moreover, beyond any other harlot of her time, the art of attracting and engaging her admirers, of subduing the indifferent, and fixing the fond lover, of increasing his passion by flattery, by resentment, by coyness, by feigning an inclination for others; she was, in short, completely skilled in every trick and device that could seduce and secure admirers.

This Chariclea, the flatterers of Dinias, who acted the under parts in the play, endeavoured, by all the means in their power to make him
in

in love with; whilst she, who had already ruined many a wealthy family, and with pretended passion had inveigled hundreds, when she perceived that she had laid hold on this weak and unexperienced young man, would not let him escape out of her * talons, but held him fast, till she got the entire possession of him, destroyed herself, and involved him in a thousand calamities. She first sent him private letters, and dispatched her maid to him, who was to watch all his motions, to weep, and tell him how deeply her mistress was enamoured with him; till the happy youth was thoroughly persuaded he was the most beautiful of men, and the admiration of every wife in Ephesus. At length, overcome by her solicitations, he met, and had frequent intercourse with her. From that time, one may naturally suppose, he was easily and totally subdued by a beautiful and lovely woman, who well knew how to charm him by her conversation, and who, in the midst of it, would frequently burst into tears, and fetch deep sighs, run out to meet him with ardour, and embrace him tenderly at his departure from her; who always took care to wear every

* *Talons.*] Greek, *ἐν τῇ οὐχύνῃ*, the translation is literal.

thing that was agreeable to him, who sung and played admirably; for all those arts did she practise against the unhappy Dinias; when, at length, she perceived he was † steeped in love, she had recourse to an artifice, which she knew would be a finishing stroke; she pretended to be with child by him; she would come no more to him now, she said, for she was confined by her husband, who had heard of her intrigue with him. This was more than he could bear; not to see her was absolutely intolerable; he wept, and raved before the sycophants, called on the name of Chariclea, and embraced her statue, which had been made for him of white marble, and cried out in agonies, then threw himself down on the ground, and was almost distracted: instead of apples and garlands, he sent her whole fields and houses, servants, fine cloaths, and as much gold as she could desire; in short, in a very little space of time, the richest and noblest house in all Ionia was emptied, and its treasures entirely consumed. When Dinias was at length sucked dry, and totally exhausted, she got another lover, a Cretan youth, of a good fortune, whom she pretended to be fond of, and who thought himself equally be-

† Steeped.] Greek, διαποχον και ταπεινον το σπυτι, maceratum et mollitum ab amore.

loved

loved by her. Dinias now deserted, not only by Chariclea, but by all his flatterers, who with her had gone over to the new lover, came to Agathocles, who already knew in how bad a situation he was, and after confessing, not without shame, his own folly, related to him every thing that had happened, his passion, his poverty, the pride and insolence of the woman, her reception of the Cretan rival, assuring him after all that he could not live without Chariclea. Agathocles thought it was then an unseasonable time to reproach him for his past behaviour, in rejecting such a friend for sycophants and flatterers, but went immediately, sold his paternal estate at Samos, which was all that he had, for two talents, and brought them to him. After the receipt of this, Dinias was again fit to be seen by Chariclea, again he appeared beautiful to her, letters again came to him, and the maid was sent to reproach him for his tedious absence, the flatterers too once more came about him, finding that he was once more fit to be fed upon: he appointed a time to meet her, and came to her house accordingly, where he was no sooner entered than Demonax, the husband of Chariclea, whether he had by chance discovered the affair, or it had been so concerted between them (for the story

is differently told), on a sudden sprang out of some private place, ordered the doors to be shut, and Dinias to be seized on; drawing his sword on the adventurer, and threatening to beat him, or throw him into the fire. Dinias, perceiving what a wretched situation he was in, snatched up a bar that lay by him, and striking Demonax on the temples, slew him, then turning to Chariclea, first with the bar, and afterwards with the sword of Demonax, repeating his blows, made an end of her: the servants, who seemed struck dumb with an event so unexpected, endeavoured to lay hold on him, but, he pursuing them sword in hand, they retired. Dinias got off as privately as he could, and stayed with Agathocles till morning, deliberating on what it was best to do on this occasion; the magistrates having intelligence (for the thing was now become public), came early, seized upon Dinias, who did not deny the fact, and carried him before the governor of Asia, who sent him to the emperor: a little while after he was transported to * Gyarus, one of the Cyclades, being condemned by the emperor to perpetual banishment. Agathocles alone, of all his friends, accompanied him into Italy, at-

* Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum.

Juv.
tended

tended him to the tribunal, and assisted him in every thing: neither, when he went into banishment, did this faithful friend desert him, but, condemning himself to voluntary exile, remained with him in Gyarus, and when he became so poor as to want common necessities, hired himself to one of those who dive for the † purple-fish, and with the wages he received supported Dinias, took care of him during a long illness, and even after his death would not return to his own country, but stayed in the island, as if to guard the remains of his departed friend. This is a very recent example, as I believe it is scarce five years ago since Agathocles died there.

T O X A R I S.

I wish, Mnesippus, you had told this story without swearing to it, as I might then have called the truth of it in question: this Agathocles was really quite a Scythian friend. I am afraid you will be puzzled to find such another.

M N E S I P P U S.

By no means: for I am now going to tell you a fact no less extraordinary, as related to me by Simylus, a pilot of Megara, who will

† *Purple-fish.*] The murex, from which they extracted the purple dye, and which always lay at bottom near the shore.

swear

swear he was an eye-witness of it. This man, says he, was sailing once from Italy to Athens, about the setting of the Pleiades, with several passengers on board the ship, amongst whom was Euthydicus, and his friend Damon of Chalcis, the former a stout, robust man, the latter weak and pale, being just recovered from a violent illness : they had a prosperous voyage as far as Sicily, but just as they were got into the Ionian sea, were overtaken by a most dreadful storm. We will not dwell upon the whirlwinds, showers of hail, high waves, and other consequences of the tempest ; suffice it here to observe, that when they came near to Zacynthus, with their sail-yards all torn, and their ropes hauled out to stop the force of the current, Damon, who was sick with the tossing of the vessel, had laid himself down with his body hanging over the sea, and the ship leaning that way, a wave washed him headlong into the ocean, and, which was worse, with all his clothes on, so that he could not well swim ; he kept himself up with some difficulty, for a time, and cried out that he should be drowned. Euthydicus, who was naked in bed, heard his cries, jumped out, and threw himself immediately into the sea, took him up in his arms as he was just sinking, and swam with him towards

wards the ship. The rest of the passengers would willingly have assisted the unhappy sufferers; but the wind was so high, that they were not able: all they could do was to throw out some pieces of cork, a few oars, and a large ship ladder. And now, I beseech you, consider for a moment, whether you can conceive a nobler instance of friendship, than for a man thus, in the middle of the night, to throw himself into a tempestuous sea, at the hazard of his life; place before your eyes the desperate situation of them both, the dreadful roar of the waves, the darkness of the night, the foam dashing upon them, one almost drowned, with his head scarce above water, stretching out his hand to implore assistance, the other leaping boldly in, and swimming towards him, afraid that Damon should perish before him: think of this, and acknowledge with me, that Euthydicus was no idle or unprofitable friend.

T O X A R I S.

Did they perish, Mnesippus, or were they, beyond expectation, preserved? I am in dreadful apprehensions for them.

M N E S I P P U S.

You have no occasion: for they were both saved, and are now philosophers at Athens. Simylus only relates what he saw that night,
that

that one fell overboard, the other leaped in after him, and that they swam some time: it was dark and he could see no more, Euthydicus himself tells the rest, and informs us that they first got on some pieces of cork, which kept them up with difficulty for a few hours, and that in the morning they spied the ladder, which they got upon, and came safely to Zacynthus.

After these two instances, which are no bad ones, I shall now produce a third, not less remarkable.

Eudamidas, of Corinth, who was himself very poor, had two rich friends, Aretæus, a Corinthian, and Charixenus, a Sicyonian: when he died he left a will, which to many may perhaps appear ridiculous; though to a good man, like yourself, who knows the merit of friendship, and is now contending for the noblest example of it, it cannot possibly appear so: in this will was the following article, "I leave to Aretæus the care of nourishing and providing for my mother in her old age, and to Charixenus the portioning out of my daughter, which he will do to the best of his abilities:" for he had at that time a mother who was very old, and a daughter marriageable: "If either of these, it went on, should happen to die, the
other

other is to perform the part of the person so dying, as well as his own." The will being opened, in the presence of some who were acquainted with the poverty of Eudamidas, but not with the sincerity of his friends, they turned it into ridicule; how happy, said they, laughing, will Aretæus and Charixenus be, and what a noble legacy will they receive, when they are to pay for Eudamidas, and whilst living themselves, have a dead man to inherit their estates! The heirs, notwithstanding, to whom it was bequeathed, as soon as they heard the contents of the will, resolved to execute it according to his desire: Charixenus, however, died himself within five days after; but Aretæus, the best heir, perhaps, that ever lived, most nobly performed the part of both, for he took care of the mother, and not long ago gave the daughter a portion, and out of five talents, which were all he was worth, gave two to the daughter of his friend, and two to his own; and they were both married the same day.

What think you, Toxaris, of this Aretæus; was it not a noble instance of affection, to pay such a regard to the will of his friend; will you allow this to be one of the five?

T O X A R I S.

He is, indeed, an excellent example; but I admire Eudamidas still more, for the confidence which he placed in his friends: it is a proof that he would himself have acted in the same manner for them, even though they had not mentioned it in their will.

M N E S I P P U S.

I believe so: but proceed we now to my fourth instance, Zenothemis of Maffilia, the son of Charmoleus. He was shewn to me in Italy, when I was on a public embassy there; a tall, handsome young man, and, as they informed me, very rich; in the chariot by him sat a woman, extremely ugly, and deformed, her right side shrunk up and withered, with only one eye, in short, a perfect * fright: on expressing my surprize, that a youth so beautiful should have such a woman with him, the man who shewed them to me, and who was himself a Maffilian, explained the affair to me, which he was perfectly acquainted with: Zenothemis, said he, was the intimate friend of Menecrates, father to that ugly woman; they were both, indeed, of equal rank and fortune; it happened, however, that, on a certain occasion, Menecrates

* *Perfect fright.*] Greek, *μορμολυκειον*, terriculamentum.

was at once deprived of all his riches, and stripped of his honours and dignities by the † six hundred senators, for giving sentence contrary to law; for so we punish offenders of this kind in Massylia: the unhappy man was deeply affected at being thus reduced from affluence to penury, from honour and reputation to infamy and disgrace; but what gave him the greatest uneasiness was this daughter, now marriageable, being about two and twenty, whom before this, rich as her father then was, nobody, even of the lowest rank or condition, chose to marry, so ‡ unhappy was her form and appearance; besides, that she was subject to falling fits, at the increase of the moon.

As he was one day lamenting these misfortunes to his friend, Menecrates, said Zenothemis to him, “Be comforted, you shall never want, and your daughter shall marry a man of family equal to her own.” Saying this, he took Menecrates by the hand, carried him home with him, and gave him an equal share of his fortune, which was very considerable; ordered a

† *Six hundred.*] Venenum datur ei qui causas sexcentis (id enim senatus ejus nomen est) exhibuit. See Valer. Max. lib. ii. cap. 6.

‡ *Unhappy.*] Literally from the Greek οὐδὲν κακοδαίμονα.

splendid entertainment to be got ready, to which Menecrates, with other friends, were invited; intimating, that he had procured a husband for his daughter. When they had supped, and made a libation to the gods, he took a bowl full of wine, and holding it in his hand, receive, says he to Menecrates, this cup of friendship from a son-in-law, for this day I mean to wed your daughter Cydimache, already I have received the portion, which is five and twenty talents. Zenothemis, replied the father, this must not be; never can I bear to see a beautiful youth, like thee, wedded to a girl so deformed and disagreeable. Zenothemis, however, led her forth into the bride-chamber, and, after consummation, returned to Menecrates: from that time he has lived with her, treats her with the greatest tenderness and affection, and, as you see, carries her every where along with him; so far is he from being ashamed of this match, that he seems to glory in it, shewing thus his indifference with regard to the external form, whether it be beautiful or ugly, and manifesting at the same time his contempt of riches and splendor, considering only the happiness of his friend, whom he did not esteem less worthy of his affection from the judgment
of

of the senate against him. For this integrity he hath been rewarded by Fortune, having since had a most beautiful boy by this ugly woman, whom he but the other day carried into the senate, with an olive branch round his head, and clothed in mourning, the more to excite their pity in favour of his grand-father, when the child smiled, and clapped its hands before the senators, who, touched at the sight, pardoned Menecrates, and he is now restored to his honours, by means of this little advocate. Such, according to the Maffilian's report of it, was the behaviour of Zenothemis to his friend; an example, I believe, which will scarce be paralleled by Scythians, who, they say, always take care that their mistresses shall be handsome.

For my fifth and last example, I must not forget Demetrius of Sunium, who travelled into Ægypt with Antiphilus the Alopecian. They had been brought up together from children, one applying to the Cynic philosophy under the famous sophist of Rhodes, and the other studying phyfic. It so happened, when they were there, that Demetrius took a journey to visit the pyramids, and the statue of * Memnon;

* *Memnon.*] A large colossal statue of Memnon, was
Vol. III. M erected

non; the former of these, he had heard, though immensely high, made no shadow, and the latter sounded wonderfully at the rising of the sea: to see and hear these extraordinary things, he took a voyage of six months up the Nile, leaving behind his friend Antiphilus, who was deterred by the length of the journey, and heat of the climate, from accompanying him thither.

erected at Thebes in Ægypt, which, we are told, whenever the rays of the sun struck upon it, astonished the standers-by with the most ravishing and harmonious sounds, though nobody could tell how the music was produced. Strabo, a most grave and respectable author, gives us this account of it: "I went one day, (says he,) with Ælius Gallus, and a number of friends, to see the colossus, when we heard a wonderful noise issue from it, but could not tell whether it proceeded from the statue, the base, or from any of the persons who stood round about it; it was impossible to suppose that stones placed in any particular manner could produce such sounds." Others imagined, "That it was some secret contrivance, probably an instrument concealed in the body of the statue, the chords of which, after being relaxed by the moist night air, recovered their tone and elasticity, by the heat of the sun;" which, with all due deference to the learned Strabo, is but an awkward solution of the riddle. It was more probably some trick of the ancient priests, for the statue of Memnon was oracular once in seven years. Cambyfes, in order to find out the mystery, broke the statue in two, but it seems to little purpose, for the remaining part, we are assured, possessed the same power, and gave, for a long time afterwards, most excellent music.

A fine application of this fable, is made by Dr. Akenfide in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, one of the finest poems in our language.

During

During this time it was, that Antiphilus met with one of those misfortunes which seem more peculiarly to call for the assistance of a good and generous friend : his servant, it seems, one Syrus, had entered into a confederacy with some sacrilegious villains, who broke into the temple of Anubis, and stole away two golden cups, a sceptre, some silver seals with the dogs head on them, and other things, all of which, they brought to, and lodged with Syrus. Being afterwards taken and put to the * torture, they confessed the fact, and sent the officers to Antiphilus's house, where they found the stolen goods hid under the bed. He, and Syrus, were both taken, bound, and sent to prison ; not one of those who had before kept him company, daring to relieve or assist him, concluding him to have been guilty of sacrilege, and that those would be impious and defiled, who even eat or drank with him. His two other servants, after pillaging the house of every thing that remained, ran away. The wretched Antiphilus was

* *Torture.*] Gr. *σπιδλαμμένοι ἐπὶ τῷ τροχῷ*, cum rota torque-
rentur, when they were tortured on the wheel. This in-
genious method of tormenting our fellow-creatures, and
bringing them to a confession of what they did, and fre-
quently of what they did not, had, we see, been in fashion
for some time before the church of Rome took it up, and
humanely brought it into universal practice.

now confined in a dungeon, and treated as the worst of malefactors; the goaler himself, who was a superstitious *Ægyptian*, thinking he did a meritorious service to his God, revenged the injury offered to him, by oppressing this unhappy criminal, who, if at any time he denied the fact, was only deemed the more insolent, and was treated accordingly. He soon grew sick and emaciated, as well he might, laying on the ground, and not able even to stretch out his feet, which were bound tight with a cord. In the day-time, indeed, he had only a log on one hand, but at night, chains were put on every limb. The stench of the prison, the heat from so many people stuffed close together, and scarce able to breathe, the noise of the fetters, with the total want of rest and sleep, were altogether dreadful and intolerable, especially to a man who had never experienced such calamities. He at length gave himself up to despair, and refused to taste any food or nourishment. When *Demetrius*, hitherto a stranger to all this, returned; the moment he heard of it, he ran to the prison, but could not get admittance, for it being then late in the evening, the goaler, leaving other matters to the care of his servants, had locked up the gate, and was gone to sleep. Early, however, in the morning, after much intreaty, he

was

was let in. He enquired for Antiphilus, who was so altered by his misfortunes that he could not be known, and ran about examining all the prisoners, like the friends of the slain looking for their dead bodies half-corrupted on the field of battle. At length, he called out several times to him by name, and Antiphilus knowing the voice, and putting aside the dishevelled hair that hung over his face, discovered himself. The melancholy spectacle had such an effect, that they both fainted; and when, in a little time after, they came to themselves, Demetrius, as soon as he had heard the whole story of his misfortunes, bade him be of good cheer, took away the rags he had been clothed in, and wrapped him up in part of his own cloak. From that time he constantly, whenever he could find time and opportunity, attended on him. He even worked with the merchants in the port, and carried burthens every morning, and with the money he got by it, for he was well paid, provided for his friend, and, withal, bribed the goaler to behave with kindness and civility to him. In the day-time, he staid with, and comforted him, and at night made himself a bed of leaves just on the outside of the prison gate, where he always slept. In this manner they lived for some time, Deme-

trius having free access to the prison, and Antiphilus bearing his misfortunes more easily, from the society of his friend.

It happened some little time after that a robber died in prison, as it was supposed by poison: a stricter guard was immediately placed, and no stranger admitted into the goal. Demetrius, in the utmost anxiety on this account, went to the commanding officer, and accused himself of being concerned in the robbery of the temple; upon which he was immediately sent to prison, where he prevailed on the keeper, by many prayers and supplications, to place him near to Antiphilus, and to bind him with the same chain; that he might embrace, assist, and though he was ill himself, take care of his sick friend: thus did they both, with less pain and uneasiness, support themselves under their common calamity. An event at length took place, which, unexpectedly, put an end to their misfortunes: one of the prisoners, having by some means or other procured files, by the assistance of his fellow-captives, sawed off the great chain that linked them together, and set them all at liberty; they then easily murdered the few keepers, and made their escape; they soon dispersed, and several of them were re-taken.

Deme-

Demetrius and Antiphilus, however, remained there, having seized Syrus just as he was getting off: in the morning, when the governor of Ægypt heard of it, he dispatched his officers in pursuit of the fugitives, sending at the same time for the two friends, whom with many commendations of their behaviour, in not going away with the rest, he set at liberty. Demetrius, however, not content with such a dismissal, said he thought it would be an affront on them to receive their pardon thus as a favour or reward, he solicited the judge, therefore, for a public trial, who granted it; and finding, on examination, that they were innocent, let them go, not without his praise and admiration, especially of Demetrius, whom he presented with * twenty thousand drachmas, out of his own private fortune, giving at the same time half as much to Antiphilus, to make them amends for the punishment which they had unjustly suffered. Antiphilus is now living in Ægypt: Demetrius gave away all his fortune to Antiphilus, and retired amongst the Brachmans in India, saying, before his departure, that he hoped his friend would forgive his leaving him, that, “as for himself, he, who was

* *Twenty, &c.*] About six hundred pounds.

content with a little, could not want riches; and on the other hand, he, whose circumstances were perfectly easy, could not stand in need of a friend."

Such, Toxaris, are our Grecian friends. We are apt, you say, to dwell too long upon things, I would otherwise have repeated to you what Demetrius said upon the trial, pleading not for himself, but his friend, with tears and supplications taking all the blame, in order to acquit him, till, at length, Syrus, whipped into confession, acknowledged the crime, and acquitted them both.

These few instances, out of many, being the first that occurred to my memory, I have produced of good and faithful friends: I shall now take my leave, and give the cause into your hands. Your part is now to begin; take care that your Scythians are better than my Greeks; if you expect to preserve your right hand, you must exert all your skill, as it would be truly ridiculous for you, who have so learnedly harangued for Pylades and Orestes, to prove a bad orator in the defence of your own country.

T O X A R I S.

It is very kind in you, Mnesippus, to give me this warning, as if your own * tongue was

* *Tongue.*] Alluding to their first argument.

not

not in just as much danger in case I succeed. I shall begin, however, immediately, without affecting all that pomp of eloquence, which you have been so lavish of, and which would but ill become a Scythian, especially where facts will speak better than words. I shall not, like you, extol a man for marrying an ugly woman without a fortune, or giving two talents to his friend's daughter; no, nor for going to prison of his own accord, when he knew he should soon be let out again: these are poor instances; nor do I see any thing so great or magnanimous in them. I shall tell you of wars waged, slaughters made, and deaths suffered for friends, such as will make your examples look like mere trifles in comparison with mine. The little things, however, which you have produced, are suitable enough to your country: you, who live always in peace, meet with no signal occasions of shewing friendship; in fine weather the pilot's excellency is not seen: the tempest only proves his skill and conduct. With us, there is perpetual war; we are always invading, or invaded; for ever skirmishing in defence of our pastures, or our prey: here is room for friendship, and those which we contract are ever firm and lasting, as holding them
to

to be the most invincible arrows we can make use of.

But I will first tell you how we choose our friends: not at our drinking matches, as you do, nor because any one was brought up with us, or is our neighbour: but if we see a man brave, generous, and fit for great and noble actions, to him we all fly with speed, and, as you do by your women, whom you wish to marry, court and solicit him, endeavouring, by all the means in our power, to make ourselves worthy of his affection. The happy chosen friends enter into a solemn oath and covenant, that they will live with, and, if occasion calls, die for each other: and thus it is performed; each cuts his finger, and drops the blood into a bowl; they then dip the points of their swords in the blood, and both drink together of it, after which nothing can dissolve the bond. Three may be admitted, but never more: for he who has many friends is, in our opinion, like a common harlot: nor do we think that friendship can ever be firm which is divided into so many channels.

I will begin then with Dandamis, and the relation of an event which happened but very lately.

lately. Dandamis, in the war with the Sauro-
matians, his friend Amizoces being taken pri-
soner.—But first, for our usual oath, according
to agreement : by the * wind then, and by this
falchion, here I swear, to tell thee nought but
truth concerning our Scythian friends.

M N E S I P P U S.

I did not want any oath at all from you :
you were right, however, not to swear by any
of the gods.

T O X A R I S.

Do not you call these gods? Are not life
and death of the greatest consequence to man-
kind? When, therefore, we swear by these, do
we not, in effect, swear by them? seeing that
air is the cause of life, and the sword the in-
strument of death.

M N E S I P P U S.

For the same reason you may make gods of
arrows, spears, ropes, hemlock, and many other
things ; for death is a divinity of various
powers, and numerous are the paths that lead
us to him.

* *The wind.*] The Scythian's oath, though a serious
matter to him, has something, it must be confessed, rather
comical in it; and Lucian, who never misses an opportu-
nity of this kind, has accordingly endeavoured to throw it
into ridicule.

T O X-

T O X A R I S.

This is only wrangling, on purpose to interrupt me.

M N E S I P P U S.

I do not know but it may: come, I will do so no more, go on with your discourse as if I was not here, for I assure you I shall say nothing.

T O X A R I S.

Four days after Dandamis and Amizoces had tasted the bowl of friendship, the Sauromatians invaded our kingdom, with ten thousand horse, and three thousand three hundred foot: as they came unexpectedly upon us, we were soon routed, and put to flight; many of our soldiers were killed, and many taken prisoners, all, indeed, who could not make their escape by swimming over to the other side of the river, where half our army and part of the carriages were posted; for, our generals, I know not why, had thought proper to encamp them on both banks of the Tanais. They took a great deal of spoil, plundered our tents, seized on our carriages, with the drivers, and ravished our women before our eyes, whilst all we could do was to lament our misfortunes.

Amizoces, being amongst the rest taken prisoner, and bound in chains, called loudly on his friend, reminding him of the solemn bond,
and

and the bloody bowl: Dandamis heard his cries, and immediately leaped into the river, and swam towards the enemy; the Sauromatians observing, levelled their arrows at him: when he cried out, Ziris! this, if any one repeats, he is never slain, as they conclude he comes to redeem a captive: he was accordingly carried to the general, and demanded the restitution of his friend; they signified to him that a very large ransom would be expected, if they let him go: upon which Dandamis said, "Every thing which I had you have already taken from me, if, naked and destitute as I am, there is aught which you will accept, command, and I obey: take me instead of him, and do what you will with me." "We want not, replied one of them, your entire person, especially as you came a suppliant, but must have a part, if you would redeem your friend." "What part, said Dandamis do you require?" they insisted on his eyes, which were immediately taken from him; and he then took his friend, leaned on, and swam over with him safe to our camp.

This action so animated and encouraged our troops, that they no longer considered themselves as vanquished, when they saw that the greatest of human blessings was not taken from them,

them, but that there still remained in Scythia a noble mind, and the confidence of disinterested friendship : nor did it fail to astonish and terrify our enemies, when they reflected what kind of men they had to contend with hereafter, and how they would fight when prepared, though when thus taken at unawares, they had so easily subdued them : the very next night, therefore, leaving a great quantity of their cattle, and setting fire to the carriages, they retreated. Amizoces could not bear the thought of enjoying his fight, whilst Dandamis was deprived of it, but put out his own eyes ; and they now sit together, are maintained at the public expence, and held in the highest esteem and veneration by every Scythian.

Can you, Mnesippus, produce any thing equal to this ? no, not if you were to bring ten more, besides your other five, and without swearing to the truth of them. I have told you nothing but the plain naked fact. If you had related the story, I know how you would have embellished it, and told us what Dandamis said in his petition, how he was blinded, what he spoke on the occasion, how he got back, and with what applause he was received, with other things which you Grecians so well know how to flourish on.

Now

Now attend to another instance no less worthy of admiration. Belittas, a near relation of that Amyzoces, saw his friend Basthes, as they were hunting together, dragged off his horse by a lion, who had seized him by the head, and was going to tear him in pieces with his claws, when leaping down, he rushed upon the beast, put his fingers within his teeth, and endeavoured, but in vain, to save Basthes from his devouring jaws; the lion then leaving his first prey just expiring, turned upon Belittas, and, with a grasp, killed him also, after having received a mortal wound from Belittas's sword; so that they all three perished together. We buried them near to each other, raising on one side of the path a monument, with an effigies of the two friends, and on the other, that of the lion.

I will now relate to you a third, concerning the friendship of Macentes Lonchates, and Arfacomas. The latter of these being sent on an embassy to Leucanor, a sovereign in the Bosphorus, to demand the tribute which had been due to us from thence, three months, fell deeply in love with his daughter Mazæa, a tall and beautiful virgin. The business he went upon was now finished, the king had given his answer, and the feast was prepared for his departure. It

is

is a custom in the Bosphorus for suitors to demand their virgins in marriage at their public festivals; and it so happened, that at this time, there were many of them who came in pursuit of Mazæa, kings and the sons of kings; amongst whom were Tigrapates, king of the Lazi, Adyrmachus, prince of Machlyna, with several others. Those who come on this occasion, first sup peaceably together, and when the feast is over, each takes a cup, sprinkles the wine on the table, declares himself a suitor to the virgin, and supports his pretensions with regard to power, rank, and fortune. After many, in compliance with this custom, had laid in their claim, and boasted of kingdoms and treasures in their possession, Arfacomas, last of all, stepped forth, and taking the cup, did not, like the rest, make a libation, (for we never pour out the wine, as thinking it an affront to the deity,) drank up the whole at one draught, and thus spake; "Give me, O king, thy daughter Mazæa to wife, for I have greater riches and possessions by far than either of these." Leucanor, who well knew that Arfacomas was poor, and of no rank in Scythia, seemed astonished, and said, "How many herds and waggon may you be possessed of? for these, I know, are your riches." "I have neither, replied

plied Arfacomas, but I have two good and worthy friends, such as no Scythian can boast of besides me." They laughed at him for this speech, as if he had been mad or drunk; and the next day, Adyrmachus being preferred to all the rest, prepared to carry off the bride into his own country.

No sooner was Arfacomas returned home, than he acquainted his two friends how contemptuously he had been treated at the feast, and laughed at on account of his poverty; "and when, said he, I told them how rich I was in having such friends as you, so much more valuable than all their treasures, the king despised and derided you also, and gave his daughter to Adyrmachus, because he had ten golden vessels, and four-score waggons, and many flocks and herds, preferring cattle, trifling cups, and heavy carriages, to men of honour and virtue. I am doubly injured, my friends, for I love Mazæa, and am not a little hurt besides, by an affront so publicly given; nor do I think you have been better treated than myself: the ignominy reaches to you also, for, from the moment we entered into the great bond of friendship, we are one, we must all rejoice in the same good, and be afflicted by the same calamity." "Not thus far alone, sub-

joined Lonchates, but each of us receives, and must feel the whole injury which you have suffered." "What then, said Macentes, is to be done on this occasion?" "The business, replied Lonchates, must be divided between us; I promise, on my part, to bring Arfacomas the head of Leucanor; be it your task to secure the bride for him: be it so, and do you, says he, Arfacomas, in the mean time, remain here; and, as we must expect a speedy war, prepare arms, horses, and men for it: you are a good man, and we have many servants and dependents; numbers, therefore, I doubt not, will join your cause, especially if you sit on the bull's hide." The thing was immediately agreed on, Lonchates set out for the Bosphorus, and Macentes for Machlina, on horse-back, whilst Arfacomas stayed at home to arm the forces: at length he sat on the hide.

The custom of sitting on the hide is as follows: if any man is highly injured by another, and is unable to revenge himself, he sacrifices an ox, cuts up the flesh, and dresses it, then spreading the skin on the ground, sits down on it with his hands placed behind his back, as if chained at the arm: this, with us, is looked upon as the strongest mode of supplication. Whoever pleases then comes, takes a part of the flesh,

flesh, and placing his right foot on the hide, makes a solemn promise to assist him to the utmost of his abilities : one to raise five horsemen with pay and provender, or so many foot ready armed, some ten, and others more, according to their rank and fortune, and the poorest offers his own service. A prodigious multitude is sometimes thus assembled on the hide, and these armies are generally firm and invincible, being all bound by oath ; for, to stand upon the hide, is always considered as the most solemn obligation. In this business Arfacomas was now deeply engaged, and had got together about five thousand horse, and of light-armed, and other foot, near twenty thousand.

In the mean time, Lonchates made the best of his way privately into Bosphorus, and being introduced to the king, who was then busied in some affairs of the state, told him, that he was just arrived with a commission from the commonwealth of Scythia, and had, withal, some matters of importance to communicate to him in secret. Being desired by the king immediately to acquaint him with them ; “ The Scythians, said he, with regard to the former part of my embassy, do, by me, require and insist, that your shepherds will not wander over into their fields, but keep within the Trachon :

they likewise assure you, that the robbers whom you complain of for making incursions into your territories, are not authorised by the public, and if you seize any of them, you may punish them as they deserve : this they requested might be made known to you. I must now, moreover, acquaint you, that Arfacomas, who lately came here on an embassy, is now raising a great army against you ; incensed, I believe, at the repulse he met with, when he asked your daughter in marriage. For these seven days past, he hath sat on the hide, and has already collected together no inconsiderable number of forces." " I have heard, replied Leucanor, of forces raised on the hide, but did not know before, that they were designed against me, or that Arfacomas was to be their general." " Against you, and you alone, rejoined Lonchates, the whole expedition is pointed : but, between ourselves, Arfacomas is my avowed enemy, he cannot bear to see me preferred before him by the elders of Scythia, and in every thing to be accounted superior to him. If, therefore, you will promise to give me your other daughter Barcetis, (and you will find me not unworthy of her,) I will undertake, in a very short time, to bring you the head of Arfacomas." " You shall have her," replied Leuca-

Leucanor, who well knew the cause of Arfacomas's resentment, and was, besides, greatly alarmed, as he always stood in fear of a Scythian army. "Swear then, said he, Lonchates, that you will stand by this agreement, and never deny what you have now promised." The king, lifting up his hands to heaven, was about to ratify it by an oath, when Lonchates interrupting him, said, "Not here, O king, lest any observing us, should suspect the cause: let us retire to the temple of Mars, shut the doors after us, and swear in secret; for, if Arfacomas should be apprised of this, he will certainly destroy me before the battle, and he has already got a powerful guard to defend him." "Let us then go in, replied the king: do you retreat, and let none follow without my command." This said, the guards retired, and they went together into the temple; when, * Lonchates with one hand drawing his sword, and with the other stopping the mouth of Leucanor, lest he should cry out, plunged it into his breast, then cutting off his head, hid it under

* *Lonchates.*] Lonchates and Macentes might, according to Lucian's account, be very good and determined friends, but they were certainly very bad men, breaking through all laws human and divine, that they might fulfil their promise. To say the truth, after all the romantic stories which our author has produced in favour of his Scythian heroes,

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der his garment, and as he came out of the temple, pretended to be talking with him, and as if he had been sent on some errand, and was to return thither. He then immediately got back to the place where he had left his horse tied, and mounting him, rode off with all speed to Scythia. The Bosphorians, who were for a long time ignorant of the affair, never pursued him; and when they came to the knowledge of it, were employed in disputes concerning the succession.

Thus did Lonchates fulfil his promise of bringing with him the head of Leucanor. Macentes, who in the course of his journey had been acquainted with what happened in Bosphorus, came to Machylia, and having first informed Adymachus of the death of Leucanor, thus addressed him, "The city (said he), look on the king's son-in-law as heir to the throne; you should haste, therefore, to settle a distracted state, and take possession of the kingdom; let your wife follow you in the chariot, for the sight of the king's daughter will conciliate the affections of the people. I am myself an Ala-

heroes, we can only gather from them, that amongst these illustrious savages, friendship was at that time, as charity is at present amongst us, the favourite and fashionable perfection; and that they found it no very difficult task to practise one virtue at the expence of all the rest.

nian,

nian, and related to her by the mother's side; for Mastira, whom Leucanor married, was of our family: I come from her brothers, who are now in Alania, and who request you to make all possible haste to Bosphorus, lest the empire should devolve to Eubiotus, a bastard brother of Leucanor's, a friend to the Scythians, and our avowed enemy." Macentes, who said this, had greatly the resemblance of an Alanian, their arms, indeed, and language are the same with ours, and there is only this difference, that the Scythians wear longer hair, and he had taken off just so much as would make him more like one of them: they, therefore, gave full credit to what he had said, and he passed for a near relation of Mastira and Mazæa. "And now, continued he, Adyrmachus, I will either accompany you to Bosphorus, or stay here behind, and conduct the bride. As you are a relation, replied Adyrmachus, you had better remain, and come along with her; if you go with me you will only add to a number of attendants, but if you stay to accompany her, your presence will supply the place of many: it was accordingly thus determined. Adyrmachus set forward, leaving Mazæa, who was yet a virgin, to the care of Macentes: he put her for that day into a carriage, but as soon as night came on,

he placed her on his own horse (having taken care to have another to follow him), then mounted himself on the same saddle with her, and, instead of going on towards Mæotis, turned aside to the Mediterranean, keeping the Mitræan mountains on his right hand, and resting his beautiful charge at proper intervals, reached Scythia with her on the third day. His horse, at the end of the journey, after standing a few minutes, fell down and died. Macentes delivered Mazæa into the hands of Arfacomas; there, said he, take her, I have performed my promise. The lover, struck beyond measure with a sight so unexpected, and pouring forth his thanks in great abundance, "Cease, said Macentes, thus to treat me as a person different from thyself; to return thanks to me for this, is as if my * right hand were to thank the left for healing it when wounded, or stroaking it when in pain; how ridiculous were it to suppose that, united as our members are, one limb performed any thing extraordinary, when it contributed to the use and advantage of the whole body! seeing it acted for its own good,

* *Right hand.*] According to the old age, *χρὴ χρὴς νῦν*, the sentiment here is noble and natural, the image made use of puts us in mind of Shakspeare's Lear.

as being itself a part of that which received the benefit."

Thus spoke Macentes to his friend Arfacomas: in the mean time Adyrmachus, apprized of the deceit practised on him, proceeded not on his journey to Bosphorus, for Eubiotus, being called in by the Sauromatians, with whom he had formerly lived, succeeded to the empire: he returned, therefore to his own country, and having got together a large army, made an irruption through the mountains into Scythia: Eubiotus also, not long after, invaded us, bringing all his Grecians, together with the Alani, and Sauromates, making about twenty thousand; the forces of Eubiotus and Adyrmachus united, formed together an army, of not less than ninety thousand men, a third part of which were archers, who fought on horseback. We, for I was myself at that battle, furnishing a hundred horse at my own expence, having collected about thirty thousand forces, made head against them under Arfacomas; and when we saw them advancing, sent out a party of our horse to attack them. The battle was hardly fought for a long time, till in the end our troops began to give way: our phalanx was broken, and the whole Scythian army cut, as it were, into two parts; one of which, partly

partly subdued, saved themselves by a retreat, and the Alani did not choose to pursue them; the other, which was the smaller division, was soon inclosed, and totally surrounded by the Alani and the Machlinians, who, by their darts and arrows, made great slaughter amongst us. Thus locked in on every side, we were in the greatest distress, and many laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims, were Lonchates and Macentes, who, exposing themselves bravely to every danger, were both wounded, Lonchates in the thigh, and Macentes in the shoulder with a spear, and likewise on the head by a battle-ax; which being perceived by Arfacomas, who was then with us, and who could not bear the thought of deserting his friends, he set spurs to his horse, and brandishing his sword, rode so furiously through the enemies ranks, that the Machlinians, unable to resist his impetuosity, gave way, and let him pass quite up to them. He recovered the wounded heroes, and exhorting them to join him, rushed upon Adyrmachus, and with one blow of his sword, clave him in two. On the death of their leader, the soldiers soon turned their backs and fled; as did, in a little time after, both the Alani and the Grecians. Thus were we once more victorious, pursuing and killing numbers, till

till night coming on, put an end to the slaughter. The next day we received ambassadors from them with terms of peace; the people of Bosphorus submitted to pay us double tribute, the Machlinians offered hostages, and the Alani, to make us amends for this invasion, promised to reduce the Sindians, who had long held out against us, to obedience. On these conditions we were prevailed on, in compliance with the opinion of Arsacomas and Lonchates, who transacted the whole affair, to make peace with them. Such things, Mnesippus, will Scythians dare to do for their friends.

M N E S I P P U S.

A most tragical story indeed, Toxaris, and bordering on the fabulous. The wind and sword you swore by, will pardon me, if I really think those not much to blame, who should not believe it.

T O X A R I S.

I wish, my noble friend, your credulity does not proceed from envy. Your want of faith, however, shall not prevent my producing some more actions of the same kind, which I know to have been done by Scythians.

M N E S I P P U S.

I beseech you then, my good man, not to be tedious, and long-winded in your discourse,
that

that you would not carry me up and down from Scythia to Machlyia, to Bosphorus, and back again, to wear out my patience.

T O X A R I S.

You are the legislator, and must be obey'd in every thing, I shall, therefore, be as short as possible in what I say, and not tire your ears with my travels for the future.

You shall hear what a friend did for me, whose name is Sifinnes. When in search of Grecian literature, I left my own country to go to Athens, I went by sea to Amastris, this city being in my way, and conveniently situated for those who come from Scythia, and not far from Carambis. Sifinnes, who had been my companion from a child, accompanied me thither. We immediately looked out for a lodging near the harbour, and removing our bundles to it out of the ship, without suspecting any mischief, left them there, and went to the market-place. In the mean time, some thieves broke open our trunks, and stole out every thing we had, not leaving so much as would serve us even for one day. When we came back, and heard what had happened, we knew not what to do; publicly to accuse the neighbours, who were very numerous, or the master of the house, we did not think adviseable: to give it out
that

that we were robbed of fourscore Dariusses, a quantity of cloaths, bedding, and other things, would only have made us appear to the populace as cheats and impostors. Thus stripped of every thing in a strange country, we were much at a loss how to act: for my own part, I was rather for making an end of ourselves at once, than submitting to any thing mean or base for a subsistence; but Sifinnes begged I would, on no account, do any such thing; and endeavoured to console me, by saying, he had thought on a method to procure victuals for us. He hired himself as a porter, to carry wood from the harbour, and with the money bought us some provision. Next morning, as he was walking in the forum, he saw a procession of well-made, noble, youths; these, he understood, were to fight as gladiators for a considerable sum of money in three days after. As soon as he had learned this, he came to me, and said, "Toxaris, no longer complain of being poor, for in three days time I will make you rich." During the interval, we made what shift we could to live, and the appointed time for this spectacle now approaching, we resorted to it. He had led me there, indeed, as to a Grecian fight, which had something new and extraordinary in it. We sat down in the theatre,

and

and first saw several wild beasts hunted by dogs, wounded with spears, and then set on to fight with some men, who we supposed were malefactors: the gladiators then came on the stage, and the crier bringing on a tall lusty youth, proclaimed, that if any man would fight with him, he should come forth, and as a reward, he should receive ten thousand drachmas. Upon this, Sifinnes got up, and leaping into the middle of the theatre, declared himself ready to fight, demanded the arms, and receiving the money, brought it to me; "Toxaris, said he, if I conquer, we shall have enough to live on, and will go away together; if I fall, you will bury me, and return to Scythia." He then took the arms, and put on every thing but the helmet, choosing to fight with his head bare. At the first onset he was dreadfully wounded, having his knee cut with a hooked sword, and bleeding plentifully. I perceived it, and was almost dead with fear. He rushed, however, on his adversary, whom he observed coming on with great impetuosity, and struck him on the breast with such force, that he fell down at his feet. Sifinnes was, himself, so weak with the wound he had received, that he almost fainted as he stood over his dead foe, and seemed just expiring. I ran to, raised up, and comforted him;

him; as soon as he was declared conqueror, I took him in my arms, and carried him home with me. By degrees, with great care, he at length recovered, and is now in Scythia; having married my sister, though he is still lame of the wound.

This, Mnesippus, was not done in Alania, or amongst the Machlinians, so that it doth not stand in need of witnesses, nor can the truth of it be called in question; as there are many Amastrians now alive, who remember the combat of Sisinnus.

I will now give you for my fifth instance the story of Abanchas, and then I have done. This man came some time ago into a city of the Borysthenes, with a wife whom he was extremely fond of, and two children, one a boy then at the breast, the other a girl about seven years of age. He was accompanied by his old friend Gyndanes, who was lame from a wound in his thigh that he received in resisting some robbers on their journey, and which was so painful, that he was not able to stand. It happened, that they were lodged at the upper part of the house, and in the middle of the night, whilst they were all asleep, a great fire broke out, and the whole house was surrounded by the flames. Abanchas being awakened, left his children
who

who were crying round him, and pushing away his wife who had laid hold of him, advised her to shift as well as she could for herself; and taking his friend on his shoulders, made the best of his way out, escaping at that part of the building, where the fire was least fierce: the woman followed with the infant in her arms, and the girl after her: half-burned herself, she let the boy fall, and, together with the girl, with great difficulty got through the flames, at the peril of her life. When Abanchas was afterwards reproached for leaving his * wife and children, and carrying out Gyndanes, "I may easily get more children, said he, and it is uncertain whether those I had would turn out good or bad, but I should not easily find such another friend as Gyndanes.

I have now, Mnesippus, out of many examples which I could have produced, selected five only: it is now time to decide whether my hand or your tongue is to be cut off. Who shall determine this point?

* *Wife and children.*] This story, it must be acknowledged, though it may redound to the honour of Abanchas, with regard to the delicacy of his friendship, gives us but a very moderate idea of his conjugal affection; nor does it, indeed, pay any great compliment to the ladies, who will be pleased, however, to remember, that this was a SCYTHIAN, and not an ENGLISH husband.

M N E S I.

M N E S I P P U S.

Nobody; for we never fixed on any arbitrator. What are we to do then? since at present we have only aimed our darts at random, and at no particular mark, let us choose an umpire, and produce other examples before him; then the vanquished must suffer, and I must lose my tongue, or you your hand. But if, after all, this appears rather savage and uncourteous, since you on your part seem to have the highest opinion of true friendship, and I on mine hold nothing to be more great and noble; why should we not, ourselves, agree from this moment to be friends, and to continue so: thus shall we both remain conquerors, both enjoying the greatest rewards; instead of one tongue, and one hand, thus shall each of us possess two, four eyes, four feet, and every thing double. The painters, we know, represent Geryon, as a man with three heads, and six hands; what was this, but three friends acting always together, and joined in one!

T O X A R I S.

You say right, and it shall be so.

M N E S I P P U S.

We want no * sword, my Toxaris, to con-

* *Sword.*] Alluding to the method mentioned by Toxaris, of contracting friendships.

firm this friendship; our taste for the same pleasures, and this our contest, will bind it faster than the bloody cup you drank of; the heart and not the oath must ratify it.

T O X A R I S.

I approve your sentiments; henceforth, therefore, be we friends, and guests, whilst I remain in Greece, and when you come to Scythia.

M N E S I P P U S.

And know, I would not grudge to take a much longer journey, were I sure to find such friends as you have described to me.

T H E

A S S.

LUCIAN'S *Ass* has, to do him justice, a good deal of Mirth and Entertainment about him, but, as it is the Nature of the Beast to be sometimes lewd and skittish, I was obliged (to use his own Phrase), to dock him a little, before he could be properly introduced to modest Company. Curtailed, however, as he is, the Reader will find him no disagreeable Companion. The Golden *Ass* of Apuleius, spun out to an immoderate Length, is apparently founded on the Idea of this Metamorphosis, which has likewise suggested a Number of Adventures of the like Nature to several modern Writers.

NOT many years ago I had occasion to go into Theffaly, to settle some accounts of my father's with a person who lived there. I had a horse to carry my baggage, and one servant to attend me: in this manner we jogged on, and, as it happened, met with some people going to Hypata, whom we joined company with; and after a long journey, through a very disagreeable road, got very near to the city, when I asked our companions, who were natives

of Theffaly, whether they were acquainted with one Hipparchus, who lived there, as I had letters of recommendation to him, and was to lodge in his house: they said they knew him very well, told me whereabouts he lived, that he was very rich, and had nobody with him but a wife, and one servant maid; for he was extremely covetous. When we came into the city, they directed me to his habitation, where I found a little garden, and a tolerable looking house: my fellow-travellers took their leave, and I knocked at the door: after making me wait some time, a girl came out; I asked whether Hipparchus was within: "Yes, said she; who are you, and what do you want with him?" "I have letters, replied I, from Decrianus, the Sophist." "Stay here, said she, till I come back;" and shut the door upon me: she returned, however, in a short time, and desired me to walk in. I did so, saluted Hipparchus, and gave him my letters: he and his wife were just set down, on a very small couch, as if to supper, though I observed there was nothing upon the table: he read my letters. Decrianus, says he, is one of the best of Grecians, for thus sending his friends to me without ceremony: you see, Lucius, I have but a small house, it is big enough, however, to entertain a guest,

a guest, and your company, if you can put up with it, will make it a great one. He then, calling the maid, "Go, said he, shew my friend his bed-chamber, put his things into it, and then conduct him to the bath; for he comes a great way, and must be fatigued." Palæstra, upon this, immediately shewed me to my room: "You, said she, must sleep in this bed, I shall make up a couch for your boy close to you, and will get him a pillow:" saying this, she led us to the bath, where we washed ourselves, and gave her some money to get provender for our horses. We then went back into the house, where Hipparchus, embracing me, desired me to sit down by him: the supper was by no means a scanty one, and the wine sweet and very old: after supper we drank and chatted, and spending the evening in a chearful and hospitable manner, went to bed. The next day he asked me to what place I was going, and whether I meant to continue there. I told him I was on my journey to Larissa, where I proposed to stay four or five days: this, however, was only a pretence, for I meant to remain where I was, in hopes of meeting some woman skilled in the magic art, or seeing a man

fly, or turned into stone, or, in short, some miracle or other of that kind : with this view I traversed the city, not knowing at the same time how or where to enquire about it. I rambled round, notwithstanding, and, as I was going along, I observed a woman, young, and, as I imagined, of good rank and condition, being well dressed, and with several servants after her. She came up to, and saluted me : I returned the civility : she then addressed herself to me, “ My name, said she, is Abraëa, a particular friend of your mother’s, I love her children as dearly as my own ; why, my son, would not you come and live with me ? ” “ That, replied I, I should be glad to do, but know not how I can leave my friend, whom I have no reason to complain of ; my heart, however, shall be with you, though I cannot. ” “ And where do you lodge ? ” said she. “ With Hipparchus, said I. ” “ What, with that miser ! ” “ Call him not so, I beg you, said I, my good mother, for to me he has behaved nobly, and with the greatest generosity, insomuch that I have more reason to blame him for extravagance. ” She smiled, and laying hold of my hand, “ Beware, said she, of the wife of Hipparchus ; she is a great magician,

cian, and withal casts a wanton eye on every young man that comes in her way : if he does not behave as she would wish, she makes use of her art to revenge herself on him : she has turned some into beasts, and entirely made an end of others. You are a young man, my son, and handsome enough to please any woman, and a stranger besides, who, in this country, is thought but slightly of." Hearing this, and finding that what I was in search of might be had at home, I paid no more attention to my mother's friend ; but as I returned back, entertained myself with these reflections, " If thou art so fond of fights, Lucius, why dost not thou procure them for thyself, and wisely think on some scheme for that purpose ? Make up to the maid Palæstra, keeping as far off as you can from your friend's wife ; if you can get possession of her, you may easily learn what you please ; servants always know what their masters and mistresses do, either good or bad : mind this, and go about it immediately." Thus parlying with myself, I came into the house ; neither Hipparchus nor his wife were at home ; Palæstra stood by the fire-side, getting supper ready for us. I took occasion from this to begin upon her. " How charmingly, said I, my

pretty Palæstra, do those pretty * fingers of your's turn and tofs that hash about; happy should I be to be so handled by them." "If you value your life, replied she, (for she was a smart and lovely wench), keep off, for I am full of fire and smoke; if you do but touch me, I shall burn you in such a manner, that the god of physick himself will not be able to heal your wound: nobody can cure you but myself, and what is more extraordinary, I shall only increase your disorder, and the pleasing remedy itself will always give you pain; you will not easily get over it, I assure you: you smile, I perceive; but I am a true † cooker of men, that is to say, I not only dress and prepare such vile eatables as these, but that great creature, called man, I kill, and cut in pieces, aye, and devour him too, heart and all." "I find it so, indeed, replied I, for even before I came near, you not only burned, but absolutely threw me into the fire: the flames, though I did not see them, have already consumed me; and yet I

* *Fingers, &c.*] Here the ass, as I observed in the argument, is a little frisky; I have, therefore, given him a small check, as the learned reader will see by turning to the original. This being one of the passages where a free and modest is rather better than a strict and literal translation.

† *Cooker.*] Greek, Ἀρτοποιητής.

have

have never done you any injury: cure me, by the gods I intreat you, cure me! with that sweet bitter medicine which you talked of: I am slain already, flea and dress me as you please."

At this she burst into a loud delightful laugh: from that moment she was mine, and we agreed, that when she had put her her master and mistress to bed, she should steal up to my chamber. At length, Hipparchus returning home, we bathed, and went to supper, talked, and drank plentifully: I pretended drowsiness, and retired, in hopes of seeing the charming Palæstra, who kept her word with me, and made me so happy

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that I almost forgot my journey to Larissa, and the business which I came about: desirous, however, before we parted of getting some intelligence concerning this matter, "My dear Palæstra, said I to her, cannot you some day or other shew me your mistress practising her magic, and transforming herself into something or other, for it is a sight which I much long for; or rather, if you know any tricks of this kind yourself, shew me some, and it will be the same thing, as I may judge of one by the other: I make no doubt but you also are well skilled in the art, as I know, indeed, by experience,

perience, for never before did I cast an eye of love on any woman, and they used to say I was as hard as adamant, but you soon made a captive of me, and subdued my very soul." "Leave off your jokes, replied Palæstra, for where is the magic that can create love, that master of every art? No, by your dear self I swear, I know nothing of it; I am totally illiterate, and my mistress is to the last degree jealous with regard to her art: if I have an opportunity, however, I will endeavour to shew her to you whilst she is about some transformation."

This was accordingly agreed upon, and in a few days after she brought me word that her mistress intended very soon to turn herself into a bird, and fly off to her lover: "Now then, said I, is the time to satisfy the longing of your poor petitioner." "Never fear," replied Palæstra; and, accordingly, in the evening, she led me towards her mistress's bed-chamber, and bade me look through a crevice in the door, and see what was going forward. There did I behold a woman, who first undressed herself, and then putting two grains of incense into the flame of the lamp, repeated certain words, as if talking to it, after which she opened a large drawer, that had several boxes in it, and out
of

of one of them took something, what it was I could not tell, but it looked like an ointment: with this, beginning from her toe-nails, she rubbed herself all over, when immediately wings spread themselves out on each side of her, her nose grew hard and crooked, she had every thing, in short, all over her like a bird, and became a complete owl: as soon as she saw herself thus feathered, she set up a horrible screech, as these birds do, and flew out at the window. For my part, I looked upon it as a dream, and rubbed my eyes, not knowing whether I was asleep or awake, and when at length I found that it was a real fact, I begged Palæstra would let me have some wings too, and, anointing me with some of the same ointment, permit me to fly a little: as I wanted much to try whether, when I had quitted the shape of a man, I should have the understanding only of a bird. She took the first opportunity, therefore, of opening the chamber-door privately, and took out the box: I undressed as fast as possible, and anointed myself all over: when, lo, to my great mortification, I was not turned into a bird, but on a sudden a tail stuck out behind me, my fingers vanished, and of all my nails only four remained, which were changed into hoofs;

hoofs; my hands and feet resembled those of a beast, I had a large face, with long ears, and viewing myself all round, perceived that I was metamorphosed into an ass; my human voice was entirely gone, so that I could no longer converse with Palæstra, and all I could do was to stretch out my lips, look miserable, and as well as I could, accused her for making an ass instead of a bird of me. "Wretch that I am, cried she, beating herself with both her hands, what have I done! in my hurry I mistook the box, for they were both alike, and missed that which makes the wings; but be not uneasy, my dear, for this may be easily remedied: if you only eat some roses, you may at any time shake off the beast, and give me my lover again: but continue an ass, I beseech you, for this night only, and to-morrow morning, early, I will bring some roses, that shall set you right." An ass, therefore, I remained to all intents and purposes, saving that in sense and understanding I was still a man, and the true Lucius, though dumb.

Not a little displeased, therefore, at Palæstra for her mistake, I bit my lips in silence, and made the best of my way to the stable, where my own horse stood, and an ass belonging to Hipparchus: as soon as they saw me come in,
being

being afraid I should take part of their hay, they bent down their ears, and seemed determined that their heels should revenge the cause of their bellies, which I perceiving, got as far as I could from the manger, and laughed at them: though my laugh was nothing but a bray. I said to myself, "What a foolish curiosity was this of mine! if a wolf now, or some other wild beast should break in, though I have done no harm, there would be an end of me." Whilst I was making these reflections, little did I think of the misfortune that was just coming upon me: for in the middle of the night, when all were silent and asleep, a dreadful noise was heard on the outside of the wall, as if somebody was breaking in; and so it proved, for in a short time there was a great gap in it, big enough for a man to enter at: somebody soon came in, and another followed him, and then several more, all armed with swords. They had bound Hipparchus, Palæstra, and my servant, in their beds, ransacked the whole house, and were now carrying off the money, cloaths, and furniture. When they had got it all together, they took me, the other ass, and the horse, and putting on our pack-saddles, placed the baggage on our backs: with this heavy burthen they drove us on, beating us with sticks through
the

the mountains and by-paths, that they might not be discovered. What became of the other beasts I know not, but for myself, having no shoes on, and not used to travel over sharp-pointed rocks, and with such a weight, I was half-dead : often did I stumble, though not suffered to fall, as there was somebody always behind me, with a good stick to keep me up. I tried often to cry out, " O master," but could only bray : the O, indeed, came out, and made noise enough ; but Master would not follow : even for this I was handsomely cudgelled, for fear my braying should discover them : perceiving, therefore, that I could not cry out as I ought, I determined to jog on in silence, and save my carcase.

It was now day-light, and we had passed over several mountains : they had tied the bridle, however, over our mouths, that we might not lose our time in feeding as we went along ; an ass, therefore, I was obliged still to remain. About the middle of the day we were turned into a stable, belonging to some of their brethren, such at least, by their behaviour, we imagined them to be, for they saluted them, invited them to dinner, and ordered us some barley : the rest of us fell to, but as I had never been used to raw barley, though I was almost famished,

mished, I could not taste it, but looked about me for something else, when, behind the stable, I spied out a garden, with a good many fine herbs in it, and above them, something which I took for roses: immediately, unobserved by the men who were employed within at dinner, I got into the garden, partly to fill my belly with the raw herbs, and partly for the sake of the roses, which I thought, if I could lay hold on, I might have a chance of being a man again. I fell upon the lettuces, radishes, and parsley, and feasted as long as I could stuff; but as for the roses, they proved not to be real ones, but what they call the * laurel-rose: woe be to the horse or ass that feeds on such, for if they taste of it, they die immediately. The gardener, chancing to spy me out, came into the garden, and perceiving what destruction I had made of his potherbs, even, just as the † thief-detesting constable lays hold on the culprit, seized on, and belaboured me with a large club, sparing neither sides nor thighs, slit my ears, and tore my face: I grew out of all patience, and lifting up my heels, laid him flat on the ground, and fled towards the mountain: as he saw me

* *Laurel-rose.*] The rhododendron, a poisonous plant.

† *Thief-detesting constable.*] Greek, *δυνας μισοπομπος*.

going

going off, he cried out, and bade them set the dogs at me; for there were a number of them hard by, very large, fierce, and fit to fight with bears. I concluded that if they laid hold on, they would tear me in pieces, and deeming it, as they say, better to run backward than not to run well, I returned as fast as I could to the stable: they called off, and tied up the dogs, but persecuted me themselves with stick and staves, till I fairly gave up all the herbs that I had swallowed. It was now time for us to set out again, when they loaded me with the greatest part of their stolen treasures: weighed down as I was by the burthen, with my hoofs worn away by the road, and quite desponding, I had resolved to lay me down, and, let them beat me ever so much, not to rise up again; satisfied that I should profit by this resolution, and imagining, that, overcome at last by my obstinacy, they would divide the burthen between the horse and the other ass, and leave me to be devoured by the wolves. Some malicious demon, however, was apprized of my resolution, and counter-acted it: for, the other ass, probably with the same design, fell down in the road; they would fain have prevailed on him, by repeated blows to get up again, but finding it was to no purpose, and that he laid like a stone,

stone, entirely knocked up, concluding at last that they laboured in vain, and that it was only losing time to wait any longer on a dead ass: they divided all his load between me and the horse, then taking my fellow-prisoner, and fellow-labourer, they threw him down a precipice, and he died immediately. Seeing, by the fate of my companion, what my former resolutions would have brought me to, I determined to bear my present misfortunes with patience, and to push on boldly, in hopes that I might one day light on some roses, and recover myself: I heard, besides, from the † robbers, that we had not far to go, and that the cattle would soon be released; we ran for joy, and got home that very evening. There we found an old woman, sitting by a large fire, who took all the baggage, and put it up for them; they asked her why she sat there, and did not get the supper ready; it is all ready, said she, there is bread, and good old wine, and some flesh of wild beasts for you; every thing in order. They thanked the old woman, pulled off their cloaths, anointed themselves at the fire, and

† *Robbers.*] The cave scene, amongst the robbers in Gil Blas, seems to have been suggested by this passage, though the French author, it must be acknowledged, has greatly improved on the original.

as she had a cauldron of hot water ready, poured it out, and used it as a temporary bath on the occasion. In a little time after, there arrived several young men, with gold and silver, and men's and women's apparel of various kinds; these were all brought into the common stock, and deposited here. The men bathed: after this, there was a magnificent supper, and a long conversation amongst the ruffians. The old woman provided barley for me and the horse, who made all the haste he could to devour it, as fearing I should come in for a dinner with him. I never touched it, but whenever the old woman turned her back, got to the bread which was in the house, and eat it. Next day they all went out on their business, leaving me with the old woman, and one young fellow. I lamented the strict confinement; for though I could have easily got away from the old woman, the young man was very stout, and looked formidable, standing always at the gate with a sword in his hand. About three days after, in the middle of the night, the robbers came back, bringing nothing along with them but a young and beautiful virgin in tears, with her hair dishevelled, and garments almost torn off her: they brought her in, desired her not to be frightened, and ordered

ordered the old woman to stay with and take care of her. The girl would neither eat nor drink, but wept, and tore her hair in such a manner, that even I, who was standing at the manger, could not help shedding tears with her. The robbers went to supper in an outer room. Towards morning, one of their spies, whose business it was to look out sharp for the crew, came to give them notice, that a stranger who had a great deal of money with him, was to pass by that way. As soon as they heard this, they rose immediately, took their arms, and saddled both me and the horse, to go along with them. As I knew I was going to a battle, I hung behind, and went on very slowly, but was soon made to mend my pace with a good club. When we came to the place where the stranger was to pass, the robbers all rushed upon the carriage, slew him and his servants, and put all the booty which they got of great value, upon the horse and me, hiding the rest of their spoil in the wood. Thus loaded, we were returning home, when besides, being beaten and banged about, I struck my hoof against a sharp stone, which wounded me so terribly, that I went lame almost all the rest of the journey. They cried out, "What do we keep this ass for, that is always stumbling, let us get

rid of such an ill-omen'd beast." "Aye, says another, let us throw him down headlong, by way of an expiatory offering for the company." They seemed then to come round me for that purpose; but hearing what they were about, I put on, and thought no more of my wound, the fear of death taking away my sense of pain.

When we got back to the inn, they took off our burthens, lodged them safe, and went in to supper; but night coming on, they sallied forth again to take care of the baggage which they had left behind. "There is no occasion, said one of them, to take that lame ass with us, he can be of no service; therefore, some of us must carry part of the burthens, and the horse the rest." They took the horse, and went off: it was a bright moon-light night. "And why now, Lucius, said I to myself, should I then stay here for vulturs and the offspring of vulturs to devour me? you heard what the thieves said about you, why would you choose to be thrown down a precipice? it is night, and the moon shines, there is nobody here, fly off, and save thyself from these murtherers." Whilst I was making these reflections, I perceived I was quite loose, for the bridle hung up just by me; this encouraged me, and I ran out of the
stable

stable as fast as I could : the old woman observing that I was marching off, caught hold of my tail, and hung by it. Thrice worthy, thought I, should I be of the precipice, or any other death, should I suffer myself to be taken by an old woman, and away I dragged her after me : she cried out for assistance on the young captive within, who coming out, and seeing the old woman hanging like an ass's tail, immediately conceived a most noble design, and worthy of a desperate heroine, she jumped up, and seated herself upon me. I, partly from the hopes of escaping, and partly to oblige my young rider, galloped off with all the speed of a horse, leaving the old woman behind us. The virgin put up her prayers to the gods that she might get off safe ; and, addressing herself to me, " If, says she, my lovely creature, you will carry me to my father's house, I will set you free from all labour for the future, and you shall have as much barley as you can eat every day for your dinner." Thus encouraged, both by the hopes of escaping from the ruffians, and the advantages I expected by saving my young mistress, I ran away nimbly, without ever thinking of my lame foot.

Coming at length to a place where the road divided, we spied the robbers, who had seen us

at a great distance by the light of the moon, and now rushed upon us; they seized on the poor girl; "So, said they, fair virgin, why would you leave us so suddenly, were you afraid of *ghosts? but come, you must go back with us, we will restore you to your friends." This they said with a † Sardonian smile, and then turned me back. I began immediately to recollect my wounded hoof, and went lame. "Oho, said one of them, now you are taken, you are lame, but when you wanted to get away, you were as nimble as a horse, and as brisk as a bird." Saying this, he laid on me with a large stick, which made a fresh wound in my thigh. When we came home, we found the old woman hanging from a part of the rock, afraid, probably, of her masters' anger, on account of the young woman's escape; she had put a rope round her neck, and dispatched herself. The robbers admired her fidelity, and without farther ceremony, threw her, rope and

* *Ghosts.*] Gr. Τα δαιμονα.

† *Sardonian.*] In the island of Sardos, says the Greek scholiast, on this passage, grows an herb resembling parsley, (probably hemlock,) which, whoever tastes of, falls into a fit of immoderate laughter, and dies. Whence arose this proverbial expression of a Sardonian laugh, to signify a malevolent exultation, portending misfortune, misery, and death. See Suidas and Erasmus.

all,

all, down the precipice. They then took the virgin, bound her fast, and locked her up in the house, after which, they went to supper, and caroused plentifully : they then entered into a consultation about their fair prisoner. "What shall we do, says one of them, with this run-away?" "What can we do better, says another, than send her after the old woman, she has done us all the mischief she could, and had like to have spoiled our whole business. You must very well know, my friends, that if she had once got home, not one of us would have been left alive; for the enemy would have made head against us, and we should have been all taken. Let us, therefore, be revenged on her; if we throw her down the precipice, she will die too easily, let us think on some bitter, lingering death, that she may be first tortured, and afterwards expire by degrees." "I have thought on a method, says another, which I am sure you will approve; we must destroy that lazy ass, not only for shamming lame, but for aiding and abetting her in her flight; to-morrow morning, therefore, we will kill him, take out his bowels, and sow her up in the inside of him, with her head just out to prevent suffocation, and her body within his; we may then leave them both, as

a fresh meal for the vulturs. You will see what an excellent torture this will be, to be shut up in a dead ass, to be burned up in the heat of summer, in the inside of a beast; dying with hunger, and not able to procure any other means of death; to be eat up with worms, and suffer the stench of the carcase; to have the vulturs, after they have got through him, preying upon her even whilst she is alive; I need not say what a punishment this will be."

This admirable scheme was received by them with the highest approbation. I lamented, as you may suppose, my inevitable fate; not only that I was to be killed, but, even after death, not suffered to lie peaceably down, but condemned to be a sepulchre for the unhappy virgin.

It was now day-break, when, on a sudden, there rushed in upon us a band of soldiers, who had been sent to take up the robbers; all of whom they immediately bound, in order to carry them before the governor. Amongst our deliverers was a young man, beloved by, and who was soon to be married to the beautiful captive; he it was, it seems, who had traced out, and directed them to the habitation of the ruffians. He took the virgin, placed her on my

my back, and accompanied her home. The villagers saw us afar off as we were returning, and easily guessed at our success. I took care, indeed, to proclaim the glad tidings to them with a loud bray; they ran out to salute us, and conducted us in with many congratulations.

The virgin, who considered me as the partner of her captivity and of her flight, and withal, as one who had been in danger of death along with her, paid every possible attention to me; I had my large measure of barley, and as much hay as would have served a camel; I cursed Palæstra for turning me into an ass, instead of a dog, for then I might have ran, as I saw many of them do, into the kitchen, and tasted of all the dainties which we generally meet with at a rich wedding. A few days after the nuptials, my young mistress, to make me amends for all my trouble, requested it as a favour of her father, and he ordered me to be turned loose into the field, and to feed with the mares: "There, said he, you may live happily, and divert yourself with them." He then called one of the shepherds, and gave me to his care. He put me into grass among the mares, and happy I thought myself, that I was to carry no more burthens. This reward was, doubtless, in the
opinion

opinion of a jack-ass, no contemptible one. The lady's favour, however, proved fatal to me as it did to Candaules; for the master of the stud left me entirely to the will and pleasure of his wife, who put me into a mill, and made me grind all the corn and barley. An ass of any gratitude, indeed, would never grudge grinding for his masters; but the good woman must needs assist her friends, of whom she had a great many, with corn also, and my neck suffered for it. She would even put the barley for my own dinner into the mill, and make cakes of it for herself, whilst I was forced to take up with the bran: besides that, when I was let in among the mares, the horses grew jealous, and fearing I should be too intimate with their wives, kicked and bit me most furiously. In a short time, I grew terribly thin and lank, being not very happy at the mill when within doors, and when I got out, well beat and bruised by my companions in the field. I was often, moreover, sent up to the mountain, and obliged to carry wood; this, indeed, was the worst of my misfortunes; for, in the first place, the mountain was very steep, and in the next, I had no shoes on in a rough road. They sent, withal, a mule-driver along with me, a rascally boy, who was always whipping me without mercy; though

though I went on as fast as I could, he kept still beating me, not with a plain stick, but nobbed, always striking me on the same part of the thigh, till it was laid quite open, and still followed his blow; putting such burthens upon me, at the same time, as an elephant would scarce have been able to carry. Though the descent was very steep, he continued thumping me; and when he saw the load go on one side, instead of shifting part of it to the other, he would increase it with great stones, till I fell down, stones and all. If there was a small ford in the way, to save his shoes, he would get up and ride over it. If weary and overburthened, I chanced to fall, it was still worse with me; for he would never get down to help me, but continued belabouring my back and sides, till he had raised me up again; and, for this purpose, he got a bundle of thorns, which he tied to my tail; these pricked me as I went along, and wounded my posteriors in the most dreadful manner; whilst I could by no possible means relieve myself, as what inflicted the wound, hung always close to me; and if I went slow to escape the thorns, the club saluted me, and if I pushed on to avoid the club, the thorns stuck in me immediately: the villain plyed them both, with a design to make an end of me.

me. At length, after a thousand insults, being out of all patience, I lifted up my heel, and gave him a kick, which he never forgave me. Being one day ordered to carry some stubble out of one field into another, he saddled me with it, and taking a rope, tied me to the load; not without design, for having stolen a hot pocker out of the fire, he put it into the stubble, which, as might be supposed, was soon in flames: perceiving that I must be inevitably burned, I looked out for water, and spying a marshy place, threw myself down in the wettest part of it, and by turning and rolling about, quenched the fire, and got rid of part of my burthen; nor could he light the other again, as it was well moistened with mud. When we came home, he told them, "I had ran into the flames of my own accord." I got safe, however, this time, and escaped a burning.

A little after this, he played me a trick worse than all; for one day when I went up with a load into the mountain, he sold the wood I had carried on my back to a countryman, and when we came home, invented this tale against me to his master; "I don't know, says he, what we keep that lazy ass for, he loves something else better than work, if he sees a pretty mare upon

upon the road, away he flies after her; it was but this very morning that he went out to carry wood, and spying a filly just before him, he pranced off, threw the wood off into the road, nobody knows where, and would have been very rude, if he had not been prevented by the neighbours, who saved the mare, and put a stop to his gallantry." "If that be the case, said his master, and he is so lazy that he will not work, nor carry any burthens, and is, besides, so very amorous, cut his throat, and give his carcase to the dogs; if any body asks what is become of him, you may say he was devoured by a wolf." The boy was happy at the news, and prepared to make an end of me: but a countryman who lived in the neighbourhood, coming in by chance, saved me from immediate death, by suggesting something not much better; "By no means, said he, kill the ass, whilst he is able to grind and carry burthens; if he is amorous, let him be properly docked; the thing is easily done, he will soon be quiet and grow fat, and bear his loads the better. If you do not know how to go about it, I shall be here again in two or three days, and will do it for you; I warrant, I can make him as meek as a lamb." They approved of his advice, and said "it was the best thing that could

could be done." I began to lament my fate, and to conclude that I had better die than to be made an eunuch of. I resolved, therefore, from that time, to abstain from all food and nourishment, or throw myself down the precipice and die, so as I could but remain whole and unmutated. When lo! in the dead of night comes a messenger to acquaint the village, that the bride, she who had been taken by the robbers, and her husband, walking late in the evening on the sea shore, were suddenly carried off by the waves breaking in upon them, and had not been heard of since. The servants, apprised of their young master and mistress's fate, resolved to remain no longer in slavery, but getting what they could out of the house, made the best of their way off. The shepherd, who looked after the mares, packed up all he could find, and put it on our backs; I had, for my own part, as great a burthen as an ass could well carry, but still thought myself happy that I had escaped docking. For that night, and three days after, we had a hard and dreadful journey, but at length arrived at Beræa, a famous city in Macedonia. Here our drivers rested us and themselves; the beasts were then all put up to sale, and we were cried in the market-place. The chapmen came,
looked

looked into our mouths, and examined all our teeth; one bought one, and another another, but I was still left behind, and the crier bade them drive me back again, for nobody would bid for me; when my unlucky fate, which was always shifting about and persecuting me, threw me upon such a master as I little desired. I was purchased by an old fellow, one of those itinerants who carry the Syrian goddess about through the streets and fields, and oblige her to go a begging: to him I was sold at a great price, no less than thirty drachmas, and now, with a heavy heart, I followed my new master.

When we came to the place where Philebus lived, for that was the name of the man who had bought me, he cried out at the door with a loud voice, "Here, girls, I have bought you a beautiful, well-made slave, from Cappadocia." The girls set up a shout, thinking it had been a man that he had purchased: when they saw it was an ass, they cried, "What sort of a spouse have you brought us here? pray take him yourself, for we want no such cattle."

The next day they began to set themselves seriously to work, dressed up their goddess, and placed her upon me; then, quitting the town, we rambled over the fields, and when we came to a village, I, as bearer of the divinity, was stopped

stopped, and stood still; immediately a parcel of minstrels played some solemn tunes, then a croud of them hung their heads down, and twisting their necks round, lolled out their tongues, and pricked both them and their shoulders with lancets, so that the blood flowed on every side of them. I beheld the ceremony with astonishment, and began to tremble lest the goddess should want a little ass's blood also. When they had cut and hacked themselves in this manner for some time, they collected oboli and drachmas from the spectators: some gave them figs, and cheese, and casks of wine, and others a measure of wheat and barley for their ass. Thus they got a livelihood, and worshipped their goddess whom I carried on my back. * * * *

Reflecting now on the many miseries I had suffered since my transformation, I could not help attempting to cry out, "O Jupiter, thou art too patient," but alas! my voice failed, and I could only bray. It happened just at this time, that some countrymen who had lost their ass, and were in search of it; hearing me cry out, came in without any leave or notice, taking me for the beast they were looking for, and caught my lewd masters doing what they should not do, which they took care in the neighbourhood

hood to divulge. My good friends, the priests of the Syrian goddess, finding their secret transactions were discovered, made off that very night, and when they had got into a private place, began to be very angry with me for exposing their mysteries: I could have borne their curses, but what succeeded to them was intolerable; for, taking the goddess off my back, they tied me naked to a tree, and whipped me till I was half dead; telling me, "That, for the future, when I carried a goddess, I must hold my tongue." They disputed afterwards, whether they should not cut my throat, for bringing such reproach upon them, and forcing them to turn out of the village before they had done their business there. They desisted, however, out of respect to the goddess, who laid down on the ground, and could not proceed on her journey without me.

After a sound whipping, therefore, I took up my mistress, and proceeded; towards evening we turned into a field belonging to a rich man, who happening to be at home, luckily for us, received our goddess very graciously, and offered sacrifices to her; here it was that I remember I was in great peril of my life; one of our landlord's friends had sent him for a present the thigh of a wild ass, which the cook care-

lessly lost, some dogs having probably got in and stole it; he, apprehensive of being severely beat for his negligence, resolved to hang himself, but his wife, to my sorrow, cries, "Never despair, my dear, nor think of destroying yourself; follow my advice and all will be well again; take the traveller's ass into some bye place, kill him, cut him up, bring the thigh here and dress it for your master; you may throw the rest of the carcase any where down the precipice, they will suppose he is run away; you see how fat he is, and on all accounts preferable to the wild one." The cook approved of her advice, "It is the only way," said he, my dear, that I could possibly escape whipping; it shall be done immediately:" such was the result of the conversation between the cook and his wife.

Perceiving, therefore, what I had to expect, I thought it best to avoid, if possible, the death which threatened me, and breaking the halter with which I was fastened, I ran skipping and prancing into the room where they were all at supper together, and threw down the candles, table, and every thing that came in my way: this I thought an excellent contrivance, imagining that the master of the farm would have immediately ordered me to be confined, and taken care of as a mad ass; but this trick of

mine had like to have cost me dear ; for, thinking I was mad, they all ran upon me with swords, spears, and staves, as if they intended to make an end of me : aware of the very great danger I was in, I ran away towards the chamber where my masters were to sleep, and they made as much haste to shut the doors against me.

At day-break I set out once more with my sacred beggars, and the goddesses on my back ; when we arrived soon at a large and famous town, where my masters played a new trick, pretending that the goddesses did not chuse to stay in any private house, but would be lodged in the temple belonging to the deity of the place : the inhabitants, accordingly, received our goddesses into their own temple, assigning to us a habitation in the house of a poor man : after staying there two or three days, my honest masters, wanting to get on, asked for their goddesses again, and being permitted to go into the temple for her, stole from thence a large golden cup, which they hid under the goddess's petticoats : the people of the place soon missed it, and pursued us, and coming upon the robbers, seized upon them, called them sacriligious villains, and demanded the cup, which, on searching, they found at last, near the waist of our

Q 2

divinity :

divinity: they then carried back the thieves, and bound them, took our goddess off my back, placed her in another temple, and gave the golden cup back to their own.

The next day it was resolved that I, with the rest of the goods, should be disposed of; and they sold me to a miller that lived in a neighbouring village, who took me home, through a very rough road, with ten measures of wheat on my back. When I came there, I found a number of fellow-servants, with several mills, full of all sorts of grain, and which were worked by them: as I was a new slave, and had travelled through a bad road with a large burthen, they permitted me to rest for that night, but next day, putting a blind over my eyes, they fastened me to the beam of the mill-wheel, and would have drove me on: I knew well enough how to grind, as I had often been forced to learn it, but pretended ignorance; this, however would not do, for a number of the louts got about me, and, taking sticks, laid on me in such a manner, that I spun round like a top, and found by experience, that a servant, who has work to do, need not wait for his master's hand to make him go about it. I soon grew weak and emaciated, and my master, resolving to get rid of me, sold me to a gardener. Here my business

business was to carry herbs every day to market for him, which, when he had sold, he drove me back to the garden, where I remained idle whilst he was digging and planting. My way of life, however, was not very agreeable; for, winter coming on, he had nothing to buy straw with, either for me or himself; besides, that I had no shoes, and was forced to walk, sometimes through wet mud, and at others, through rough and prickly ways, whilst, as to food, there was nothing for us both but hard and bitter lettuces.

One day, as we were going into the garden, a tall man came up to us, in a soldier's habit, and addressed the gardener in the Italian tongue, asking him where he was going to carry the ass; my master, I suppose, not understanding the language, made him no answer; the soldier resenting this as an affront, gave my master a lick with his whip, which so incensed him that he took the stranger up in his arms, and laid him flat on the ground: the soldier resisted as well as he could, and threatened if he got up he would kill him with his sword, upon which my master, taking the hint, forced the weapon from him, and throwing it a good way off, fell upon, and mauled him dreadfully: the soldier, seeing himself in such bad plight, laid still, as if

he was dead with the wounds, which so terrified my master, that leaving him on the ground, he took the sword, leaped upon me, and rode off as fast as he could towards the city: when he came there, he gave up his garden to a friend to take care of for him; and, for fear of danger, concealed both me and himself at the house of a particular acquaintance in the city. The next day, after consulting what they should do with us, they locked my master up in a chest, and took me, tied my legs, and carried me up stairs, into a chamber at the top of the house, where they locked me in. The soldier, when at length he was with great difficulty recovered, though his head was still bad with the wounds he had received, made his way to the city, and told his comrades what had happened to him, with the insolence of the gardener; they immediately joined with him, and taking some persons sent by the magistrates along with them, endeavoured to find out where we were: they came to the house, and one of the officers commanded all that were within to come forth; they appeared, but no gardener with them: the soldier insisted on it that the gardener was there, and his ass also: they, on the other hand, affirmed that there was neither ass nor man left behind: the street being but narrow, and
a great

a great noise and riot made in it, I who am naturally impatient, and had great curiosity, wanting to know what they cried out about, got to the window and looked down upon them: some observed me, and told the rest, and said it must be a lie: the magistrates at length came, and found out every thing, discovering my master lying in the chest, and sent him to prison, to be called to account for his insolence. I was made a present of to the soldiers. They were all ready to die with laughing at the ass on the top of the house, who betrayed his master; and from thence sprang the proverb, when a man squints, they say, he looks from an ass.

What became of my master, the gardener, I know not, but the next day the soldier sold me for five and twenty attic drachmas: the man who bought me was servant to a rich grandee of Thessalonica, one of the largest cities in Macedonia: he was a kind of house-steward, and with his brother, who lived also in the family, prepared every thing for his master's table. These two lodged in the same house, and joined stocks together, one baking the bread, and the other making up sweet-meats, and dainties of every kind; after their master had supped, they used to bring home the reliicks, fish, flesh, and all sorts of niceties. Joining to the apartment

Q 4

where

where they were put, was my stable, and I was left there as a guard, and locked in with the provision. I bad farewell, therefore, to my barley, fell foul upon my master's dainties, and, after a long fasting, got a good belly-full of human food. When they returned home they had for some time no suspicion of what had passed; there was, indeed, such plenty, that what I took was never missed, besides, that at first I made my depredations very sparingly, and with great caution; but after this, laughing at them for fools, I not only devoured as much as I pleased, but picked out the nice bits, when at length they found they had been plundered, though they could not tell by whom, and began to suspect, and abuse each other, for seizing on the common stock, which from that time they carefully divided.

I, in the mean time, led a most pleasant and luxurious life: by the help of my * accustomed food, my body grew sleek and handsome, my hair soft, and my skin smooth: my worthy

* *Accustomed.*] There is something rather absurd and ridiculous in supposing that Lucius, when turned into an ass, should be fattened by the food which he was used to before his transformation. But Lucian found it necessary, we may suppose, to break through the rules of nature and probability, that he might introduce the marvellous and truly laughable consequences of it.

masters,

masters, perceiving how fat and fine I was, and at the same time observing that the barley was not eat, but remained untouched, began to entertain some suspicion of my impudence, and pretending to go out to bathe, shut the door after them, and peeped through a crevice, where they saw what was going forward; for, not aware of the trick, I got immediately to dinner: at first they could scarcely believe their eyes, but presently fell a laughing, and brought several of their fellow-servants to view this spectacle; the noise and riot was at last so great that my master heard, and asked the meaning of it; when they told it him, he got up from table, came to them, and looking in, beheld me devouring part of a wild boar; he was highly diverted, and went in again: thus was I exposed to my master, both as a glutton and a thief: he laughed excessively at it, ordered me in to supper with him, and setting me down to the table, helped me to flesh, oysters, broths, fish, some in oil or pickle, others with mustard, to every thing, in short, which other asses never eat. Perceiving that fortune seemed at length to smile upon me, and that this jest alone might procure me safety and happiness, though I was brim full, I still kept eating at the table: the whole

whole company was in a roar, and at last one of them cried out, this ass would drink wine too, if you would give it him; the master immediately ordered them to get me some, and I supped it up.

The great man astonished, as you may suppose, at so singular and extraordinary a creature, bad his steward give the servant, who had bought me, twice as much as I cost him, and then gave me to the care of a young freedman, whom he ordered to teach me some such tricks as would be most agreeable to him; all which I easily learned, and performed before him. First, he taught me to sit down on the bed, like a man, and lean on my elbow, then to wrestle with him, to stand upright, to dance, to signify Yes or No by nods and gestures, with several other things, which I knew well enough without teaching. The story was soon blazed abroad, of the ass that wrestled, danced, and drank wine; and above all, that could say Yes or No, and when he wanted drink, could ask for it, by looking at the cup-bearer who waited: they looked upon all this as very unaccountable, little suspecting that this ass was in truth a man: I took advantage, however, of their ignorance, to fare most deliciously. I learned

to

to go upon two legs, and to carry my master so easily, that he scarce knew I was under him : for all this I was rewarded with magnificent furniture, purple housings, bridles worked with gold and silver, and bells that made the sweetest harmony.

Menecles, for that was my new master's name, had come from Theffalonica, to procure a shew of gladiators, which he had promised to bring back with him, and the men being now ready, we all set out, early in the morning ; I carrying my master, wherever the road was rough, and not fit for a carriage. When we came to Theffalonica, every body crouded to see the spectacle, and at the same time to have a sight of me, for the fame had gone before us how good a mimic I was, and how I danced and wrestled like a man ; my master producing me at his table, amongst the principal persons of the city, and shewing them all my tricks at supper.

The man, to whose care I was entrusted, made a good penny of me : for, shutting me up in a stable, he would only open the door to those who paid well for my wonderful performances. Every body that came in, moreover, brought me something or other to eat, which
they

they thought most foreign to an ass's stomach, but, whatever it was, I devoured it: so that in a few days, what with dining with my master and other people, I grew enormously † fat *

* * * * *

The time of my deliverance now approached; for, being amongst the spectators at the show, I observed a man passing by with some flowers, amongst which, I spied some leaves of roses just gathered; I rose up in a great hurry, as the people about me thought, to dance, when making the best of my way to the flowers, I tumbled them over, one by one, till I got to the roses, which I eagerly devoured; and immediately, to the admiration of all present, the whole form of the beast entirely disappeared, the ass was no more, and Lucius, in his own proper shape, stood up before them. This strange and unexpected sight struck them all with amazement, and the spectators were divided in opinion; some looked upon me as a forcerer, skilled in the black art, and as a public nuisance, were for having me burned immediately; whilst

† *Fat.*] Here follow in the original three or four pages of most rank obscenity, fit only to cut into notes, for the Great Patriot's Essay on Woman; and which are, therefore, totally omitted in this translation.

others

others said, they would hear me speak, and then determine accordingly: upon which, I addressed myself to the governor of the province, who happened to be present at the show, and informed him, that a maid servant belonging to a woman of Thessaly, anointing me with a magic ointment, turned me into an ass. I then begged him to take me under his protection, till I could prove to him the truth of my assertions. "Tell me, says the governor, your name, and the names of your friends and relations, if you have any, and where they live."

"Father, replied I, my name is Lucius, my brother's surname is Caius, the rest of what we are called by, is common to us both. I am a writer of histories and other books; he makes elegies, and is an excellent poet; and I come from Patræ, a city of Achaia." The governor hearing this, leaped from his seat, embraced, and kissed me; "You are the son, said he, of my dearest friends and acquaintance, who received me most hospitably at their house, and made me several presents; I am sure their son could never tell a falsehood." He then took and carried me home with him. In the mean time, my brother, who had heard of the affair, came to me, and brought me money, and
other

other necessaries, which I was much in want of. The governor, before all the people, acquitted me. We then went down together to the sea-shore, looked about for a ship, and put our bundles aboard; the wind blowing fair from the harbour, we set sail, and in a few days, reached our native country. Here I sacrificed to the tutelary deities, and offered gifts in thankful return for my safety and preservation, after the many toils and dangers I had suffered, during my long and painful as-hood.

"Father, replied, my name is Iupit, my brother's surname is Cuius, the rest of what we are called by, is common to us both. I am a writer of histories and other books; he makes elegies, and is an excellent poet; and I come from Patras, a city of Achaia." The governor, hearing this, leaped from his seat, embraced, and kissed me; "You are the son," said he, "of my dearest friends and acquaintance, who received me most hospitably at their house, and made me several presents; I am sure their love could never tell a falsehood." He then took me to his house with him, in the town of Iupit, my brother, who had heard of the affair, came to me, and brought me money, and other

JUPITER CONFUTED,

A DIALOGUE.

The Intent of this Dialogue is evidently nothing less than to turn into Ridicule the whole absurd System of Religion that so long prevailed in the Heathen World, and particularly that Part of it which relates to the Doctrine of Fate, or Predestination, which was full of Error and Inconsistency: it is, indeed, exactly the Conversation of Milton's Devils, where he tells us, they talked of

*Fix'd Fate, free Will, Foreknowledge absolute,
And find no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.*

*Nothing can exceed the Freedom and Familiarity with which LUCIAN, in this, as well as in many other Parts of his Works, treats Jupiter, and the rest of the Divinities; but, as a very * sensible Writer observes,—“We may be well assured that a Man conversant with the World, as LUCIAN was, would never have ventured to expose the Gods of his Countrymen to public Ridicule, had they not already been the Objects of secret Contempt among the polished and enlightened Orders of Society.”*

* See Gibbon on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

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JUPITER, CYNISCUS.

CYNISCUS.

I COME not, Jupiter, to trouble you for riches, honours, or kingdoms, which the greater part of mankind are so ambitious of, and which you know not how, without some difficulty, properly to divide amongst them; I want but one thing of you, which you may very easily grant.

JUPITER.

And pray, Cyniscus, what may that be? if your desires are so moderate, I shall certainly comply with them.

CYNISCUS.

It is only to answer me this plain question.

JUPITER.

A small request, and easily granted; ask as many as you please.

CYNISCUS.

Observe me, then; you have read the poems of Homer and * Hesiod: inform me, therefore,

* *Hesiod.*]

From the same parent sprung the rig'rous three,
The goddesses of fate and destiny,

Clotho and Lachesis, in whose boundless sway,

With Atropos, both men and gods obey;

To human race, they from their birth ordain,

A life of pleasure, or a life of pain;

To

JUPITER CONFUTED. 241

fore, whether that be true which they have sung concerning the Fates, that, whatever they determined at our birth, is absolutely unavoidable?

J U P I T E R.

O most indisputably: there is nothing which the Fates do not pre-ordain; whatever is wound upon their reel, must continue from the † beginning of life to the end of it, and cannot possibly be altered.

C. Y N I S C U S.

When Homer, therefore, in another part of his poem, says,

† — Beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come;

we must suppose him to be a little out of his senses.

J U P I T E R.

No doubt of it: nothing must transgress the law of the Parcæ, or break their thread. What-

To slav'ry, or to empire, such their pow'r,
They fix a mortal at his natal hour;
The crimes of men and gods the Fates pursue,
And give to each alike the vengeance due.

See Hesiod's Theogony.

† *The beginning.*] — Let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xx. l. 154.

† *Beware, &c.*] Neptune's speech to Æneas. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xx. l. 385.

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ever

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ever poets sing by inspiration of the Muses, is true; but when they are deserted by the Goddesses, and make verses of their own heads, then they mistake and contradict themselves: as men, however, they are intitled to pardon, though ignorant of truth, when that power is no longer with them, which, when present, dictated to, and inspired them.

CYNISCUS.

I am satisfied it must be so: but, may I ask another question? the Fates, I think, are three in number, § Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

JUPITER.

Right.

CYNISCUS.

Fate and Fortune, then, those hackneyed names, what are they, and what is the power of each of them? are they equal to the Fates, or superior? for I hear all the world crying out, nothing is greater than Fate and Fortune.

§ *Clotho, &c.*] These three ladies, it seems, divided the business between them. Clotho presided over, and directed the natal hour, Lachesis wound up the thread of events in life, and Atropos cut off the thread, and put an end to the being. Their several employments are all put into the following Latin verse,

Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net, & Atropos occat.
It would be no very easy task to confine all the sense of this in an English one; do it then if thou canst, gentle reader,
Et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

JUP.

JUPITER CONFUTED. 243

J U P I T E R.

Cyniscus, you must not know every thing :
but why so inquisitive about the Fates ?

C Y N I S C U S.

If it be as you tell me, they command even
you, and you are forced to hang by their thread.

J U P I T E R.

I am so, Cyniscus ; but why that smile ?

C Y N I S C U S.

I was just calling to mind those verses of *
Homer, where you are brought in, haranguing
the gods in council, and threatening them ;
where you are represented as hanging all things
in a golden chain, and saying, that when you
let it down from heaven, if all the gods at
the end of it were to pull against you, they
could not move it, but that you with ease,

Cou'd heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

You seemed then to be possessed of a most
astonishing power, and when I read those verses,
I shuddered at the thought of it ; but now you
appear to me with your long chain and your
threats, to hang, as one may say, by a slender
thread. Clotho, in my opinion, has more right
to boast, that she can lift you up at the end of

* *Homer.*] See *Iliad*, book viii. l. 25. The lines have
already been quoted from Pope.

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her shuttle, with as much ease as an angler does a fish at the end of his rod.

J U P I T E R.

I am at a loss to conceive what you aim at by all those questions.

C Y N I S C U S.

I will tell you; but I beseech you, by Fate and the Parcae, not to be angry with me for speaking the truth boldly: if these things are so, if every thing is in the power of the Fates, and nothing which they have decreed, can by any means be reversed; why should we mortals bring our hecatombs and sacrifices to you, or put up prayers for blessings from you? for my part, I see no advantage that can result from it, if our prayers can neither avert evil, nor procure good for us from the divine Being.

J U P I T E R.

I know where you pick up your subtle arguments; from those cursed sophists, who deny our providence, and, not content with asking these impious questions, dissuade others from praying or sacrificing to us, telling them, it is all in vain, for that we take no care about

† *Put up, &c.*] This, to a believer in predestination is, it must be acknowledged, a shrewd argument, and to say the truth, not easily refuted.

earthly

JUPITER CONFUTED. 245

earthly things, nor are able to do any thing for mankind : but they shall not long rejoice in their iniquity.

C Y N I S C U S.

I swear, Jupiter, by Clotho's shuttle, it was not any thing which they said that makes me talk so ; but it seems to follow from your own confession, that sacrifices are rather superfluous ; for let me ask you only one thing, do not be angry now, but answer me.

J U P I T E R.

Well, if you have nothing else to do but to prate about these things, ask it.

C Y N I S C U S.

Every thing, you say, is determined by the Fates ?

J U P I T E R.

Certainly.

C Y N I S C U S.

And is it in your power to change, or annul it ?

J U P I T E R.

By no means.

C Y N I S C U S.

Need I mention the consequence then, or is not it plain enough without my saying any thing about it ?

R 3.

J U P I

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J U P I T E R.

It is plain enough indeed : but those who sacrifice to us, do it not through want, but out of gratitude for benefits received, as paying for what they have had of us, and from reverence of their superiors.

C Y N I S C U S.

Sacrifices then, you say, are only intended to shew gratitude and respect ; but if one of our sophists were here, he would ask you, perhaps, in what the superiority of the Gods consists, when they are only fellow-servants with men, and subject to the same mistresses, the Fates ; your immortality does not make you better, but rather so much the worse ; for death, if nothing else, will set them free ; but your slavery must continue as long as they please to extend the thread, and lasts for ever.

J U P I T E R.

But then, Cyniscus, our happiness is infinite and eternal.

C Y N I S C U S.

Not to all of you, some have trouble enough ; you, indeed, may be happy, who are the king, and can let down your * rope, and draw the

* *Rope.*] Alluding to the chain, as mentioned before, in the second book of the Iliad. A circumstance which Lucian is perpetually making merry with.

earth

earth and seas after you; but what think you of lame Vulcan, a poor footy labourer; Prometheus too, who was chained to a rock; not to mention your own † father, who was bound in Tartarus. They tell us too, that some of you fall in love, others are wounded, others become the slaves of mortals, as your ‡ brother was to Laomedon, and Apollo to Admetus. There seems to be no great happiness in all this; some of you, perhaps, may be fortunate, and others just the contrary. Not to mention that you often get among thieves who rob and plunder you, and you fall from affluence into penury; if you happen to be ¶ gold or silver, they melt you down, even just as the Fates have decreed.

† *Father.*] Saturn. See the whole absurd story, told at large in Lucian's Theogony.

‡ *Brother.*] Neptune, we are told, was banished from heaven for conspiring against Jupiter, who sent him down to earth, and obliged him to go into the service of Laomedon, the father of Priam, and king of Troy, who employed him in making dikes to prevent inundations: which, it seems, being skilled, as Neptune must have been, in all maritime affairs, he performed to a miracle.

¶ *Gold.*] The gold and silver statues of the Pagan divinities were frequently, we may suppose, melted down by the possessors of them, when occasion required, just as our modern madonnas, saints, and martyrs, have often been served by monks and priests belonging to the church of Rome.

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J U P I T E R.

You are very abusive, Cyniscus; but you may repent it hereafter.

C Y N I S C U S.

Spare your threats, good Jupiter, for you very well know, nothing can happen to me but what the Parcæ have predestined: even sacrilege, I see, is not punished; it is not, I suppose, in the Fates, that it should be.

J U P I T E R.

Did not I say before, you were one of those who deny a providence?

C Y N I S C U S.

These are the men you seem to be most afraid of, and whatever I say, you attribute to them; but I appeal to yourself, and beg leave to ask you what that providence is which you talk of; is it one of the Parcæ, or a greater god, deus who gives laws to them?

J U P I T E R.

I told you before you must not be too inquisitive, and want to know everything. At first you only desired to ask one question, and now you teize me with a thousand: I see your design, plainly enough, to prove, that we take no care of human affairs,

C Y.

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CYNISCUS.

I have no such intention, but you said a little while ago, that the Fates did every thing; now, perhaps, you mean to recant.

JUPITER.

By no means: Fate does every thing, but then it is through us.

CYNISCUS.

You are only the servants then, the ministers of the Fates; and the providence, after all, is theirs, whilst you are nothing but mere instruments.

JUPITER.

What do you mean?

CYNISCUS.

That as axes and hammers are useful to a smith in his art, though nobody calls them artists; and a ship is not the work of the axe or hammer, but of the builder: in like manner, Fate is the architect of our great ship, and you are but their axes and hammers; and yet men, it seems, instead of sacrificing to the Fates, and asking blessings of them, come to worship you for them: nor, if they were to pay their adorations there, would they be much the better for it, for the Fates themselves cannot alter their own decree; nor would Atropos or Clotho

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tho ever suffer their spindles to be turned backward, and their work unravelled,

J U P I T E R.

Such doctrine as your's would confound every thing; but we deserve to be worshipped, if for no other reason, at least for this, that we can foretell every thing that the Fates have decreed.

C Y N I S C U S.

A very useless privilege indeed, to be able to foretell what you cannot teach them to avoid; unless the man who knew he was to die by a sword, could escape it by shutting himself up; but this you do not pretend to, for Fate will carry him out a-hunting, and expose him to the enemy: Adrastus shall throw his spear at a boar, miss him, and kill the son of Cræsus; for so the powerful Fates had long since decreed, and directed the javelin. How ridiculous was the prediction of * Laius:

† Beget no children, for the wrath of heav'n
Awaits thee, and the son shall slay his father.

Unnecessary is the admonition, when the event must come to pass: in spite of the oracle, he

* *Laius.*] See the Phœnissæ of Euripides.

† *Beget, &c.*] This was the answer given to Laius by the oracle of Apollo, which was afterwards so exactly and literally fulfilled in the destruction of the unhappy Oedipus, and which furnished Sophocles with the subject of his finest and most perfect tragedy, of the Oedipus Tyrannus.

begat

JUPITER CONFUTED. 251

begat a child, and was slain by him. I see no reason, therefore, why you should be thanked for your prophecies. I shall say nothing of your obscure and ambiguous oracles, so worded, that there was no knowing whether he who had passed over † Halys, was to destroy the kingdom of Cyrus, or his own, for the oracle might mean either of them.

J U P I T E R.

You must remember, Apollo had reason to

† *Halys.*] The famous Cræsus, king of Lydia, having sent to the Delphic oracle to know whether it was decreed by Fate that he should pass over the river Halys in his march against the Persians, and how long the empire should remain in his hands, the oracle returned for answer, that if he passed the river Halys he should destroy a great empire, and that his power should remain unshaken till a mule should sit on the throne of Persia." Cræsus was satisfied with the reply, and thought himself as safe as Macbeth did, when the witches told him he

————— Need not fear any thing,
Till Birnam wood should move to Dunfinane.

The answer of the oracle, like that of Shakspeare's witches, was evasive. We did not tell you, said the priests afterwards, whose kingdom was to be destroyed, your enemy's, or your own; and as to the mule, it came to pass as we foretold, for Cyrus was the mule we meant, being half Persian, half Mede; a Persian by his father, and a Median by his mother.

be

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be affronted at Cræsus, for trying his oracle by
* mixing tortoise and lamb's flesh.

A god, Jupiter, should never be angry ;
but that the king of Lydia should be deceived
by an oracle, was, I suppose, decreed by
Fate, which had wove his thread in such a man-
ner, that he could not clearly understand the
prophecy ; so that your power of divination it-
self, is, after all, nothing but the work of Fate.

J U P I T E R.

By and by you will leave us nothing : we are
gods, it seems, to very little purpose, for we
take no care of human affairs, nor have any

* *Mixing, &c.*] Cræsus, who, we may suppose, was a
sceptic, or free-thinker, with regard to oracles, sent messen-
gers to Delphos and other places, requesting them to re-
solve this question, viz. " What is Cræsus, king of Lydia,
now doing ? " The answer from Delphos was, " I smell a
strong smell of a tortoise mixed with lamb's flesh, boiled in
a cauldron, that is brags above and brags below." Cræsus,
it seems, little thinking that the oracle could discover what
he was about, was at that very instant diverting himself with
boiling lamb's flesh and tortoise in a brazen vessel. How the
oracle, or the priests belonging to it, got intelligence of his
majesty's strange employment at that time, has never yet
been discovered ; certain, however, it is that Cræsus, from
that time, conceived a high opinion of the oracle, and con-
sulted it ever after : but Apollo, we find, resented the trick
which Cræsus wanted to play upon him, and punished
him accordingly. See Herodotus's account of this trans-
action.

claim

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claim to sacrifice, being no more, in reality, than so many axes and hammers: but I deserve all this contempt for standing thus with a thunder-bolt in my hand, and not punishing your insolence.

C Y N I S C U S.

Strike, I beseech you; if it be so decreed, I shall not blame you for the blow, but Clotho, who, by you, thus makes an end of me. But let me ask you and Fate one more question, and answer me for both: how happens it that, taking no notice of thieves, ruffians, and murderers, you throw your thunder at oaks, and stones, the mast of a ship, that never did any harm, or now and then a poor innocent traveller! what say you, Jupiter? is this another thing which I must not enquire after?

J U P I T E R.

It is, you are impiously inquisitive; I wonder where you picked up all this stuff to perplex me with.

C Y N I S C U S.

I suppose, I must not ask you, or Fate, or Providence, why that good and just man Phocyon died for want, or, before him, Aristides; whilst those debauched youths, Callias, and Alcibiades, lived in affluence and prosperity: as well as the proud Midias, and Charops of Ægina, that infamous fellow, who starved

his

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his own mother; or again, why Socrates was condemned by the judges, instead of Melitus; or why the effeminate Sardanapalus reigned in peace, whilst so many brave Persians were destroyed by him, for murmuring at his actions: why, in short, the * covetous, the base, and wicked, are prosperous and happy, whilst the good and pious are oppressed by want, sorrow, disease, and every other calamity.

J U P I T E R.

But thou knowest not, Cyniscus, what punishments are reserved for the wicked in another life, nor what happiness for the good and virtuous.

C Y N I S C U S.

You want to frighten me with the infernal regions, with your Tityus, and your Tantalus; when I am dead, I shall know whether there is any such thing; in the mean time I would wish to live happily here, be the time ever so short, though a score of † vulturs were to prey

* *The covetous, &c.*] “I was grieved (says David), at the wicked. I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity, they are in no peril of death, but are lusty and strong; they come in no misfortune, like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men: these prosper in the world, these have riches in possession; and I said, then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.” See Psal. lxxiii.

† *Vulturs.*] Alluding to the punishment of Prometheus, upon

JUPITER CONFUTED. 255

upon my liver in the shades below, nor would I thirst for ever in this life, like Tantalus, for the sake of drinking nectar with the heroes, in the Island of the Blest, or reposing in the † Elysian Fields hereafter.

J U P I T E R.

Do you doubt, then, whether there are rewards and punishments in another state, where every man's life and actions will be enquired into?

C Y N I S C U S.

I am told that Minos, the Cretan, is appointed judge below; you can inform me about him, for they say he is your son.

J U P I T E R.

What would you know concerning him?

C Y N I S C U S.

Whom he inflicts the greatest punishments on.

† *Elysian fields.*] The happiness of the good and virtuous after death, according to the Pagan system, seems to have been merely negative, and to have consisted rather in an exemption from pain and solicitude, than in the actual enjoyment of any pleasures, either mutual or corporeal. The arch-impostor, Mahomet, no doubt saw the absurdity of this plan, and allured his followers by the offer of a sensual paradise; and his scheme, though visionary, and ill-founded, was certainly a much more rational one than that of the heathen poets and philosophers. But, how poor and contemptible are both of them, when compared to the glorious prospect of immortality, brought to light by the gospel of Christ!

J U P I.

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JUPITER.
On bad men, thieves, and murtherers.

CYNISCUS.
And whom does he send to keep company
with the heroes?

JUPITER.
The good and pious, who live according to
the dictates of honour and virtue.

CYNISCUS.
And why so?

JUPITER.
Because the one deserve punishment, and the
other are entitled to reward.

CYNISCUS.
But if a man commits an involuntary crime,
ought he to suffer for it?

JUPITER.
By no means.

CYNISCUS.
Nor if a man does good undesignedly, should
he be rewarded?

JUPITER.
Certainly.

CYNISCUS.
He should not, therefore, either punish or
reward any body.

JUPITER.
Why so?

CY.

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C Y N I S C U S.

Because we mortals do nothing of our own will, but are compelled by inevitable necessity; at least, if that be true which we have just now agreed upon, that Fate is the cause of all things: if a man commits murder or sacrilege, it is Fate that obliges him to it; and if Minos acts justly, he must punish the *Parcæ*, instead of Sisyphus and Tantalus; for whatever both did, was only in obedience to their commands.

J U P I T E R.

You are an impudent sophist, and deserve no answer; I shall therefore take my leave of you.

C Y N I S C U S.

I am sorry for that; for I was just going to ask you where these Fates are to be met with, and how, as there are but three of them, they can contrive to do so much business: they must lead, I should think, but a miserable life, and were born, as one may say, to a bad destiny; for my part, I would not change situations with them; I had rather live in poverty than sit thus for ever, turning a spindle, and perplexed with such a load of employment: if you cannot easily answer these questions, Jupiter, I must e'en be contented with what you have told me about Fate and Providence: perhaps it was not decreed that I should know any thing farther.

VOL. III.

S

J U P I-

J U P I T E R
T H E
T R A G E D I A N,
A D I A L O G U E.

*The unfortunate Situation of the whole Synod of Olympus, and the Contempt in which it was held by all Ranks and Degrees of Men, is, in this Dialogue, painted in the most glaring Colours which Humour and Ridicule could possibly suggest, and is a signal Instance of the extraordinary Freedom with which LUCIAN, and probably other Writers in his Time, treated the Gods, and the Religion of their Country. But, as * FONTENELLE observes, “ Il est assés plaisant que toute la Religion payenne ne fut qu’un Probleme de Philosophie; apparemment les Philosophes s’interessoiient assés peu au Gouvernement pour ne se pas soucier de choquer la Religion dans leur Disputes; et peutêtre le Peuple n’avoit pas assés de foi aux Philosophes pour abandonner la Religion, ny pour y rien changer sur leur Parole; et enfin la Passion dominante des Grecs étoit de discourir sur toutes les Matières*

* See his Histoire des Oracles.

à quelque

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à quelque prix que se peut etre, la Religion payenne ne demandoit que des Ceremonies, et nuls Sentimens du Cœur."

JUPITER, MINERVA, MERCURY, JUNO, &c.

M E R C U R Y.

A H, † wherefore, Jove! thus thoughtful, thus alone,
And with thyself conversing, dost thou roam,
Pale as the deep philosopher who trims
The midnight lamp? O! give me to partake
Thy councils, and thy grief, nor slight the aid
Of thy poor slave, as trivial, light, and vain.

M I N E R V A.

* Say, king of gods and men, Saturnian Jove,
Behold Minerva, blue-ey'd godddefs, thee
Suppliant adores: O give her but to know
Thy inmost grief; whence spring these dreadful groans,
Why spreads that paleness o'er thy face divine?

J U P I T E R.

† There's not an ill, a sorrow, or a pain,
No sad event, in tragic story told,

† *Ab, wherefore, &c.*] Mercury, finding his master Jupiter in a melancholy mood, and reciting scraps of a tragedy, like a true courtier falls in with his humour, and addresses him in heroics. The words in the original are probably quoted from some tragedy of Euripides not now extant.

* *Say, king, &c.*] Minerva, not to be behind hand in complaisance, appeals to Jupiter in hexameters. Her speech is a little kind of cento, taken from various parts of Homer, and put together ad libitum.

† *There's not, &c.*] From the Orestes of Euripides, with a little variation.

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Which gods have not experienced; nought that's wretched,
Which our unhappy nature doth not feel.

M I N E R V A.

Heav'ns! what a prologue!

J U P I T E R.

Impious, earth-born race,
And thou, Prometheus, what a train of ills
Didst thou procure me!

M I N E R V A.

Tell us, for thou speak'st
To thy best friends, thy fellow-deities.

J U P I T E R.

‡ What hast thou done for me, thou noisy thunder?

M I N E R V A.

Do not be angry with us, good Jupiter, if
not having swallowed all Euripides, we should
find ourselves unable to tragedize with you.

J U N O.

Do you think I do not know what is the
cause of all this weeping and wailing?

J U P I T E R.

O! if thou didst, 'twou'd fill thy eyes with tears.

J . U N O.

I tell you, I know it well enough, it is some
love affair; but you have so often injured me in
that point that I shall not cry about it. I sup-

‡ *What hast, &c.*] This is either from some old poet,
whose works are not come down to us, or an imitation by
Lucian himself.

pose

pose you have found some new Danae, Semele, or Europa, that you are fond of, and are considering whether you shall be a bull, a satyr, or a shower of gold, flowing through the tiles, into the bosom of your mistress: sighs, groans, tears, and that pallid hue can be symptoms of nothing but love.

J U P I T E R.

Ridiculous! to think I am uneasy about such trifles.

J U N O.

What is there else that can make Jupiter unhappy?

J U P I T E R.

Juno, the affairs of the gods are in imminent danger; we stand, as the proverb says, on the edge of a razor, and it is a moot point whether, henceforth, we are to be worshipped, and receive any honours from mortals, or be totally neglected, and despised.

J U N O.

Has the earth then brought forth more giants, have the Titans burst their chains, subdued their keepers, and taken up arms against us?

J U P I T E R.

Be * not alarm'd, for all is safe below.

* *Be not, &c.*] Parody of a line in the Phœnissæ of Euripides.

S 3

J U N O.

J U N O.

What then can happen besides, so very terrible? if this is not the cause of your grief, what is it that can make you thus put on † Polus and Aristodemus, instead of Jupiter?

J U P I T E R.

I will tell you; there was yesterday a dispute, I do not know how it began, between Timocles, the Stoic, and Damis, the Epicurean, concerning providence, before a large and respectable audience. Damis asserted (which hurt me most), that there were no gods, to look over and direct human affairs; whilst the good Timocles, on the other hand, undertook to defend our cause. A number of people crowding in upon them, they did not finish the discourse, but parted with a resolution to meet again, and determine the point some other time: and now it remains in doubt who will gain the victory. You see what danger we are in, and that all depends on one man: one of these things must happen, either that we are to be contemned, and treated as mere idle names, or, if Timocles succeeds, worshipped and honoured as we used to be.

J U N O.

In good truth, Jupiter, these are things of

† *Polus and Aristodemus.*] Two eminent Grecian actors.
confe-

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consequence, nor do I wonder now at your tragic strain.

J U P I T E R.

And yet you thought I was in all this agitation about some Danae, or Antiopa: but now, Mercury, Juno, and Minerva, what is to be done? You must all do your parts, and think of something or other.

M E R C U R Y.

It should be referred, I think, to the consideration of all the gods: and a council called.

J U N O.

I think so too.

M I N E R V A.

I am quite of a different opinion: heaven, I think, ought not to be disturbed, nor would I have it known that you stirred in the affair: every thing should be carried on privately, if you would have Timocles come off conqueror, and Damis be laughed at, and give up the point.

M E R C U R Y.

It can never be a secret, Jupiter, as the dispute is to be in public, and they will say, you play the tyrant, in not communicating to them what concerns the common safety.

J U P I T E R.

Give notice, then, and let them all attend.

M E R C U R Y.

You are certainly right. O yes, O yes: away to council, all ye gods, immediately, on affairs of the utmost importance.

J U P I T E R.

And is this all, Mercury? Do you summon the gods to council, on such deep matters, in this simple manner, and in plain prose?

M E R C U R Y.

How would you have me do it?

J U P I T E R.

How! why I would give it an air of solemnity, have it cried in verse, with all poetical magnificence, and suitable to the subject.

M E R C U R Y.

True: but this is the business of rhapsodists, and heroic writers: I am no poet; I shall only spoil the business, by exceeding the measure of the verse, or patching it up when it falls short, and they will laugh at me for my ignorance: I have seen Apollo himself served so, for some of his oracles: though the obscurity of the prophecy hides a great many faults, and the hearer is seldom at leisure to examine the metre.

J U P I T E R.

You may give it us out of Homer; call the council as he has done, I suppose you can recollect it.

J U P I.

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M E R C U R Y.

Not exactly, I am afraid: I will try, however, what I can do,

* Haste all ye male and female deities,
Attend, with me, the senate of the skies,
Not one be absent, not a rural pow'r,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure fister of the silver flood;
Ye first and last, and ye who have a name,
And ye who have not, ye, whose altars claim
The smoking victim—hither all repair.

J U P I T E R.

Very well, indeed; Mercury, you are a most excellent crier: for see they are crowding in already: do you seat them according to their rank, both with regard to the † materials, and the workmanship: first, the gold, next the silver, then the ivory, then the brass and stone; and, do you hear, let the works of Phidias, Alcamenes, Myron, Euphranor, and the like

* *Haste all, &c.*] This is partly from Homer, and partly Lucian's own humour interspersed with it. The idea of calling on the *numes*, the *sine nomine turba*, or gods without a name, is truly laughable.

† *Materials.*] The real gods assembled in heaven, are supposed to call on their representatives on earth, the statues in brass, gold, &c. to join the council, and be acquainted with the dangers that threatened the whole community; hence arises a ridiculous distinction and dispute concerning the several materials of which the deities were made, with which Lucian makes himself extremely merry.

excel-

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excellent artists, have the preference : as to the vulgar, that are poorly executed, they may stand silent in a corner, as only admitted to fill up the assembly.

M E R C U R Y.

It shall be done ; I will seat them according to order : but what am I to do, if one of the golden ones that weighs several talents, should be but indifferently worked, of the commonest sort, and not answering in the other respects ; must I place him before the brazen ones of Myro, and Polycletes, or the stone of Phidias and Alcamenes ; or do you think, that those who shew the greatest perfection in the art, should be preferred ?

J U P I T E R.

It should be so ; but we must put the golden one first.

M E R C U R Y.

I understand you ; you would have me place them, not according to their merit, but their riches. Come, therefore, you golden ones, into the first seats. But now, behold, Jupiter, the best places are filled with barbarians ; you see what the Greeks are, beautiful, of a fine appearance, and wrought in a masterly style, but they are most of them in stone or brass, the most valuable of ivory, with a very little gold
just

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just to colour and adorn them, whilst the inside is wood, that furnishes an habitation for a colony of mice. But Bendis and Anubis, and with them Attis and Mithres are all solid gold, and of infinite value.

N E P T U N E.

And where is the justice, Mercury, in placing that dog-faced *Ægyptian* before me? do you know who I am?

M E R C U R Y.

I do: but you must remember my good * Earth-shaker, that Lyfippus has made you of nothing but poor brass, for the Corinthians, at that time, had no gold amongst them; which, you know, is the richest of all metals. You must submit, therefore, to be set aside, nor must you take it ill, if he who has such a large golden nose, is preferred before you.

V E N U S.

Seat me, I desire, in the first row, for I am all gold.

M E R C U R Y.

That is more than I know; for, if I am not purblind, you are cut out of white Penteleian marble, and as such Praxiteles presented you to the Cnidians.

* *Earth-shaker.*] The title usually given to Neptune by Homer.

V E N U S.

V E N U S.

I can call in Homer, a respectable evidence, to vouch for me, who, in all his verses, calls me the golden Venus.

M E R C U R Y.

Yes; and so he calls Apollo the rich and wealthy, and yet you may see him sitting amongst the ploughmen, his crown taken off his head by thieves, and the strings of his lyre cracked by a set of ruffians; be contented, therefore, that you are not at the head of the assembly.

C O L O S S U S.

Who shall dare to contend for precedence with me, the immense * Coloffus, with his radiant

* *Coloffus.*] This famous statue, which is called one of the seven wonders of the world, was a huge and immense representation of Apollo, or the Sun, worshipped by the Rhodians. The ancient historians, who are very apt to fib on these occasions, tell us, that it was seventy cubits high; or, according to Festus, a hundred and five feet long, all of brass, the work of one Chares, a disciple of the famous statuary Lyfippus; its feet were placed on two immensely high rocks or pedestals, at the entrance of the port of Rhodes, and at such a distance from each other, that ships in full sail passed in between them. Pliny informs us, that about fifty-six years after its erection, it was laid flat, and remained in that condition till the time of Vespasian, who set it up again. When the Saracens became masters of Rhodes, they found it again thrown down, and sold it for an immense sum to a Jew, who took it to pieces, and carried off the

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diant fun? the Rhodians might have made twenty golden gods for the money that I cost them; by the rule of proportion, therefore, I should be placed above them all; besides that, you should consider the art and exquisite workmanship employed about me.

M E R C U R Y.

What is to be done in this affair, Jupiter? it is a difficult point to determine; for, with respect to the materials, he is nothing but brass; and yet, on the other hand, if we consider how many talents he cost making, he must be of the first quality.

J U P I T E R.

What does he come amongst us for? only to disgrace our diminutive size, and throw the assembly into confusion; hark you, most noble Rhodian, if we give you precedence here, and place you before the golden ones, how will you contrive to take your seat, unless they all rise up to give you room, for one of your thighs will fill the whole court; you had better stand upright, therefore, with your head towards the assembly.

the brass it was made of, on nine hundred camels. The thumb, it seems, was as much as a man could well span with his two arms, and every finger was as large as a common statue.

M E R.

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M E R C U R Y.

Here is another difficulty for you ; two gods, both of brass, and the same workmanship, both wrought by Lyfippus, both equal in birth, the sons of Jupiter, Bacchus and Hercules ; which must have the precedency ? they are both, you see, contending for it.

J U P I T E R.

Mercury, we are losing time here, instead of minding our business ; we should have got to our speeches before this : let them seat themselves promiscuously, just where they please for the present ; by and by, we will call a council about this, and settle the order of precedency.

M E R C U R Y.

But hark ! what a riot and tumult there is amongst them ! they are crying out as usual, where is the nectar and ambrosia, where are the hecatombs and the sacrifices ?

J U P I T E R.

Mercury, command silence, that they may hear what we are met about, and not think of such trifles.

M E R C U R Y.

But what shall I do, Jupiter ? they do not all understand Greek, and I am not so skilled in languages as to be able to talk intelligibly to Scythians, Persians, Thracians, and Gauls ; I believe I had better make a sign with my hand.

J U P I-

J U P I T E R.

Do so.

M E R C U R Y.

There : you see they are as mute as so many sophists, now is the time to harrangue; observe, they are looking towards you, and expect you should address them.

J U P I T E R.

Now, as you are my son, Mercury, I will tell you what a condition I am in : you know how bold I generally am in council, and how magnificently I talk.

M E R C U R Y.

I know it; I used to tremble when I heard you : especially, when you threatened to hang down your * golden chain, and draw up gods, earth, and seas from their foundations.

J U P I T E R.

And yet I declare to you, my son, I know not how it is, but, whether it be from the weight of misfortunes that threaten us, or from the number of deities assembled, for you see the council is full of gods; my mind is disturbed, I tremble, and my tongue seems to be tied up; but, what is worst of all, I have forgot a very fine exordium to my speech, which I had drawn up for the occasion.

* *Golden chain.*] See Homer : the passage has been quoted before.

M E R.

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M E R C U R Y.

Now, Jupiter, you have spoiled all; for your silence will make them suspect, that the misfortune may be worse than it really is.

J U P I T E R.

Shall I make use of Homer's then?

M E R C U R Y.

What is it?

J U P I T E R.

* Celestial states, immortal gods! give ear.

M E R C U R Y.

No, no; you have given us enough of that already; you had better take one of Demosthenes' Philippics, patch it up, and make a little alteration here and there; many great orators practise this now-a-days.

J U P I T E R.

Well advised; it is a most compendious kind of rhetoric, and very convenient for such as do not know how to get on, or which way to turn themselves. Come, I will begin. † “Far superior to the richest treasures, O ye ‡ mortal gods, am I satisfied, you would esteem the perfect knowledge of that business which hath here called us together, with the greatest pleasure,

* *Cæstia*, &c.] See Homer's *Iliad*, b. viii. l. 5.

† From the beginning of the first Philippic.

‡ In imitation of *Ἀνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι*, O ye Athenian men.

therefore

therefore you will, I doubt not, listen to what I shall advance concerning it; the present crisis doth, as it were, with a loud voice, call for all our immediate care and attention" —

But I will now (for here my Demosthenes fails me,) explain to you, on what occasion I called this council. Yesterday, you know, Mnesitheus the pilot offered up a sacrifice to us, on account of his ship being preserved, which had narrowly escaped a wreck near § Caphareus, and as many as were invited, supped together in the Piræus: after the libations, as you may remember, you dropped off one by one; I, for it was not late, went into the city, and walked about the Ceramicus, reflecting on the sordid disposition of Mnesitheus, who, after inviting sixteen gods to his feast, killed only one cock, and that an old one, and half dead of the pip; which was all he gave us, besides four grains of incense, which was so mouldy, that it was burned out immediately, and gave so little smoke, that we could hardly smell it; though, when his ship got on the shallows, and struck upon the rock, he pro-

§ *Caphareus.*] A Promontory of Eubœa, running out at the south-east, dangerous for shipping on account of its eddies and concealed rocks. See Virgil, Ovid, and Propertius.

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mised us whole hecatombs, if we would deliver him.

Whilst I was pondering on these things, I came towards the Pœcile, where I saw a vast crowd of people assembled, some within the porch, others in the open air, and, amongst the rest, two who were seated, and seemed very loud and vehement in their discourse: finding these to be, as I did imagine, two philosophers in a warm debate, I was resolved to hear what they said; and, being concealed in a thick cloud, I immediately assumed their habit and appearance, and by the help of a long beard, might easily have passed for a philosopher. I elbowed through the crowd, and got in, nobody knowing who I was. There I found that rascal Damis the Epicurean, with my good friend Timocles the Stoic, in high dispute. Timocles had argued himself into a sweat, and almost cracked his voice with roaring; whilst Damis continued to provoke him with his Sardonic sneers.

Their whole debate was concerning us: the villain Damis denied that we took any care of mortals, or looked into their affairs; affirmed, in short, that there were no gods at all, for that was plainly what he aimed at, and many who were present agreed entirely with him. Timo-
cles

cles, on the other hand, who was of our side of the question, defended us with all his might, and shewed with what beautiful order and regularity we ruled and directed every thing. He also met with the praise and approbation of some, but he was now grown tired, and spoke but indifferently, so that the multitude leaned towards Damis. Perceiving the danger we were in, I commanded night to surround them, and put an end to the dispute. They parted, therefore, having first agreed to renew the debate next day. I followed the croud, and overheard their sentiments as they returned home, which were mostly in favour of Damis, who, I found, had got the majority on his side: some, indeed, were not for predetermining the cause, but resolved to wait till they heard what Timocles had to say at their next meeting.

This, my brethren, is the business for which I called you together; matters, you see, of no little consequence and importance: as on men, all our honour, glory, and worship must depend. If they are once persuaded that there are no gods, or if there are, that we take no care of human affairs, we shall have no more gifts, or victims from them, but may sit and starve in heaven, without festivals, holy-days, watchings, sacrifices, or any pomp or ceremony whatsoever,

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ever. These, I say, are things of moment, and it will behove you all to weigh and consider by what means it may be so managed that Timocles, in his next discourse, shall have the superiority, and Damis meet with contempt and derision; for on Timocles himself I have not much dependence, nor do I think he will gain the victory, unless we lend him some assistance. Give notice, Mercury, in form, for some one to rise up, and speak.

M E R C U R Y.

Silence, and attend; no noise there: which of the gods who is of * proper age, chooses to harangue on this occasion? what! nobody! the subject, I suppose, is so important, that it has frightened you all into silence.

M O M U S.

If I may be permitted to speak with freedom, I have many things to say on this occasion.

J U P I T E R.

Speak boldly, Momus, for it is evident you rise up from good-will towards the common cause.

* *Proper age.*] Alluding with a sneer to the number of new gods who had been admitted into the quorum, and who, consequently, could be but young in the business. In the Athenian senate, none were suffered to speak who were under thirty years of age. It would not, perhaps, be amiss, if a similar law were to take place in the parliament of Great Britain.

M O M U S.

M O M U S.

† Away! to earth resolve, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew.

Give ear then, O ye gods, whilst I speak the dictates of my heart. I have, I must own, for a long time expected that our affairs would be brought into this distressful situation; that a number of these Sophists would rise up against us, encouraged, I fear, by our own conduct and behaviour. We ought not, I swear by Themis, to be angry with Epicurus and his followers, for entertaining such opinions of us; what, indeed, can any one think, who observes the confused and wretched state of human affairs, the good and just neglected, and left to perish in poverty, disease, and slavery; and, on the other hand, the worst and most abandoned of men preferred before them, abounding in riches, and lording it over those who are so much better than themselves; base and sacrilegious wretches left unpunished, and undetected, and those condemned to infamy and death, who have done nothing to deserve it; well may they call in question our existence.

Especially when they hear the oracles declaring that

He who o'er Halys passeth, shall destroy
A pow'rful host —

† See Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 99.

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Not informing him whether this army was to be his own or that of his enemy.

And again,

Thou Salamis, are fated to destroy
The sons of * women born.

Now both Persians and Greeks, we know, were born of women.

When, moreover, they are told by the rhapsodists, in their verses, that we fall in love, that we are made slaves of, and bound, that we quarrel with one another, and are subject to a thousand misfortunes, when at the same time we pretend to be unchangeable, happy, and immortal, what can we expect, but that they must laugh at, and despise us! And yet we are angry because some mortals, who are not mere fools, find fault with us, and deny our providence, when, in fact, we ought to think ourselves well off, that, after all our follies, there are some yet remaining, who sacrifice to us.

* *Of women born*] It is impossible to read this, without thinking of

—— None of woman born shall hurt Macbeth.

The reputation of Shakspeare's witches is secured by

—— Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ript ——

The quibble of Apollo's oracle is not half so ingenious.

And

And now, Jupiter (for we are by ourselves here, without any mortals amongst us, except Hercules, Bacchus, Ganymede, and Æsculapius, whom we have adopted for our own), tell me fairly, did you ever take so much care of what passes upon earth, as to enquire who were good, and who bad? You cannot say you did. If Theseus, in his way from Trezene to Athens, had not slain the ruffians Scyron, Pitocampes, Cercyon, and the rest of them, they might still have gone on murdering travellers, and rioting in blood and slaughter, for aught that you or your providence would do to prevent them; and unless Eurystheus, a good and just man, led by humanity and compassion, had not sent his trusty servant here, the industrious Hercules, little would you have cared about the † Hydra, the birds of Stymphalus, the Thracian horses, or the drunken frolics of the Centaurs. To say the truth, all we trouble
our-

† *Hydra.*] This formidable monster, to whom some of the poets have given seven, some nine, and others fifty heads, used, we are told, to make dreadful havock amongst the cattle, in the marshes of Lerna, near Argos, and, like our dragon of Wantley, spread terror and destruction wherever he came. As soon as he lost one head, another, it seems, immediately sprung up in its room. Hercules, however, soon made an end of him, though Eurystheus would not agree to set it down as one of the twelve labours

ourselves about, is, to see that mortals sacrifice to us, and raise the smoke at our altars : every thing else flows on in its own channel, and just as fortune may direct it : it is not, therefore, to be wondered at now, nor should it be hereafter, if men open their eyes, and discover that it is of little service to them to sacrifice and make libations to us. Many an Epicurus, Metrodorus, and Damis must you expect to see, laughing at, and despising us, and our advocates subdued and destroyed by them. Be it your's, therefore, to appease these tumults, for you have raised them ; your's to heal these wounds, for you have inflicted them. Momus runs but little hazard of being deprived of his honours, for he has seldom met with any, whilst you have all enjoyed your victims, and your worship.

J U P I T E R.

Shall we, ye gods, suffer this madman to rave on thus, always severe as he is, and always abusive? But, as the excellent Demosthenes says, it is very easy to censure, to calumniate, and find fault with things, and may be done by

to be imposed on him, because Iolaus assisted him in the conquest. The truth of this story is, that the marshes of Lerna were infested with serpents, of which there seemed to be no end (like the Hydra's heads), Hercules drained the marshes, and got rid of them ; all the rest is poetical fable.

any

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any body who has a mind to it ; but to advise well how they may be mended, is the part of a good and prudent counsellor : and this, I trust, the rest of you will do, when he shall think proper to hold his tongue.

N E P T U N E.

I, as you all very well know, live at the bottom of the sea, and take care of things there, preserve mariners, save ships, and pacify the winds ; at the same time I am not indifferent about affairs here ; and my opinion is, that this Damis should be immediately taken off, before he enters again on this dispute, either by lightning, or some other way, for fear he should get the better ; for you say he has the talent of persuasion : thus shall we shew mankind that we know how to be revenged on those who declaim against us.

J U P I T E R.

Surely, Neptune, you are in jest, or must have forgot that these things are not in our power, and that the * Fates alone determine whether a man is to die by lightning, fever, sword, or pestilence : were it not so, do you think I would ever have suffered these sacrilegious wretches to have gone off without a thun-

* *Fates alone.*] See Jupiter confuted, in the preceding Dialogue.

derbolt,

derbolt, who * shaved off two of my locks, each of which weighed six minæ; or would you have let the fishermen in Geraſtus eſcape, who ſtole away your trident? Beſides, that it would appear as if we were too deeply affected by this affair, and reſented it, that we were afraid of Damis and his arguments, and, conſcious that he was ſuperior to Timocles, took this method to be revenged on him; what would this be but to give up the cauſe, and acknowledge ourſelves to be overcome.

N E P T U N E.

Well: I only thought this was the ſhortest way of gaining the victory.

J U P I T E R.

The beſt way of killing eels, brother, I grant you is to ſpear them: but it is a ſtrange kind of device, to deſtroy your enemy that he may die unconquered, and at the ſame time, to leave the matter in diſpute undetermined.

N E P T U N E.

If my arguments are to be EELIFIED in this manner, you may even think of a better method yourſelves.

* *Shaved off.*] Alluding to ſome depredations that had been made by thieves on the ſtatues of theſe deities, which, when compoſed of precious materials, we may ſuppoſe, were frequently made free with by the rafcals of Greece.

A P O L L O.

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A P O L L O.

If the young and beardless might be permitted to speak, I would offer something that might, perhaps, be serviceable on this occasion.

M O M U S.

This is an affair, Apollo, of so much consequence, that age is not to be considered; every body should have a right to speak upon it: when matters are in such a critical situation, any idle disputes about the right and title of haranguing would be truly ridiculous: besides, that you are certainly a lawful speaker, having been long since out of your childhood, and, at least, one of the † twelve great divinities, if not of Saturn's council. Do not pretend, therefore, to put on the modest boy, but,

† *Twelve.*] Of the deities worshipped by the Greeks, those called *μεγαλοι*, or *Ολυμπιοι*, the great, or Olympic, were of the first class; and, of these, twelve were the most honoured, and had an altar erected to them, called the *Βωμος των δωδεκα Θεων*, the altar of the twelve gods. Pausanias tells us that the figures of them were painted in the portico of the Ceramicus, and that their statues were erected in the temple of Megara. They are likewise called by the poets *βρανδαι*, and *βρανωτες*, and some authors make a distinction betwixt the *βρανωτες* and the *Ολυμπιοι*, giving the former title to the old gods, under Saturn, which Lucian here calls Saturn's council, and the latter to the new gods, under Jupiter. If the reader is desirous of knowing the names of these respectable heathen aldermen, they are as follows,

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but, beardless as you are, speak your sentiments boldly ; especially as your son *Æsculapius* can boast of a long beard, and rough chin : it becomes you above all to shew your wisdom, who reside in Helicon, and philosophize with the Muses.

A P O L L O.

Please, however, *Momus*, to remember, that it is not you who are to give me leave, but Jupiter : with his permission, I may possibly have something to offer, not unworthy of that Helicon, and those Muses whom I am conversant with.

J U P I T E R.

Speak, my son, you have free leave.

A P O L L O.

This * *Timocles* seems to be an honest man,

follows, Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Minerva, Ceres, Vulcan, Juno, Mars, Mercury, Diana, Venus, Vesta. Pindar calls them *δώδεκα ἀνακτες*, the twelve kings. An old poet has put all their names into four hexameter and pentameter verses, and another, with great ingenuity, crouded them into two.

* *Timocles*.] *Damis* and *Timocles* were, probably, two philosophers, the one a Stoic, the other an Epicurean, well known in *Lucian's* time ; who, like the orators of our present Westminster Forum, or Apollo Society, diverted themselves with public disputes on religious subjects. *Lucian*, who laughs at every thing, takes this opportunity of producing their characters, and exposing them both.

a lover

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a lover of the gods, and one who is well acquainted with the Stoic doctrines. He teaches philosophy to a number of youths, and, as I am informed, is well paid for it; and yet he cannot speak well in a large company, has a faltering voice, does not put his words well together, but stutters, and even when he most wishes to shew the orator, is a semi-barbarian, and makes the audience laugh at him; not but he has an excellent understanding, thinks deeply, and is thoroughly versed in all the precepts of his sect, which, when he endeavours to explain and illustrate, he only confounds, and makes the riddle but the more obscure by his solution of it: those, therefore, who cannot understand, constantly laugh at him. A man should speak clearly, and with † perspicuity, if he expects to be understood.

M O M U S.

You give good advice, however, Apollo, and praise that perspicuity in others, which you never practise yourself; for your oracles are always obscure and perplexed, so that what one

† *Perspicuity.*] Fieri potest, says Tully, ut recte quis sentiat & id quod sentit polite eloqui non possit, sed mandare quenquam literis cogitationes suas, qui eas nec disponere, nec illustrare possit, nec delectatione aliqua allicere lectorem, hominis est intemperanter abutentis, & otio & literis.

Pythian

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Pythian declares, stands in need of another to unravel it: but how are we to act in this affair, what remedy would you prescribe for the weakness of this Timocles?

A P O L L O.

To get an assistant, Momus, some strong and powerful orator, who may enforce the arguments which Timocles shall suggest to him.

M O M U S.

So the child must have a tutor for him in philosophy, to explain his meaning to the auditors: Damis is to speak for himself, whilst the other makes use of an actor, and whispers in his ear what he would have him say, the puppet, perhaps, not understanding what he is to utter for his friend; would not the audience laugh at this? we must think of some other method: in the mean time, my noble friend, for you profess yourself to be a prophet, (and, indeed, are pretty well paid for it, having received many a good * golden brick on this account,) now shew your art, and tell us which of these sophists will get the better; you are a

* *Golden brick.*] Gr. *πλινθος χρυσας*, lateres aureos, wedges, bricks, or large pieces of gold were frequently sent to the oracles, and generally secured a favourable answer. Lucian here alludes to the magnificent presents sent to Delphos, by Cræsus.

diviner,

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diviner, and must know what is to come to pass hereafter.

A P O L L O.

How is it possible I should do that when I have no tripod here, nor incense, nor Castalian fountain?

M O M U S.

Look you there now, I have driven you up in a corner, and you are afraid of being detected.

J U P I T E R.

Speak, my son, I beseech you, and do not give this calumniator a handle to abuse and laugh at your divinations, as if they all depended on tripods, incense, and holy-water, and without them your art is nothing.

A P O L L O.

Certainly, father, it would be better to do it at Delphos, or Colophon, where I have every thing ready and convenient about me; naked, however, as I am, and unprovided, I will endeavour to foretel on whom the victory shall fall, but you must pardon me if my verse should halt a little.

M O M U S.

Proceed; but let it be clear and intelligible, and not stand in need of an interpreter; there is no * lamb and tortoise now to be dressed in Lydia. You know what the question is.

* *Lamb.*] Alluding to the puzzling question proposed to the oracle by Croesus's ambassadors, and which Apollo so deeply resented.

J U P I.

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J U P I T E R.

What are you about to say, my son? for already I perceive the dreadful preparatives of the oracle; your colour changes, your eyes roll about, your hair stands an end, and there is a corybantic motion in all your limbs; all point out the possessed, the horrible, the mystic divinity.

A P O L L O.

† Attend, ye gods, to what Apollo sings,
The heavenly augur, touching dreadful strife
Of noisy combatants, the war of words;
Hark! how they fill the air with croakings dire,
In the thick furrows how the sheaves are mov'd
By the rough tumult! with his crooked claw,
When the fierce vultur on the grass-hopper
Shall seize, the show'r-portending rook shall chaunt
His last sad dirge; the mules shall conquer then,
And the slow ass shall gore his nimble foal.

J U P I T E R.

Momus, why split your sides thus? this is no such laughing matter; have done, or you will be suffocated.

M O M U S.

How is it possible to help it, after so clear, so perspicuous an oracle!

† *Attend, &c.*] The ancient oracles, to give a greater solemnity to their predictions, generally delivered them in verse: the original is in hexameters, and imitated from the *παις* of Aristophanes. The oracular pomp, obscurity, and nonsense, is finely burlesqued in this speech by Apollo.

J U P I.

J U P I T E R.

If it be so clear to you, pray explain it to us.

M O M U S.

Nothing can be plainer, there needs no † Themistocles to unravel it; the oracle clearly means that he is an impostor, and we only pack-asses and mules to give credit to him, without more understanding than so many grasshoppers.

H E R C U L E S.

And now, father, though I am but as a stranger here, I will venture to give you my opinion: I am for permitting the combatants to proceed in their controversy; and if I find things go wrong, I will, if you think proper, pull the whole portico down upon the head of Damis, that he may no longer pour forth his abuse upon us.

† *No Themistocles.*] De instantibus optissime judicabat, de futuris callidissime conjiciebat; says Cornelius Nepos, in his life of Themistocles, and a little after, proves the truth of his assertion, by observing, that when the Pythian oracle was consulted concerning the expedition of Xerxes against Greece, the answer was, ut mænibus ligneis se munirent, that they should defend themselves with their wooden walls; which, it seems, nobody understood but Themistocles, who very sagaciously informed them, that by wooden walls, nothing more was meant, than that they should trust to their shipping or marine force, as their best bulwark against the enemy. A piece of advice as suitable to old England at all times, as it could possibly be to ancient Greece.

M O M U S.

* By Hercules, Hercules, this is rough work indeed, and rather † Bœotian; to destroy so many at once, together with the whole portico, Marathon, Miltiades, Cynagirus and all! how will future orators be able to adorn their fine speeches, when these necessary ornaments are taken away from them? when you were a living man, indeed, you might have done these things perhaps, but since you are become a god, you must know that the Fates alone have it in their power, and we are incapable of performing them.

H E R C U L E S.

So, when I killed a lion or a hydra, the Fates did it through me?

J U P I T E R.

Certainly.

* *By Hercules.*] This was a common Grecian oath. The applying it in conversation with Hercules himself has something laughable in it.

† *Bœotian.*] Bœotia, a city of Greece, was unfortunately distinguished, though we know not well on what foundation, for the ignorance and stupidity of its inhabitants, and an ancient Bœotian was supposed to have as little wit as a modern Laplander: hence the epithet Bœotium always signified heavy. A person of a clownish and awkward deportment, was called *sus Bœotia*, and Horace, speaking of a dull fellow, says,

Bœorum in crasso jurares aere natum.

Bœotia, in short, was the Holland of antiquity.

H E R-

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HERCULES.

And if any body abuses me, plunders my temple, or throws down my statue, I must not knock him o' the head, unless the Fates have so decreed?

JUPITER.

By no means.

HERCULES.

Hear me then, Jupiter, whilst I speak my sentiments: I am a free-speaker, as the comedian says, and call a * boat a boat; if things are so, I shall take my leave of your honours and dignities here, your incense, and sacrifices, and go down to hell, where, if I carry but a bow without arrows, the shades, at least, of the beasts I have slain will be afraid of me.

JUPITER.

Oho! you are a † home-witness, as they say,

* *A boat.*] We always say, "I call a spade, a spade." Every nation, as I observed, in a former note, has a different manner of expressing this sentiment. I chose to preserve the original idea.

† *A home-witness.*] In the Grecian courts of justice there were two sorts of evidences, the first of which was called *μαρτυρία*, when the person, or home-witness, who swore, was an eye-witness of the fact; the other went by the name of *εμαρτυρία*, when the juror received what he testified from another person who had seen it; allegations, however, from absent persons were seldom taken for lawful evidence. The witnesses always wrote down their testimony on tablets,

say, indeed; you have forestalled Damis, by talking thus yourself: but who is this brazen figure coming in such haste towards us, with his hair tied back in the old fashion? even your brother of the forum, Mercury, he who stands near the Pœcile; he is all over † pitch, from being handled every day by the statuaries. Why in such a hurry, son, have you any news for us from below?

HERMAGORAS.

Very great indeed, and such as require all haste and diligence.

JUPITER.

What! any new disturbance?

HERMAGORAS.

As back and breast with pitch well cover'd on
I stood, as oft accusom'd, the rude artist

but the tablets of those who came from home to deliver their testimonies were different from those of the witnesses who came casually into court. This may suffice to explain to the reader the appellation of a home-witness, as applied to Hercules. See Potter.

† *Pitch.*] This famous brazen statue of Mercury, so frequently mentioned by the ancients, was considered, like our Venus of Medicis, as a standard of perfection, the statuaries, therefore, were perpetually taking models of it, which, we suppose, they did by encrusting the whole over with a mould of pitch, or moist clay, and so procuring an exact resemblance of it. The idea of a god, in this dirty condition, running up on an errand to heaven, and addressing Jupiter in heroics, has something truly laughable in it.

His

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His aukward corslet fasten'd round me, when,
Behold! a crowd approach'd; amongst them two
Pale clam'rous sophists in loud dissonance,
Damis and —

J U P I T E R.

* Cease thy tragedising strain,
And tell me,

for I know whom you mean; are they engaged
in battle?

H E R M A G O R A S.

Not quite; a little skirmish is begun, they
are shaking their slings, and throwing out a
few sarcasms on each other.

J U P I T E R.

What can we do better, my brother gods,
than take a look at them! let the Hours take
away the bars from the gate, put the clouds on
one side, and open the doors of heaven: O Her-
cules! what a croud is gathered about them!
I don't like that Timocles, he seems frighten-
ed out of his wits; I am afraid he will spoil all,
he will never lift up his head against Damis;
however, we may give him our prayers at least:

But † pray in secret lest the foe should hear.

* *Cease, &c.*] It is observable that these words are in
verse, as well as Mercury's; Jupiter, insensibly as it were,
returns the compliment in heroics, though he desires him
to leave it off, and descend to plain prose.

† *But pray, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. vii. l. 237.

T I M O C L E S.

‡ What dost thou say, thou sacrilegious Damis? that there are no gods who take care of mankind?

D A M I S.

None. Answer me first, by what argument can you prove that there are any?

T I M O C L E S.

That I shall not do; do you answer me first?

D A M I S.

Not I indeed; you must begin.

J U P I T E R.

Thus far our friend has the better of him; he bawls loudest, and seems most in earnest. Well done, Timocles, abuse him handsomely, that is your forte; as to every thing else, he will soon make you as mute as a fish.

T I M O C L E S.

By Pallas, then, I will not answer you first.

D A M I S.

Do you ask then: this you are bound to, but let me have no abuse.

‡ *What dost, &c.*] The gods are supposed now to be got within hearing of the dispute, and listening to it. Timocles begins. Lucian's motions, on these occasions, are generally very rapid, he carries us, like Horace's tragic poet, just where he pleases,

Modo nos Thebis modo ponit Athenas.

All is animated, changeful, and entertaining.

T L

TIMOCLES.

Well then; tell me, thou execrable fellow,
do not the gods provide for mankind?

DAMIS.

No.

TIMOCLES.

What sayest thou? does every thing happen
then without a providence?

DAMIS.

Certainly.

TIMOCLES.

Is not every thing ordained by some god?

DAMIS.

By no means.

TIMOCLES.

But every thing carried on by a fixed and ir-
refutable impetus?

DAMIS.

Most undoubtedly.

TIMOCLES.

Can you hear this impious man, and not
stone him immediately?

DAMIS.

Why, Timocles, should you incense these
men against me; what right have you to be
angry, and resent it, when the gods themselves
do not? they have never punished, though
they have heard me say the same, and even
now do hear.

T I M O C L E S.

They hear, rest assured; and one day they will revenge also.

D A M I S.

What leisure is it possible they can ever find to punish me, who have already, as you say, so much business to do, a whole universe to take care of? they have not yet revenged themselves of you, for all your perjuries, and other crimes, which, as I would not break my agreement, I shall not now mention, though I do not know any stronger argument they could give in favour of their providence, than by punishing you as you deserve: but, perhaps, they are gone on the other side of the ocean,

* To grace

The feast of Æthiopia's blameless race.

For they often go to sup with them, and even, sometimes, when they are not invited.

T I M O C L E S.

What can I reply to such unheard of impudence?

D A M I S.

Even that which I have long wished to hear from you; what reason you have for thinking that there is a divine providence.

* To grace.] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 556. Lucian is always laughing at Homer for sending his gods to Æthiopia,

T I-

T I M O C L E S.

That order and harmony of things, which is universal, first persuaded me of it: the sun and moon holding the same unvaried course, the return of the seasons, the generation of plants and animals, the creatures themselves, formed with so much art, and taught to feed, move, think, walk, build, to perform, in short, every thing that is necessary and convenient for them; these I take to be the works of providence.

D A M I S.

This, Timocles, is begging the question; for it is not yet proved whether all that is the work of providence or not: that such things are, I acknowledge, but it does not therefore follow that I must believe them to be the effect of providence: they may have happened by chance in the beginning, and so continued. You call that order which is but necessity; and then are angry if any man, observing with you, and admiring, doth not at the same time acknowledge that to providence they are indebted for their order and regularity; as the man, therefore, says in the † comedy, this argument is nought, bring me another.

† *Comedy.*] What comedy is here alluded to we know not, the passage is not, I believe, to be found in any now extant.

T I-

T I M O C L E S

There wants, I think, no other : however, I will ask you one thing, and beg you will answer me ; was not Homer the best of poets ?

D A M I S.

Granted.

T I M O C L E S.

On him, then, I relied, who declares for the providence of the gods.

D A M I S.

That Homer, my good friend, was an admirable poet, all will readily allow you ; but not that he, or any other poet, is a proper judge in these matters : truth is not their object, but merely to delight their readers, for this reason they sing in verse, and act in fables : every thing they do is merely with a view to please and divert. But I should be glad to know what part of Homer's works you place your implicit faith in : is it in that * where he tells us, that the daughter, brother, and wife of Jove plotted against, and would have bound him in chains, and if Thetis, out of compassion, had not called in Briareus to his assistance, our good Jupiter had been snatched away from us, and thrown into a dungeon ; and for this good office he repaid Thetis, by deceiving Agamemnon

* *Where, &c.*] See the first book of the Iliad.

with

with a † false dream, that cost many a Grecian their lives: had not he better have thrown a thunderbolt at Agamemnon, and destroyed him, than thus have played the hypocrite and impostor? Or, perhaps, you were drawn into this opinion by hearing that † Venus was wounded by Diomedé, and afterwards Mars himself, at the instigation of Minerva: soon after this, all the gods, male and female, engage along with mortals in the battle, and Minerva gets the better of Mars, weakened, I suppose, by the wound he had received from Diomedé, and

* Against Latona march'd the son of May.

Or, perhaps, you was struck with the probability of || Diana's resenting her not being invited to Oeneus's feast, and, in revenge, sending a horrible wild boar to ravage his country. Were these some of Homer's excellent persuasives?

J U P I T E R.

Hark! how the mob shouts in praise of Damis! our friend looks frightened, trembles, and is just going to throw down his shield, he seems considering which way he shall get off best.

† *False dream.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. ii.

† *Venus.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. v.

* *Against Latona.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. xx. l. 71.

|| *Diana's.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. ix. l. 529.

TIMOCLES.

Have you no regard to Euripides, who brings his gods on the stage on purpose to reward the good heroes, and punish the impiety of such as yourself?

DAMIS.

But, my noble philosopher, if to these tragedians you owe your conviction, you must either suppose Polus, Aristodemus, and Satyrus, to be real gods, or that the buskins, long robes, helmets, breast-plates, and other tragic geer, make up the divinities, which is truly ridiculous: but, when Euripides speaks his own opinion, without regard to poetical fables, he cries out boldly,

- Behold the great sublime expansive sky,
That in its soft embraces holds the earth:
This, this is Jove, the deity supreme.

And again;

O Jove, whoe'er thou art, for by the name
Alone I know thee —

With many other passages of the same kind.

TIMOCLES.

All men and nations, therefore, are deceived, who hold that there are gods, and worship them?

- *Behold, &c*] This is taken from a fragment of Euripides preserved by Tully, and quoted in his *Nat. Deorum*; it is likewise cited by Plutarch.

D A-

D A M I S.

Thank you for reminding me, Timocles, of the laws and manners of nations, which sufficiently shew how uncertain every thing is which relates to their gods; it is nothing but error and confusion: some worship one, and some another; the * Scythians sacrifice to a scy-meter; the Thracians to † Zamolxis, a fugitive from Samos; the Phrygians to Mene, or the Moon; the Æthiopians to the Day; the Cyllenians to Phanes; the Assyrians to a Dove; the Persians to Fire; the Ægyptians to Water, which is universally adored by them; the Memphians worship an Ox; the Pelusiots an Onion; to some the ‡ Ibis is a god, to others a Crocodile, a § Cynocephalus, a Cat, or an Ape; a Right Shoulder is carried by some through the

* *Scythians.*] See Lucian's *Toxaris*.

† *Zamolxis.*] This extraordinary personage was, as Herodotus informs us, a slave in Ionia, but not as Lucian calls him, a fugitive; he came to Thrace, where he acquired great riches, reformed and instructed the people: he vanished on a sudden from their sight, hid himself for three years, and on his return, was worshipped as a god.

‡ *Ibis.*] — Crocodilon adoratur,

Pars hæc, illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin. Juv.

§ *Cynocephalus.*] Dog's-head, Anubis, the god of the Ægyptians, and supposed by some to be the same as the Grecian Mercury, being often called Hermanubis; he is represented with the body of a man, and the head of a dog. See Bryant's *Ant. Mythol.*

streets

streets as a deity, by others the Left; some pay adoration to a Head cut in two, others to † Cups and Platters. How ridiculous, my good Timocles, is such variety!

M O M U S.

Did not I say all this would be brought to light, and enquired into?

J U P I T E R.

Indeed, Momus, you foretold too well; all I can say is, things shall go better for the future, if I do but escape the present danger.

T I M O C L E S.

But say, thou enemy to the gods, what are oracles and predictions, to what will you attribute them but to the divine providence?

D A M I S.

Not a word, I beseech you, my good friend, about oracles; for, whose, let me ask you, would you wish to mention, the Pythian at Lydia, with its double face, like the two Mercury's, that, which ever way you turned, appeared to be in every part the same; or that which Cræsus received, when he passed over the Halys, and could not tell from it, whether he was to destroy the kingdom of Cyrus, or his own; though that one double-meaning verse cost the tyrant many a good talent?

† *Cups.*] See the *Mensa Isiaca* of Pignori.

M O M U S.

This fellow touches the very points I was most afraid of: but where is our || handsome Harper? why don't you go down, and clear yourself of these heavy indictments?

J U P I T E R.

Momus, you help to ruin us with your impertinent remarks.

T I M O C L E S.

Take heed, thou wicked reviler, thou wouldest root up the very habitations of the gods, and pull down all their altars.

D A M I S.

Not I, indeed, they will be never the worse, so long as they do but smoke, and are full of incense: * Diana, indeed, I should like to see overturned, whilst the virgin delights in such kind of festivals.

J U P I T E R.

Why reproach us with this now? how he falls upon every one of us!

† Guilty or guiltless, find an equal fate.

M O M U S.

Of the guiltless, I am afraid, he will find there are but few amongst us: if he goes on

|| *Handsome harper.*] Apollo.

* *Diana.*] Alluding to the savage custom in Tauric Scythia, of sacrificing strangers to Diana.

† *Guilty, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xv. l. 154.

thus,

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thus, perhaps, by and by, he may attack some of our principles.

T I M O C L E S.

Art thou not afraid of thundering Jove?

D A M I S.

The thunder, I must hear, no doubt, but whether it be Jove who thunders, you, who perhaps came down from the gods, can best inform me; but the Cretans tell me another story, and say, that a certain sepulchre is to be seen there, and a pillar, with a declaration upon it, that Jupiter thunders no more, but has been dead long ago.

M O M U S.

I knew well enough he would come to this at last: why, Jupiter, you turn pale, your teeth chatter with fear; take courage, for shame, and despise these wretches.

J U P I T E R.

Despise them! Momus! do not you see what numbers listen to him, and are brought over by his arguments against us? Damis has caught them all by the ear.

M O M U S.

But you, when you please, can let down your chain,

And * heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

* *And heave.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. viii. l. 30.

T I.

TIMOCLES.

Tell me, thou wretch, hast thou ever been at sea?

DAMIS.

Aye, many a time.

TIMOCLES.

And was it not the wind swelling our sail, rather than the oars, which carried us on? and did not one sit at the helm, and guide the vessel?

DAMIS.

Certainly.

TIMOCLES.

The ship, then, could not have sailed without a pilot; and dost thou think this universe could subsist without a guide and director?

JUPITER.

Well urged, Timocles; this is an excellent simile.

DAMIS.

But, my good favourite of the gods, please to remember, the pilot we were talking of, always provided every thing beforehand, and gave proper orders to his sailors; the ship had nothing useless or burthensome, but every thing that was necessary and convenient about her. But neither this pilot of your's, who commands the great ship of the universe, nor his companions who sail with him, take any care to have

things proper and in order, but frequently the rope which should be in the fore-castle is fastened to the stern, and that which belongs to the stern hangs at the fore-castle; the anchors are sometimes of gold, whilst † the goose is lead; the parts under water are finely painted and beautified, and those above it left plain and ugly: amongst the sailors, you shall often see an idle cowardly fellow preferred to one of the first commands on board the vessel, whilst the best swimmer, the most active sail-shifter, and one who knows all his business, is employed in scouring the sink-hole. A rascal shall sit himself down with the captain, and a parricide, perhaps, a buffoon, or a pathic, hold the best places in the ship, whilst the honestest fellows in the crew shall be crowded into a corner, and trod upon by the most worthless and abandoned. Remember how Socrates, and Phocion, and Aristides lived, when they were on board, with scarce bread to eat, or room in their hammocks to stretch their legs in; and, on the other hand, what a full sail of ease and luxury did

† *The goose.*] The prow of the ship was generally adorned with the figure of a goose, probably, as the scholiast imagines, from a superstitious idea drawn from the nature of that bird, that whilst that remained above-water, the ship could not sink.

Callias

* Callias and Midias, and Sardanapalus enjoy, spitting down upon all those that were beneath them. Such, my most wise and noble Timocles, is your boasted vessel; not to mention the thousand wrecks it meets with: if there were, indeed, a skilful pilot at the helm, who overlooked and ordered every thing, surely he would not be ignorant which were good sailors and which were bad ones, he would allot to every one that office which he was fitted for, and give the best to the best, and the worst to the worst men; would choose his counsellors and companions from amongst the good and worthy; take care that every part of the vessel was well attended to; and whip the lazy fellows for neglecting their duty. I am afraid, my friend, this vessel of your's will not hold water, at least, under so bad a commander.

M O M U S.

The tide seems all in Damis's favour, and carries him on with a † full sail to victory.

J U.

* *Callias, &c.*] A famous libertine, satirized by the comic poet Cratinus, for debauching the wife of Phorus or Phoryon, and buying off the indictment against him for three talents. Midias is censured by Plato and others, as a wicked fellow, and an embezzler of the public money entrusted to him. Sardanapalus was a king of Assyria, remarkable for his vices, dissipation, and effeminacy, which ended in the destruction of himself, and the ruin of his empire.

† *Full sail.*] Momus, to carry on the allusion, speaks in

X 2 the

J U P I T E R.

I think so too; but this, Timocles, says nothing to the purpose, brings no strong proofs to support our cause, nothing but the common flimsy stuff that is easily refuted.

T I M O C L E S.

Since my ship is not stout enough for you, Damis, I will even throw out the † sacred anchor, as they say, which no force can tear up.

J U P I T E R.

What is he going to produce now?

T I M O C L E S.

Mark my syllogism now, and see if you can overturn it: if there are altars there must be gods; now, altars there certainly are, ergo, there must be gods also: what say you to that?

D A M I S.

Ha! ha! ha! when I have had my laugh out, I will answer you; ha! ha!

T I M O C L E S.

That, I think, you never will; but, in the mean time, pray tell me what is there so ridiculous in what I said?

the sailor's style, and concludes the allegory, which is carried on throughout with the greatest degree of humour and propriety.

† *Sacred anchor.*] *Iacere sacram ancoram*, to throw out the sacred anchor, was a proverbial expression, signifying, to make the last effort.

D A.

D A M I S.

Only that you seem not to know what a very slender thread your sacred anchor hangs by; though, by tacking your altars and your gods together, you fancy you have made your rope strong enough: but if you have nothing more sacred than your anchor to depend on, fare you well.

T I M O C L E S.

You own yourself conquered, then, by quitting the field?

D A M I S.

It is you, my friend, who, being pursued, like a malefactor, fly to the * altar: at the altar, therefore, I here make a truce with you, and swear by your own sacred anchor, never to dispute more with you on this subject.

T I M O C L E S.

Thou digger up of graves, thou sacrilegious wretch, thou rascal, villain, scum, darest thou laugh at me? Do not we know who your fa-

* *Altar.*] Alluding to murderers and other criminals flying for shelter to the temples of the gods, where they were always safe, none daring to follow them into the sacred asylum. This custom, amongst many other pagan superstitious practices, has been adopted into the Romish church, and is one of those reproaches, which, as it is rendered serviceable to the cause of superstition, her zealous defenders do not wish to wipe away,

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ther was, that your mother was a harlot, that you killed your own brother, that you are a glutton, a pathic, an adulterer? Do not think to get off before I have beaten you handsomely. Away, this minute, or I will break your head with this shell.

J U P I T E R.

Observe, gods; one runs away laughing, whilst the other, not bearing to be insulted thus, follows and abuses him. See! he is going to crack his skull. And now, my friends, after all, what are we to do?

M E R C U R Y.

It was a good observation, I think, of the * comic poet, that no injury is done, where none is felt: and what great harm is it if a few men go away persuaded by this fellow, when there are so many thousands who think the contrary, three parts of the Grecians, all the rabble, and all the Barbarians.

J U P I T E R.

True, Mercury: but as Darius said of † Zopyrus,

* *Comic poet.*] Menander; it is amongst the fragments cited by Plutarch.

† *Zopyrus.*] Darius, we are told, owed the kingdom of Babylon to the contrivance of this ingenious gentleman; who, at the siege of that city, having slit his own nose, cut
off

pyrus, I had rather have this Damis on my side than a thousand Babylons.

off his ears, and mangled his body in various parts, presented himself in that condition to the Babylonians; complained to them of Darius's cruelty, which had reduced him to that dreadful state, and vowed revenge against him. The Babylonians were taken in, entrusted him with the command of their army, which, in consequence of a pre-concerted scheme between him and Darius, he betrayed to that monarch, and put him in possession of Babylon. Darius, after the conquest, is reported by Herodotus, to have said, that "he would rather wish to see Zopyrus safe, unhurt, and unmaimed, than to acquire twenty more Babylons besides that which he had already subdued." These are the words of Herodotus, which Jupiter here applies; but, as the reader may observe, with a little variation, to his friend Damis. The account of this transaction told at large, may be found at the end of the third book, or Thalia, of Herodotus.

T H E
C O C K
A N D T H E
C O B L E R;

*Or, as it is also called, for a very obvious Reason, the DREAM, is one of LUCIAN's most entertaining Dialogues. A Vein of easy Humour and Pleasantry runs through that cannot fail to recommend it to every Reader of Taste and Genius. The Author has made an excellent Use of the Pythagorean Doctrine of the * Transmigration of Souls, which is, indeed, a rich Fund for Ridicule, and a Kind of Hot-bed for the Productions of Fancy and Imagination amongst both ancient and modern Writers.*

MICYLLUS, A COCK, AND SIMO.

M I C Y L L U S,

A PLAGUE on thee, thou vile abominable Cock, thou envious bawling creature, for waking me thus with thy shrill voice, from the sweetest of all sweet dreams, when I

* There is a well written essay on this subject, in the periodical paper called THE WORLD, by the ingenious SOAME JENNINGS, Esq. to which I refer my readers, as a proper commendation on this dialogue.

was in the midst of riches, joy, and happiness, the only time I have to shake off that worse companion than thyself, my poverty: at such an unseasonable hour too! For I know, by the dead silence that reigns, it must be mid-night; besides, that I have not yet felt the pinching cold, which always gives me notice of approaching day; one would think thou wert guardian of the golden fleece; such a perpetual crowing dost thou make from evening till now: but think not to pass unpunished; were I to get up in the dark, I should have enough to do to find thee, but I will be revenged as soon as it is light, and belabour thee handsomely.

C O C K.

Do not be angry, my good master, Micylus: I thought I had done you a favour by calling you up in the night, as I know what a deal of business you have upon your hands: if you could have finished but one shoe before sun-rise, it might have got you something for a breakfast: but if you chuse to go to sleep, I will be as mute as a fish; only take care, after all your rich dreams, you do not rise up a beggar.

M I C Y L L U S.

O, * wonder-working Jupiter, and thou
Apollo,

* *Wonder-working.*] Greek, *τετρατον*. The ancients gave their

Apollo, great averter of evil ! what do I hear !
a cock speaking with a human voice.

C O C K.

Is it so great a miracle that I should speak
like you ?

M I C Y L L U S.

That it is, indeed : heaven preserve us from
ill !

C O C K.

You seem, my good master, to be very illi-
terate, and never to have read Homer, where
† Xanthus, Achilles' horse, takes his leave of
neighing, and, in the middle of the battle,
talks away, not like me, in humble prose, but

their gods different epithets, in consequence of the different
functions assigned to them : thus Jupiter was called *ξένος*,
the hospitable, *φίλιος*, the friendly, *σκηπτέχης*, the scepter-
bearer, &c. Lucian here gives him the new name of
τερασσιος, prodigialis, or the wonder-worker ; alluding to
the extraordinary prodigy of a speaking cock.

† *Xanthus*.] Alluding to that passage in the latter end of
the nineteenth book of the *Iliad*, where Achilles addresses
his ponies,

Xanthus and Balius of Podarges' strain.

The former answers him, and foretells his death. Homer
tells us, that Juno endowed him with the faculty of speech
on this occasion, and the Furies took it away again immedi-
ately. Lucian, who never misses an opportunity of ridi-
culing Homer's speciosa miracula, seizes on this to laugh at
him for the improbability of this event. See Pope's *Homer's*
Iliad, book xix. l. 446.

repeats

repeats whole verses, turns prophet, and foretells what is to come to pass, and no body wonders at it, calls upon heaven to avert the omen, or thinks there is any thing dreadful in it : what would you have said if you had heard the † ship of the Argonauts talk, or the oak of Dodona prophesying, or the half-roasted § oxen creeping about, and lowing upon the spit ? besides, I am a companion of * Mercury's, that most talkative, most eloquent of all the deities, and have lived so long with you, that is no wonder

† *Ship.*] The famous ship, that carried Jason to Colchos in search of the golden fleece, was said to have been made out of the oaks of Dodona, sacred to Jupiter, from which were delivered so many fine oracles : that these oaks were oracular, no orthodox heathen ever doubted ; for the ship's speaking, we have no authority but Lucian's.

§ *Oxen.*] Alluding to that passage in the *Odyssey*, where the companions of Ulysses slew the oxen of the sun, and most strange prodigies ensued, for

— Heav'n gave signs of wrath—along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound,
Roar'd the dead limbs, the burning entrails groan'd.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, b. xii. l. 464.

This fiction of Homer's is, to be sure, a pretty bold one ; Lucian has made the most of it, by telling us, that the oxen lowed upon the spit. The ridicule is at least as strong as the absurdity.

* *Mercury's.*] Mercury is always represented with a cock close to him, as an emblem of vigilance, he being considered as the most active and industrious of all the deities : he had, indeed, more business to do than any of them.

I should

I should have learned your language: but, if you will promise me inviolable secrecy, I will tell you how it came to pass that I am thus able to converse with you.

M I C Y L L U S.

Surely this is all a dream, it can never be a Cock that is talking to me: but, by Mercury, I beseech thee, explain it to me: you need not fear that I should tell what you say, for, if I did, who would believe me?

C O C K.

Listen then, and you shall hear; what I am going to say is, to be sure, rather extraordinary: he who now appears before you as a Cock, was, not long since, a man.

M I C Y L L U S.

I have formerly heard something of this kind, that a young man, of the name of † Gallus, was the companion and intimate friend of Mars, used to eat and drink with him, and be the confident in his amours: whenever the god went to Venus he carried Gallus along

† *Gallus.*] This is a curious fable, and if cloathed in a poetical dress, would have made no inconsiderable figure in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; it is a wonder, indeed, how, if the story was generally known, it happened to escape him. A young bard, ambitious of shooting with the Ovidian bow, could not, perhaps, choose a more promising subject.

with

with him, and suspecting that the Sun might reveal the affair to Vulcan, posted the young man at the door to give him notice when Phœbus appeared; but Gallus unfortunately betrayed his trust, and fell asleep; when the sun came unexpectedly upon the lovers, who had relied upon the notice which the youth had promised to give them, and informed Vulcan of it, who seized upon, and bound them with the chains he had prepared. As soon as Mars got out, he was highly enraged at Gallus, and turned him into a bird of the same name, who bears a crest on his forehead, instead of the helmet which he wore: for this reason we are told, you still, by way of excusing yourself to Mars, though you can do no good by it, when you see the sun rising, always crow, to give notice of it.

C O C K.

There is such a story; but mine is a different affair: it is but very lately that I have appeared as a cock.

M I C Y L L U S.

How happened it then? for I long to know.

C O C K.

You have heard of Pythagoras, the Samian, the son of Mnesarchus?

M I C Y L L U S.

That proud Sophist, you mean, who made
a law

a law against * tasting flesh, or eating beans, to me the sweetest food in the world, and the easiest of digestion, and, moreover, enjoined his followers not to converse with one another for five years.

C O C K.

You know likewise, I suppose, that Pythagoras was once † Euphorbus.

* *Tasting flesh.*] The Pythagoreans had a very good reason for abstaining from flesh, as they were persuaded that the souls of men transmigrated into animals, birds, &c. and that eating, therefore, their flesh, might be feeding on their own relations; as Ovid most charmingly and poetically expresses their sentiments,

Nos quoque pars mundi (quoniam non corpora solum
Verum etiam volucres animæ sumus, inque ferinas
Possumus ire domos, pecudumque in pectora condi
Corpora, quæ possint animas habuisse parentum,
Aut fratrum, aut aliquo, junctorum foedere nobis,
Aut hominum, certé, tuta esse & honesta finamus:
Neve Thyestæis cumulemur viscera mensis.

See the fifteenth book of the *Metamorphosis*, where the whole Pythagorean system is beautifully explained and illustrated.

† *Euphorbus.*] Another Trojan, who had the honour of wounding Patroclus. See a description of him in the sixteenth book of the *Iliad*; he was afterwards slain by Menelaus. Concerning the transmigration, see Ovid.

Trojani tempore belli
Panthoïdes Euphorbus eram, &c.

Book xv. l. 160.

M I C Y L L U S.

I have heard he was a great impostor, and used to play tricks.

C O C K.

Do not be abusive, my good friend, for know I am that very Pythagoras : be quiet, therefore, till you see what sort of a person I am.

M I C Y L L U S.

O heaven ! this is more miraculous than ever, a philosopher turned cock ! But inform me, good son of Mnesarchus, how you came to be changed from a man into a bird, and, instead of a * Samian, to be a † Tanagræan ; there is very little probability in all this, especially, when I perceive two things in you, that suit but ill with a Pythagoras.

C O C K.

What are they ?

M I C Y L L U S.

One is, that you are talkative and clamorous, whilst he enjoined a five year's silence ; and the other is directly contrary to his laws ; for yesterday, when I came home, I had nothing to give you but a few beans, which you devoured

* *A Samian.*] Pythagoras was of Samos.

† *A Tanagræan.*] Tanagra, a town of Bœotia, on the Euripus, was famous, as well as Rhodes, for its excellent breed of game cocks. See L'Hist. des Inscript. &c.

without scruple or hesitation: either, therefore, you have told a falsehood, and must be somebody else, or, if you are Pythagoras, have violated your own command, and done as wicked a thing, in eating beans, as if you had dined upon your father's head.

C O C K.

You are unacquainted, Micyllus, with the reason of all this, and seem not to know what the different stations of life required. I eat no beans then, because I was a philosopher; but now I am a Cock, they are not forbidden. Attend now, and learn, how from Pythagoras I came to be what I am, the various beings which I passed through, and what I suffered and enjoyed in each of them.

M I C Y L L U S.

Proceed, I beseech you: it is impossible to say how much I long to hear it all: I do not know whether I should not prefer it to the golden dream I just now waked from.

C O C K.

You dwell much upon this same dream, which has made a strong impression on you, and seem to recollect, with pleasure, the fleeting happiness which it bestowed.

M I C Y L L U S.

I shall never forget it: it has left behind
a sweet

a sweet drowiness, that almost closes my eye-lids, and inclines me again to sleep; it is like the tickling of a feather in one's ear, and has almost set me a madding.

C O C K.

This must be a wonderful dream, indeed; I long to know what it was that could give you so much pleasure.

M I C Y L L U S.

I will tell it you with all my heart, for nothing can be more pleasing to me than the recollection of it; but when, good Pythagoras, will you entertain me with your transformations?

C O C K.

When you have shaken the honey from your eye-brows, and left off dreaming: but, come, let us hear, that I may judge whether it came through the * horny gate, or the ivory one.

- * *Horny gate.*] Homer, speaking of dreams, tells us that,
 Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep,
 Two portals firm the various phantoms keep,
 Of ev'ry one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
 Of winged lies, a light fantastic train:
 The gate oppos'd, pelucid valves adorn,
 And columns fair, incas'd with polish'd horn;
 Where images of truth for passage wait,
 With visions manifest of future fate.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, b. xix. l. 656.

This is a very indifferent translation of the lines in Homer, but I have not time at present to give my readers a better. See also the latter end of the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*.

Neither.

COCK.

Homer tells us, there are but those two.

MICYLLUS.

Away with your poet; he knows nothing of dreams: some of the poor ones, perhaps, which he saw but imperfectly, for, you know, he was blind, might perhaps come that way; but mine came through golden gates, it was cloathed in gold, all over gold, and let me tell you, brought a great deal of gold along with it.

COCK.

Talk not so goldenly, good Midas, for your dream is like his wish, made up of nothing but gold.

MICYLLUS.

O Pythagoras, what a quantity of it did I behold! so shining, and so beautiful; what is it that Pindar says in praise of it in the beginning of his finest ode, where he talks, first of water? do you remember?

COCK.

You mean this, I suppose:

- Chief of nature's works divine,
Water claims the highest praise;
Richest offspring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays,

* *Chief of, &c.*] From the first Olymp. of Pindar. See West's translation.

From

From afar conspicuous gleam,
Through the night's involving cloud,
First in lustre and esteem,
Decks the treasures of the proud.

M I C Y L L U S.

The same; one would think he had known
my dream: and you, my most learned Cock,
shall know it also; therefore list and hear it.
Yesterday, you may remember, I did not sup
at home, for the wealthy Eucrates laid hold
on me in the market-place, and invited me to
come from the bath at a certain hour to sup
with him.

C O C K.

I remember it very well; for, after I had
fasted all day, you came home a little boozy,
and threw me down those five beans, a poor
supper enough for a cock that had been a com-
batant formerly, and gained no little glory at
Olympus.

M I C Y L L U S.

When I returned from supper, after giving
you the beans, I went immediately to bed;
then it was that, as Homer says,

As † I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my sight.

† *As I slumbered, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ii.
l. 71.

Y 2

COCK.

C O C K

Before you proceed, pray tell me about the supper, and what passed at your feast; I see no reason why you should not make another dream of that, and eat your supper again in the relation of it.

M I C Y L L U S.

I was afraid of troubling you with the repetition, but if you desire to have it, you shall; never did I dine with a great man before yesterday, when my good fortune threw me in the way of Eucrates: after paying my compliments to him as usual, I was going away, being afraid that a poor man with a tattered garment like me might disgrace him; but he came up to me, and, "Micyllus, said he, to-day I celebrate my daughter's birth-day, and have invited several of my friends; but as one of them is ill, and probably may not come, I shall expect you, after bathing, in his room: unless he should happen to get better, which at present is very doubtful." As soon as I heard this, I paid my respects, and went off; not without imploring all the gods to visit with fever, pleurisy, or gout, the guest, whose place I was to supply. In the mean while, the time between that and the hour of bathing appeared an age to me, and often did I look to the dial with impatience to mark the

the

the approach of it; when at length the happy moment came; away I flew, having made my dress as decent as I could, and turned my coat, that the best side might appear outermost. At the door of the house, amongst a number of visitors, whom should I meet but my rival, carried by four men upon a litter: I perceived plainly enough that he was very ill, for he groaned and coughed so terribly, that you could scarce go near him; pale as death, horribly swelled, and seemed to be at least threescore. They told me, he was one of those philosophers who love to talk nonsense to young men. He had a beard like a goat's, that wanted trimming exceedingly. Archibius the Physician, chiding him for coming in this condition, "No man, says he, should neglect his duty, especially a philosopher, though he laboured under a thousand diseases; Eucrates might have thought I slighted him." "So far from it, cried I, that he would rather thank you for staying at home to die, than coming here to cough up your heart at a feast." He pretended, I suppose, from greatness of soul, not to hear this. Eucrates soon after came from bathing, and spying Thelmopolis, (for that was the name of our philosopher,) "Master, says he, I am obliged to you for coming, but if you had not,

you would have been no loser, for I intended to have sent you every thing to your own house." Saying this, he gave him his hand, and as he leaned upon the servants shoulders, helped him in. I, therefore, made a motion to retire, when Eucrates seeing my piteous face, cried, "Come, come, Micyllus, you must stay and sup with me; I will send my son to keep his mother company in the women's apartment, that there may be room for you." Accordingly in I went, though rather ashamed that the young man should be turned out for me. When supper time came, five lusty young fellows, with some difficulty, lifted the philosopher to his place; and, because nobody else chose to sit next him, I had the honour of being at the same table. The supper came, and a most noble one it was, with variety of dainties, in gold and silver dishes; the cups were of gold; the attendants handsome, well-dressed, sung well, and were facetious and entertaining; every thing, in short, was delightful, except being placed close to Thesmopolis, who teased me all the time with talking about virtue; informing me, that two negatives made an affirmative; that when it was day, it was not night; that I had horns; with fifty other discoveries of this kind, being resolved to teach me philosophy whether
I would

I would or no, prating perpetually to me, so that I could not partake of the mirth and festivity going forward, or attend to the singing and playing. Such, my good Pythagoras, was our supper.

C O C K.

And none of the most pleasant, I find, on account of that old fool who spoiled your entertainment.

M I C Y L L U S.

And now you shall hear my dream: I thought that Eucrates, who, heaven knows how it came about, had no child; in his last moments called me to him, made me heir at law to all he had, and soon after died. The estate came to me, and whole vessels of gold and silver flowed in, besides rich garments, cups, and servants; every thing, in short, was mine: that I lay stretched at my ease in a fine chariot, the envy and admiration of all that passed by, crouds running before and behind me. Methought I had all his cloaths, and fine rings, that fitted my fingers wonderfully. Then did I invite my friends to a splendid entertainment, and they all, (which in a dream, you know, is very easily done,) came immediately. Supper was now over, and we were putting about the social cup, when you, with your unseasonable crowing, broke in upon our feast, overturned

my tables, and, in a moment, gave all my riches to the winds. Have I not reason, then, to be angry with you, for disturbing me thus out of a dream, which I should not have thought too long, if it had lasted for three nights together?

C O C K.

Are you then, Micyllus, so fond of money, and do you think happiness consists in riches?

M I C Y L L U S.

That is, indeed, my opinion; and not mine alone, for you yourself, my good friend, when you figured in the character of Euphorbus, if I am not mistaken, * tied up gold and silver in your hair, when you went out to fight the Grecians, when one would have thought you had more need of steel; but you chose to adorn your locks with gold, and for that reason, I suppose, Homer compares them to the Graces; and, to be sure, it must have made them much more shining and beautiful. The son of Panthus, indeed, might well hold gold in such esteem, since the father of gods and men, the son of

* *Tied up.*] Alluding to Homer's lines on the death of Euphorbus, where he tells us,

The shining circles of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear;
Instarr'd with gems of gold, bestrow'd the shore.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xvii. l. 53.

Saturn

Saturn and Rhea, when he fell in love with the charming girl of Argos, could think of no form so amiable, or so able to † corrupt her keeper as this; he changed himself, therefore, as you must have heard, into a shower of gold, slid through the tiles, and got possession of her. Need I say more in praise of it? what, and how many good things does it produce? doth it not make men handsome, wise, and brave, and bring them honour and glory? doth it not from meanness and obscurity, raise them in a moment to fame and splendour? You knew my neighbour Simo, a brother cobbler; it is not long since he supped here with me at the Saturnalia, when I gave him a little wheat pottage.

C O C K.

I remember him, the little short hook-nosed fellow, that stole the only earthen pan we had left, and hid it under his coat that very night, for I saw him.

M I C Y L L U S.

How did he perjure himself about it! but why did not you tell me of this, why did not

† *Corrupt.*] This explains the fable at once in the most rational manner; Danaë's father had locked her up in the tower, her lover bribes the keeper, and gets possession of her. Such was most probably the fact, the rest of the story is all poetical fiction.

you make a noise then, when you saw me robbed?

C O C K.

I did crow, which was all I could do. But what of this Simo? you were going to tell me something about him.

M I C Y L L U S.

He had a rich cousin whose name was Diphilus, and who never, whilst he lived, would bestow a farthing on him; nor was it to be expected, for he never spent any thing even upon himself. When he died, however, this Simo, with his tattered coat, he that stole my pan, inherited all his estate, and immediately became a great man, appeared in his purple and scarlet, had his slaves, his chariot and horses, gold cups, tables with ivory feet; was, in short, so flattered and worshipped, that he soon forgot me: when I met him the other day, I saluted him with, "Your servant, Simo;" when he put himself into a violent passion, and cried out, "Tell that beggar not to clip my name so, I am not called Simo now, but Simonides." But what is most extraordinary is, the women are fond of him; he gives himself airs, pretends to be coy, admits some to his favour; whilst others threaten to destroy themselves, if he will not take notice of them. You see what
gold

gold can do, that makes the crooked freight,
the ugly handsome, that, like the poetical Cæ-
stus, bestows grace and beauty. Hear how the
poets praise it,

* O gold, thou best and greatest good on earth.

And again,

Gold rules o'er human things with sov'reign sway,

What do you smile at?

C O C K.

To see you, like the rest of the multitude,
so deceived and mistaken in your notions of
the rich and great, who are much more mise-
rable than yourselves; this I can assure you of,
who have been rich and poor, and therefore
know both conditions by experience; you shall
know by and by every particular.

M I C Y L L U S.

And so I will, by Jove: for now it is your
turn to speak, to tell me what forms you were
changed into, and all that you can recollect
which passed in each of them.

C O C K.

Listen then, and you shall hear; but before
I begin, let me assure you that I never yet met
with any body who lived more happily than you
do,

* O gold, &c.] From a fragment of Euripides.

M I-

M I C Y L L U S.
 Than me? may you be just as happy then! for now you really make me angry. But come, begin with Euphorbus; tell me how you were transformed into Pythagoras, and so on, down to your present appearance as a Cock: you must have seen and suffered a great deal in so many different lives.

C O C K.

How this soul of mine, which came originally from * Apollo, flew down to earth, and got into a human body, as a punishment for its crimes, it would be tedious to recount; besides, these are things which it is neither lawful for me to tell, or you to hear. When, therefore, I came to be Euphorbus —

M I C Y L L U S.

Tell me first, my miraculous friend, who I was formerly; was I transformed like you?

C O C K.

Certainly.

M I C Y L L U S.

Who was I then? can you tell me? for I long to know.

* *From Apollo.* Pythagoras, who, like other system-mongers, was ambitious of appearing as something supernatural and divine, endeavoured to persuade the populace that he was Apollo, who had descended to earth, to reform and instruct mankind. See Porphyry and Jamblichus.

C O C K.

You were an † Indian pismire, one of those that dig up the gold dust.

M I C Y L L U S.

Why was I so idle then, as not to pick up a few grains for myself, and bring them into this life of mine, where I want them so much: but what shall I be hereafter? tell me that, if it is any thing good, I will hang myself immediately on the post you are perched upon.

C O C K.

The future we know nothing of; but to go on with my story: when I was Euphorbus, I fought at Troy, and was killed by Menelaus; after which I was transformed into Pythagoras; but some time intervened, during which, I remained without a mansion, till † Mnesarchus thought fit to prepare me one.

† *Indian pismire.*] It is well known that pismires, in digging for a place to deposit their eggs, throw up little heaps of earth; it is not improbable, therefore, but that they might, as the ancients believed, give men the first intelligence of those places where gold was to be found, by casting out some of the dust, and thus informing them where they were to dig for it.

Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis. Proper.

The Cock, by telling Micyllus he had been an Indian pismire, only means to reflect on his avaricious temper.

† *Mnesarchus.*] The father of Pythagoras.

And were you all that time without meat or drink?

COCK.

When I had no body, I did not want either.

MICYLLUS.

But pray, inform me, was the Trojan war just as Homer represents it?

COCK.

How should he know any thing of the matter, when he was himself at that time a camel in Bactria: I can only assure you, things were not so wonderful and extraordinary as he makes them, nor was Ajax so big, or Helen so handsome as it is generally supposed they were. I saw her myself; she had a long white neck, indeed, to mark her descent from a * swan, but as to any thing else, appeared then, as old as Hecuba: Theseus had her first, who lived with Hercules, and Hercules had taken Troy long before, in the time of our forefathers. Panthus told me this, who, when he was a boy, had seen Hercules.

MICYLLUS.

And was Achilles such a great man as the poet says he was, or is that another of his fictions?

* *A swan.*] Helen was the daughter of Jupiter, by Leda, whom, the poets tell us, he courted in the shape of a swan.

COCK.

C O C K.

With him I had no business, nor can I tell you any thing about the Greeks, as I was on the other side: all I know is, it cost me but little trouble to kill his friend Patroclus.

M I C Y L L U S.

And Menelaus still less to make an end of you: but we have had enough of this; tell me now about Pythagoras.

C O C K.

Upon the whole, for I must confess the truth to you, I was little better than a Sophist, though by no means illiterate, or unacquainted with true wisdom and knowledge. I travelled into Ægypt, to learn these from their sages and prophets, was admitted into their temples, and studied the works of Orus and Isis; then returned to Italy, and there so possessed the Grecians with the notion of my sagacity, that they almost worshipped me as a god.

M I C Y L L U S.

So I have heard: you made them believe that you rose from the dead, and shewed them a * golden thigh; but how came it into your

* *Golden thigh.*] Porphyry tells us (credat Judæus), that at the public solemnity of the Olympic games, Pythagoras stood up and shewed to all the people his golden thigh, as he did in private to Abaris, to confirm him in the opinion that he was Hyperborean Apollo; Abaris, we are to observe, was Apollo's chief priest.

head

head to make laws about flesh, and forbid the eating of † beans?

C O C K.

You must not ask me.

M I C Y L L U S.

Why so?

C O C K.

Because I am really ashamed to tell you the truth.

M I C Y L L U S.

O, but to an intimate friend, like me, for as to a master, I no longer think myself so.

C O C K.

It was then, not because I thought there was any thing very wise or useful in them, but that I soon found out, if I had given them nothing but old ‡ common laws, which they were used

† *Beans.*] Pythagoras, seeing one day an ox in a pasture at Tarentum, who had so little regard to his precepts as to eat green beans, desired the master of the ox to dissuade him from such indecency, but the neat-herd, informing him that he really could not speak the language of oxen, the philosopher himself stepped up to the beast, and whispered something in his ear, after which time the ox never touched a bean, lived many years in a field near Juno's temple, and was called the sacred ox.

This story is very gravely told by Porphyry and Jamblichus.

‡ *Common, &c.*] The observation here made is excellent, and the practice founded on it has been adopted by every modern impostor, from the prophet Mahomet down to parson Whitfield, &c. &c. &c.

to,

to, men would never hold me in admiration, and that the more strange I made them, the more singular and extraordinary I should appear: I instituted, therefore, something new and uncommon, pretending that there was a secret reason for it, that some guessing one, and some another, all might be struck with admiration, as they are at an ambiguous oracle.

M I C Y L L U S.

Look you there; and so now you laugh at me, as you did at the Crotonians, the Metapontians, the Tarentines, and the rest of the poor deluded people, who followed you in silence, and adored the very ground you trod upon. But when you had shook off the form of Pythagoras, what did you put on next?

C O C K.

I was then changed into Aspasia, the famous Milesian courtesan.

M I C Y L L U S.

Heaven bless us! what! Pythagoras turned into a woman! And was there a time, my most noble Cock, when you laid eggs? You were Pericles's mistress then, I suppose, and had children by him, played the distaff sometimes, and, moreover, had another trade besides.

COCK.

All that I certainly did, and so did * Tiresias, before me, and † Ceneus also: your ridicule, therefore, will fall upon them as well as me.

MICYLLUS.

But pray, tell me, which sex did you like best?

COCK.

It is not a fair question: you know what the answer to such a one cost Tiresias.

MICYLLUS.

If you will not tell me, Euripides will, who has decided that point long ago, where he says,

‡ Thrice would I rather brave th' ensanguin'd field,
And all its terrors, than once bear the pangs
Of labour —

COCK.

Which you may one day suffer yourself; for

* *Tiresias.*] Hesiod tells us that Tiresias met with two serpents on mount Cyllene, which he trod upon, and was immediately turned into a woman, and that, some years afterwards, he lit on the same serpents, in the same place, and was turned into a man again.

† *Ceneus.*] Was one of the Lapithæ, who fought against the Centaurs: he was born a girl, and, being very beautiful, ravished by Neptune, who, to make her amends, promised to grant her any favour she asked: she desired, to avoid future inconveniences, that her sex might be changed. The favour was granted, and she figured as a man and a warrior for the remainder of her life. Nunc vir, nunc femina Ceneus

‡ *Thrice wou'd I, &c.*] From the *Medea* of Euripides.

In

in the round of various beings you will pass through, you may often be a woman.

M I C Y L L U S.

§ You think we are all Samians and Milesians; and when you were Pythagoras, you were so handsome, that the * tyrant, they say, mistook you for an Aspasia. But what were you next?

C O C K.

Crates, the Cynic.

M I C Y L L U S.

O Gemini! what a change! from a whore to a philosopher!

C O C K.

After that I was a king, then a beggar, a satrap, a horse, a jack-daw, and a hundred other things, which it would be too tedious to enumerate; lastly, I often took the form of a cock, which I am very fond of, and in that shape have lived with many kings, with rich men, and poor men, and now have the honour to serve you, and to laugh at you for complaining of poverty, and admiring the rich, little consider-

§ *You think, &c.*] i. e. You think you can persuade me to believe any thing you say, be it ever so improbable, as, when you were Pythagoras, you did the Samians and Milesians.

* *The tyrant.*] Polycrates, in whose time Pythagoras flourished.

ing how miserable they are: for if you knew what they suffered, you would despise yourself for entertaining so high an opinion of them.

M I C Y L L U S.

My good Pythagoras, then, or by whatever name you would be called —

C O C K.

No matter whether it be Pythagoras, Euphorbus, Crates, or Aspasia; for I am all of them; call me, however, what I am, a Cock, and no contemptible bird, seeing that I have such a number of souls in me.

M I C Y L L U S.

Since then, my good Cock, you have experienced all kinds of lives, tell me truly and exactly how the rich live, and how the poor, that I may judge whether you speak truth, when you say the latter are so much the happiest.

C O C K.

Consider the affair then in this light: when an enemy invades your country, you have no concern about the war; you never care whether they break down the fences, spoil the gardens, or cut off the vines: if you hear the trumpet, all you have to do is to provide for yourself, avoid the danger, and consult your own safety; whilst the rich are not only afraid for themselves, but are wretched when they see from the
walls

walls their fields and houses torn to pieces and destroyed : if a tax is to be raised, they only are called upon ; if a sally is to be made with the horse, or the whole army, they are first exposed to danger : you, in the mean time, with your wicker shield, can get off easier in a retreat, or, in case of victory, are ready to partake in the triumph, to join in the feast, when the general offers up his sacrifice of thanksgiving : in peace also, you common people get up into the assembly, and abuse your betters, whilst they are frightened out of their wits, and glad to silence you by baths, sports, public spectacles, and bribes of every kind : you, in the mean time, either censuring them with severity, or not deigning to speak to them at all ; sometimes you will even stone them to death, and confiscate their goods and chattels. You fear neither informers nor thieves, are under no apprehensions that your house will be broke open, or robbed ; you have no trouble in getting in your debts, no dishonest stewards to contend with, no care, in short, or anxiety ; nothing to do but, when your shoe is finished, to receive your seven oboli for it ; in the evening to bathe, if you please, take your sprat, or herring, and an onion top, and enjoy yourself, sing, like a true philosopher;

bleſſed with poverty and eaſe. This it is which makes you ſo healthy, ſo robuſt, and able to bear the cold; continual exerciſe and labour ſharpen you, and give you the advantage over others; no diſorder dares to attack you, or, if at any time, a flight fever lays hold on you, abſtinence, thanks to your poverty, ſoon carries it off; it durſt not appear when it ſees you drinking water, and ſetting the doctor's preſcriptions at defiance. In the mean time, what a croud of diſtempers ſeize on the rich! gout, conſumptions, inflammations of the lungs, dropſies; all from intemperance, all the genuine offspring of their grand ſuppers: like Icarus, when they have raiſed themſelves to the greateſt height, and juſt touch the ſun, forgetting that their wings are glued on with wax, down they drop into the ſea: whiſt thoſe who, like Dædalus, ſoar not on high, but ſkim along, cloſe to the earth, and keep their wax wet with the vapours of the ocean, fly with ſafety.

M I C Y L L U S.

The prudent and temperate, you mean.

C O C K.

Yes: and what a wreck the others make of fame and fortune! witneſs Cræſus on the funeral pile, the jeſt of his whole kingdom; and Dionyſius, the great tyrant, turned ſchool-
maſter

master at Corinth, and after ruling a mighty empire, teaching children to * make syllables.

M I C Y L L U S.

When you reigned yourself, for it seems you have been a king too, how did you find it, when you had got to this summit of human felicity?

C O C K.

Do not put me in mind of it I beseech you; for, with all the external marks of happiness which you talk of, I was the most miserable of men.

M I C Y L L U S.

How so? you astonish me.

C O C K.

I was sovereign of a large and fertile kingdom, adorned with a number of beautiful cities, well-peopled, and full of rivers, ports, and harbours; had a numerous army, shipping, stores of every kind, quantities of gold and silver, with all the pomp and parade of a great and mighty empire. Whenever I went abroad, the multitude thronged round to have a look at me, got upon the tops of houses to see my chariot, robe, and diadem, ran before and be-

* *Make syllables.*] It is reported of Dionysius the tyrant of Corinth, that after quitting the throne, he turned school-master; in which of the two conditions he suffered most, it is, perhaps, very difficult to determine.

hind, and, in short, worshipped me like a god, I, in the mean time, conscious of my own unhappiness, pitied their ignorance, and lamented my condition ; comparing myself to the great statues of Myro, Phidias, and Praxiteles ; on the outside you see a beautiful Neptune, or Jupiter, adorned with ivory or gold ; one has a trident in his hand, and the other is darting a thunder-bolt : but within, it is filled with old wood, nails, wedges, mire, pitch, and every thing that is filthy ; not to mention a whole race of mice or weazels, that have established a little colony in the bowels of it. Such, my friends, is a kingdom.

M I C Y L L U S,

But you have not yet told me what the old wood, and nails, and dirt, and mire, and weazels of your kingdom are ; to be gazed at, followed and adored, is the outside of the statue ; now give us the in,

C O C K,

I know not where to begin, nor how to describe to you the fears, the uneasiness, the hatred, jealousy, and plots we are liable to ; the little sleep we take, and that neither deep nor easy ; but disturbed by horrible dreams, and perpetual terrors : add to this, the hurry of business, and constant attention, answering embassies,

baffies, making treaties, planning expeditions, with a thousand other things that prevent our enjoying any pleasure, oblige us to act and think, and speak for all, and subject us to innumerable cares, and eternal disquietude. Remember what Homer says,

* The king alone with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.

And this, whilst the Greeks were all snoring. A dumb sow made Cræsus miserable; and how did † Clearchus use Xerxes, by leading a foreign army in favour of Cyrus! Dionysius afflicted another, by holding conference with some of the Syracusans; ‡ Alexander was jealous of Parmenio; Ptolemy envied Perdiccas, and Seleucus Ptolemy; then how unhappy is the prince, if his mistress is not fond of him, or, perhaps, loves somebody else; if he hears that some of his courtiers have deserted him, or sees two or three of his dependents whispering together! but what is still worse, they are always suspecting their dearest friends, and in dread of being betrayed by them; for sometimes one is poisoned by his son, another by his mistress, another —

* *The king alone, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. x. l. 13.

† *Clearchus.*] See Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand.

‡ *Alexander.*] See Quintus Curtius.

O no more of it, for heaven's sake; all this is terrible indeed; it is better, I find, to break one's back with mending shoes, than to drink hemlock and aconite out of a golden cup. If my knife slips, the worst that can happen is, I may chance to cut my finger; whilst they, according to your account, every time they eat, run the hazard of their lives, besides a thousand other misfortunes: when they fall, they are like the tragedy actors, your Cecrops's, Sisyphus's, and Telephus's, with their fine diadems, ivory-hilted swords, and embroidered robes; if their foot slips, and they fall down upon the stage, the audience laugh at them, to see their crowns cracked, their masks broke, their heads streaming with blood, and especially if their legs appear naked, their own tattered garments are exposed, and the busk, in coming off, shews how ill it suited the foot that wore it. You see, my friend Cock, you have taught me to make families; but tell me now, when you were a dog, a horse, a fish, or a frog, how did you like the transformation?

C O C K.

To tell you all this, would take up too much time, and is, besides, foreign to our present purpose; suffice it to say, that upon the whole,
every

every one of those lives is much more quiet and agreeable than that of men, as their desires are confined within the bounds of nature. Amongst them, you never hear of an usurious horse, a back-biting frog, a sophistical jay, a pimping cock, or any of those vicious and abandoned characters, so common amongst you.

M I C Y L L U S.

That I am afraid is but too true. My own weakness, I will fairly confess to you; never have I yet been able to shake off that desire of growing rich, which I have had from a boy: the dream is still before my eyes, and the gold that I saw in it; I am vexed above all, at that rascal Simo, who lives in such splendour.

C O C K.

I will cure you of that presently: come, it is dark yet, get up and follow me; I will carry you to that very Simo, and to the houses of some more rich men, that you may judge of their condition.

M I C Y L L U S.

How are we to do that, when the doors are shut; must I break through the walls?

C O C K.

By no means; but Mercury, one of whose priests I am, has granted me this privilege: let but any one take hold of the long feather in
my

my tail, which, you may observe, is bent a little——

M I C Y L L U S.

You have two of them.

C O C K.

That I mean on your right hand; if I give it to any body, he * can open every door with it, can see every thing, and not be seen.

M I C Y L L U S.

I did not know before, my good Cock, that you were a conjurer: give me the feather, however, and I will soon bring master Simo's treasures here, and reduce him to his old trade of a cobbler.

C O C K.

That would not be quite fair; besides that Mercury has enjoined me, if he whom I lend the feather to, does any such thing, to crow, and raise the house upon him.

M I C Y L L U S.

It is scarce probable that Mercury, who is a thief himself, should be thus severe against

* *Can open.*] This circumstance of the Cock's feather is whimsical and ingenious. Le Sage seems to have had it in his eye in his *Diable Boiteux*, where he makes use of a similar contrivance. Perhaps, indeed, the whole nocturnal expedition in that excellent romance, may owe its rise to the hint here given by Lucian.

thieves:

thieves : let us go, however, I will keep my hands off from the gold, if I can.

C O C K.

First pluck out the feather : how is this ! you have got them both.

M I C Y L L U S.

We shall be so much the more safe ; besides, you look better now, if I had taken but one, you would have hopped on the other side.

C O C K.

Well ! be it so : shall we go to Simo first, or some other rich fellow ?

M I C Y L L U S.

O by all means to Simo, the * four-syllable gentleman, and here we are at his door : what shall I do now ?

C O C K.

Put the feather in at the key-hole.

M I C Y L L U S.

There. O Hercules, the door is open as if I had unlocked it.

C O C K.

Go on ; yonder he is, don't you see him there upon the watch, and casting up his accounts ?

M I C Y L L U S.

Yes, now I see him sitting by a dim lamp

* *Four syllable.*] Alluding to the changing of his name from Simo to Simonides, mentioned a little before.

with

with scarce any oil in it: he looks very pale and wan, eat up, I suppose, with care, for I never heard of his being ill.

C O C K.

Hush: let us listen a little, and we shall know what is the matter with him.

S I M O.

So: these seventy talents I have stowed safely under the bed, and nobody by; but the other sixteen, I am afraid, Sosylus the groom saw me hide below the manger: that fellow is always about the stable, which he never used to be, for he does not love work. I am sure I have been robbed of a great deal more than this; else, how could Tibius get so much good salt-fish for dinner yesterday? I am told, too, that he bought an ear-ring for his wife that cost five drachmas; these wretches spend all my substance, to support their luxury and extravagance. I wish somebody does not undermine the wall, and steal my money: there are a great many envious rogues that lay wait for me, particularly my neighbour Micyllus.

M I C Y L L U S.

What! you think I am like yourself, and have got one of your * pans under my coat.

* *Pans.*] Alluding to Simo's having stolen one of the Cobler's pans, as mentioned in the beginning of this dialogue.

C O C K.

C O C K.

Softly, Micyllus, or we shall be caught presently.

S I M O.

I had better not venture to go to sleep: I will get up and look all over the house. Who's there? aye, I see you digging under the wall; O, it is only the pillar, all is safe. Stay, I will count my gold over again, perhaps I may have made a mistake. Hark! another noise; I am besieged; there is a conspiracy against me; where is my dagger? if I catch them—I will e'en bury my gold again.

C O C K.

You see what a condition Simo is in: but come, the night is not yet spent; let us go to somebody else.

M I C Y L L U S.

Poor wretch! what a life does he lead! thus may my worst of foes grow rich! let us give him a slap on the face, and go off.

S I M O.

Who is that strikes me? thieves, thieves, I am ruined and undone.

M I C Y L L U S.

Aye, aye, watch and weep; fret till you look as yellow as the gold you hang over. Now, suppose we make a visit to Gnipho the usurer,

usurer, he lives but just by, see, the door is open.

C O C K.

Look, there he is, telling his ill-gotten riches upon his fingers, shrivelled up with care ; soon must he leave all this, to become a gnat, a moth, or a fly.

M I C Y L L U S.

I see the poor wretch ; he lives a worse life now than either of them ; his calculations have worn him to nothing. Let us go somewhere else.

C O C K.

To Eucrates, if you will ; and look, the door is open. Let us go in.

M I C Y L L U S.

* All that was mine but a little while ago.

C O C K.

What ! still dreaming of your riches ! there is Eucrates in bed with one of his servants, an old fellow too.

M I C Y L L U S.

I behold a scene of lust and debauchery ; in another bed is his wife diverting herself with the cook.

C O C K.

And now, Micyllus, would you wish to in-

* *All that, &c.*] Alluding to Micyllus's dream, as above.

herit

herit every thing that belonged to Eucrates;
vices, distempers, and all together?

M I C Y L L U S.

No; I had rather starve: farewell to gold
and luxury. Sooner would I wish, that I had
but two oboli in the world, than have my walls
undermined by a parcel of rascally servants.

C O C K.

Come, it is almost morning, let us go home;
you shall see more of this another time.

ICARO-MENIPPUS,

A DIALOGUE.

This Dialogue, which is also called by the Commentators Περὶ Φέλος, or, Above the Clouds, has a great deal of easy Wit and Humour in it, without the least Degree of Stiffness or Obscurity; it is equally severe on the Gods and Philosophers; and paints, in the warmest Colours, the glaring Absurdity of the whole Pagan System.

MENIPPUS AND A FRIEND.

MENIPPUS.

THREE thousand * stadia from the earth to the moon, my first resting-place; from thence up to the sun about five hundred para-

* *Stadia.*] The ancient Greek stadium is supposed to have contained an hundred and twenty-five geometrical paces, or six hundred and twenty-five Roman feet, corresponding to our furlong. Eight stadia make a geometrical, or Italian mile; and twenty, according to Dacier, a French league. It is observed, notwithstanding, by Guilletiere, a famous French writer, that the stadium was only six hundred Athenian feet, six hundred and four English feet, or a hundred and three geometrical paces.

The Greeks measured all their distances by stadia, which, after all we can discover concerning them, are different in different times and places.

sanga;

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sanga; and from the sun to the highest heaven, and the palace of Jupiter, as far as a swift eagle could fly in a day.

F R I E N D.

What are you muttering to yourself, Menippus, talking about the stars, and pretending to measure distances? As I walk behind you, I hear of nothing but suns, and moons, parasangas, stations, and I know not what.

M E N I P P U S.

Marvel not, my friend, if I utter things aerial and sublime; for I am recounting the wonders of my late journey.

F R I E N D.

What! tracing your road by the stars, as the † Phœnicians do!

M E N I P P U S.

Not so, by Jove! I have been amongst the stars themselves.

F R I E N D.

You must have had a long dream, indeed, to travel so many leagues in it.

M E N I P P U S.

It is no dream, I assure you; I am just arrived from Jupiter.

† *Phœnicians*.] The Phœnicians, it is supposed, were the first sailors, and steered their course according to the appearance of the stars.

A 2 2

F R I E N D.

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F R I E N D.

How, say you? Menippus, let down from heaven?

M E N I P P U S.

Even so: this moment come from thence, where I have seen and heard things most strange and miraculous. If you doubt the truth of them, the happier shall I be to have seen what is past belief.

F R I E N D.

How is it possible, most heavenly and divine Menippus, that a mere mortal, like me, should dispute the veracity of one who has been carried above the clouds; one, to speak in the language of Homer, of the * inhabitants of heaven. But inform me, I beseech you, which way you got up, and how you procured so many ladders: for, by your appearance, I should not take you for another † Phrygian boy, to be carried up by an eagle, and made a cup-bearer of.

* *Inhabitants.*] Greek, *επανων*, *cælicolæ*, Homer's general name for the gods.

† *Phrygian boy.*] Ganymede, whom Jupiter fell in love with, as he was hunting on mount Ida, and turning himself into an eagle, carried up with him to heaven. I am sure, says Menippus's friend, archly enough, you were not carried up there, like Ganymede, for your beauty.

MENIPPUS.

You are an old scoffer I know, and therefore I am not surpris'd that an account of things, above the comprehensions of the vulgar, should appear like a fable to you: but, let me tell you, I wanted no ladders, nor an eagle's beak to transport me thither; for I had wings of my own.

FRIEND.

This was beyond Dædalus himself, to be metamorphos'd thus into a hawk, or jay, and we know nothing of it.

MENIPPUS.

You are not far from the mark, my friend; for my wings were a kind of Dædalian contrivance.

FRIEND.

Thou art a bold rogue, indeed, and meant, no doubt, if you had chanced to fall into any part of the ocean, to have call'd it, as * Icarus did, by your own name, and styl'd it the Menippean Sea.

MENIPPUS.

Not so; his wings were glued on with wax, and when the sun melted it, could not escape falling; but mine had no wax in them.

* *Icarus.*] Icarus Icariis nomina fecit aquis.

The story is too well known to stand in need of any illustration. This accounts for the title of Icaro-Menippus.

F R I E N D.

Indeed! now shall I quickly know the truth of this affair.

M E N I P P U S.

You shall: I took, you must know, a very large † eagle, and a vultur also, one of the strongest I could get, and cut off their wings: but, if you have leisure, I will tell you the whole expedition from beginning to end.

F R I E N D.

Pray do; for I long to hear it; by Jove the Friendly, I intreat thee, keep me no longer in suspense; for I am hung by the ears.

M E N I P P U S.

Listen then; for I would by no means baulk an inquisitive friend, especially one who is nailed by the ears, as you are. Finding, on a close examination, that every thing here below, such as riches, honours, empire, and dominion were all ridiculous and absurd, of no real value or estimation, considering them, withal, as so many obstacles to the study of things more worthy of contemplation, I looked up towards

† *Eagle.*] See bishop Wilkins's Art of Flying, where this ingenious contrivance of Menippus's is greatly improved upon. For a humourous detail of the many advantages attending this noble art, I refer my readers to the Spectator,

nobler

nobler objects, and meditated on the great universe before me: doubts immediately arose concerning what philosophers call the world; nor could I discover how it came into existence, its creator, the beginning, or the end of it. When I descended to its several parts, I was still more in the dark: I beheld the stars, scattered as it were, by the hand of chance, over the heavens; I saw the sun, and wished to know what it was: above all, the nature of the moon appeared to me most wonderful and extraordinary; the diversity of its forms pointed out some hidden cause, which I could not account for; the lightning also, which pierces through every thing, the impetuous thunder, the * rain, hail, and snow, all raised my admiration, and seemed inexplicable to human reason. In this situation of mind, the best thing I thought which I could possibly do, was to consult the philosophers; they, I made no doubt, were acquainted with the truth, and could impart it to me:

* *Rain, hail, &c.*] Even Lucian's Menippus, we see, could not reflect on the works of God without admiration; but with how much more dignity are they considered by the holy Psalmist!

“ O praise the Lord of heaven, praise him in the height. Praise him, sun and moon, praise him all ye stars; praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapours, wind and storm fulfilling his word.”
Psalm, cxlviii.

selecting, therefore, the best of them, as well as I could judge from the paleness and severity of their countenances, and the length of their beards (for they seemed all to be high-speaking and heavenly-minded men); into the hands of these I entirely resigned myself, and partly by ready money, partly by the promise of more, when they had made me completely wise, I engaged them to teach me the perfect knowledge of the universe, and how to talk on sublime subjects; but so far were they from removing my ignorance, that they only threw me into greater doubt and uncertainty, by puzzling me with atoms, vacuums, beginnings, ends, ideas, forms, and so forth: and the worst of all was, that though none agreed with the rest, in what they advanced, but were all of contrary opinions, yet did every one of them expect that I should implicitly embrace his tenets, and subscribe to his doctrine.

F R I E N D.

It is astonishing that such wise men should disagree, and, with regard to the same things, should not all be of the same opinion,

M E N I P P U S.

You will laugh, my friend, when I shall tell you of their pride and impudence in the relation

lation of extraordinary events; to think that men, who creep upon this earth, and are not a whit wiser, or can see farther than ourselves, some of them old, blind, and lazy, should pretend to know the limits and extent of heaven, measure the sun's circuit, and walk above the moon; that they should tell us the size and form of the stars, as if they were just come down from them; that those, who scarcely know how many furlongs it is from Athens to Megara, should inform you exactly how many cubits distance the sun is from the moon, should mark out the height of the air, and the depth of the sea, describe circles, from squares upon triangles, make spheres, and determine the length and breadth of heaven itself: is it not to the last degree impudent and audacious? When they talk of things thus obscure and unintelligible, not merely to offer their opinions as conjectures, but boldly to urge and insist upon them: to do every thing but swear, that the * sun is a mass of liquid fire, that the moon is inhabited, that the stars drink water, and that the sun draws up the moisture from the

* *The sun is, &c.*] This was the opinion of Anaxagoras, one of the Ionic philosophers, born at Clazomene, in the first year of the seventieth Olympiad. See Plutarch and Diogenes Laert.

sea, as with a well-rope, and distributes his draught over the whole creation? How little they agree upon any one thing, and what a variety of tenets they embrace, is but too evident; for first, with regard to the world, their opinions are totally different; some affirm that it hath neither beginning nor end; some, whom I cannot but admire, point out to us the manner of its construction, and the maker of it, a supreme deity, whom they worship as creator of the universe; but they have not told us whence he came, nor where he exists; neither, before the formation of this world, can we have any idea of time or place.

F R I E N D.

These are, indeed, bold and presumptuous diviners.

M E N I P P U S.

But what would you say, my dear friend, were you to hear them disputing concerning † ideal and incorporeal substances, and talking about finite and infinite? for this is a principal matter of contention between them; some confining all things within certain limits, others prescribing none; some assert that there are ‡ many

† *Ideal.*] Alluding to the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle.

‡ *Many worlds.*] This was the opinion of Democritus, who held that there were infinite worlds in infinite space, according

many worlds, and laugh at those who affirm there is but one; whilst § another, no man of peace, gravely assures us that war is the original parent of all things. Need I mention to you their strange opinions concerning the deities? One says, that * Number is a god; others swear by † Dogs, Geese, and Plane-trees:

some according to all circumstances, some of which are not only like to one another, but every way so perfectly and absolutely equal, that there is no difference betwixt them. See Plutarch and Tully, *Quest. Acad.*

§ *Another.*] Empedocles, of Agrigentum, a Pythagorean; he held that there are two principal powers in nature, amity and discord, and that

Sometimes, by friendship, all are knit in one,

Sometimes, by discord, sever'd and undone.

See Stanley's *Lives of the Philosophers*, page 432.

* *Number.*] Alluding to the doctrine of Pythagoras, according to whom, number is the principle most providential of all heaven and earth, the root of divine beings, of gods and dæmons, the fountain and root of all things; that which, before all things, exists in the divine mind, from which, and out of which, all things are digested into order, and remain numbered by an indissoluble series. The whole system of the Pythagoreans is at large explained and illustrated by Stanley. See his *Lives of Philosophers*, page 377.

† *Dogs, Geese, &c.*] See our author's *Auction of Lives*, where Socrates swears by the Dog and the Plane-tree.

This was called the *ορκος Ραδαμανθίου*, or oath of Rhadamanthus, who, as Porphyry informs us, made a law that men should swear, if they needs must swear, by geese, dogs, &c. *ὅπως περ μη τις θεὸς ἐπὶ πασηγοριάζει*, that they might

some give the rule of every thing to one god alone, and take away all power from the rest, a scarcity of deities which I could not well brook : others more liberal, increased the number of gods, and gave to each his separate province and employment, calling one the first, and allotting to others the second or third rank of divinity. Some held that gods were incorporeal, and without form ; others supposed him to have a body. It was by no means universally acknowledged that the gods took cognisance of human affairs ; some there were who exempted them from all care and sollicitude, as we exonerate our old men from business and trouble ; bringing them in like so many mute attendants on the stage. There are some too, who go beyond all this, and deny that there are any gods at all, but assert that the world is left without any guide or master.

I could not tell how to refuse my assent to these high-sounding and long-bearded gentlemen, and yet could find no argument amongst

might not, on every trifling occasion, call in the name of the gods ; this is a kind of religious reason, the custom was therefore, Porphyry tells us, adopted by the wise and pious Socrates. Lucian, however, who laughs at every thing here (as well as the place above quoted, , ridicules him for it.

them

them all, that had not been refuted by some or other of them; often was I on the point of giving credit to one, when, as Homer says,

‡ To other thoughts,
My heart inclin'd.

The only way, therefore, to put an end to all my doubts, was, I thought, to make a bird of myself, and fly up to heaven: this my own eager desires represented as probable, and the fable-writer * Æsop confirmed it, who carries up, not only his eagles, but his beetles, and camels thither. To make wings for myself, was impossible, but to fit those of a vultur and an eagle to my body, might, I imagined, answer the same purpose. I resolved, therefore, to try the experiment, and cut off the right wing of one, and the left of the other; bound them on with thongs, and at the extremities made loops for my hands; then raising myself by degrees, just skimmed above the ground, like the geese. When finding my project suc-

‡ *To other, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyſſey*, book ix. l. 302.
Pope translates it badly,

—— Wisdom held my hand.

Homer says nothing but—my mind chang'd.

* *Æsop.*] One of the fables here alluded to is yet extant amongst those ascribed to Æsop, but that concerning the camel I never met with.

ceed,

ceed, I made a bold push, got upon the † Acropolis, and from thence slid down to the theatre. Having got so far without danger or difficulty, I began to meditate greater things, and setting off from ‡ Parnethes or Hymettus, flew to § Geranea, and from thence to the top of the tower at Corinth, from thence over || Pholoe and Erymanthus, quite to Taygetus. And now, resolving to strike a bold stroke, as I was already become a high flyer, and perfect in my art, I no longer confined myself to chicken flights, but getting upon Olympus, and taking a little light provision with me, I made the best of my way directly towards heaven: the extreme height which I soared to brought on a giddiness at first, but this soon went off: and when I got as far as the moon, having left a number of clouds behind me, I found a weariness, particularly in my vultur wing; I halted, therefore, to rest myself a little, and looking down from

† *Acropolis.*] That part of Athens which was called the upper city, in opposition to the *χατωπολις*, or lower city: the Acropolis was on the top of a high rock.

‡ *Parnethes or Hymittus.*] Mountains near Athens.

§ *Geranea.*] A mountain between Geranea and Corinth.

|| *Pholoe, &c.*] A high mountain in Arcadia, to the west of Elis: Erymanthus, another, bordering upon Achaia; Taygetus, another, reaching northwards, to the foot of the mountains of Arcadia.

thence

thence upon the earth, like Homer's Jupiter,
beheld the places

‡ Where the brave Mycians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
Then India, Persia, and all-conqu'ring Greece.

which gave me wonderful pleasure and satisfaction.

F R I E N D.

Let me have an exact account of all your travels, I beseech you, omit not the least particular, but give me your observations upon every thing; I expect to hear a great deal about the form and figure of the earth, and how it all appeared to you from such an eminence.

M E N I P P U S.

And so you shall; ascend, therefore, in imagination with me to the moon, and consider the situation and appearance of the earth from thence: suppose it to seem, as it did to me, much less than the moon, insomuch, that when I first looked down, I could not find the high mountains, and the great sea; and, if it had not been for the * Rhodian Colossus, and the tower of Pharos, should not have known where the earth stood. At length, however, by the reflection of the sun-beams, the ocean appear-

‡ *Where, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xiii. l. 4.

* *Rhodian Colossus.*] See note on this in a former dialogue.
ed,

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ed, and shewed me the land, when, keeping my eyes fixed upon it, I beheld clearly and distinctly every thing that was doing upon earth, not only whole nations and cities, but all the inhabitants of them, whether waging war, cultivating their fields, trying causes, or any thing else; their women, animals, every thing, in short, was before me.

F R I E N D.

Most improbable, all this, and contradictory; you told me but just before, that the earth was so little by its great distance, that you could scarce find it, and, if it had not been for the Colossus, would not have appeared at all; and now, on a sudden, like another Lynceus, you can spy out men, trees, animals, nay, I suppose, even a fleas nest, if you chose it.

M E N I P P U S.

I thank you for putting me in mind of what I had forgot to mention. When I beheld the earth, but could not distinguish the objects upon it, on account of the immense distance, I was horribly vexed at it, and ready to cry, when, on a sudden, † Empedocles the philosopher

† *Empedocles.*] It is reported of Empedocles, that he went to Ætna, where he leaped into the fire, that he might leave behind him an opinion that he was a god, and that it was after-

sopher stood behind me, all over ashes, as black as a coal, and dreadfully scorched : when I saw him, I must own I was frightened, and took him for some dæmon of the moon ; but he came up to me, and cried out, “ Menippus, don’t be afraid,

“ I am no god, why call’st thou me divine ?

I am Empedocles the naturalist : after I had leaped into the furnace, a vapour from *Ætna* carried me up hither, and here I live in the moon, and feed upon dew : I am come to free you from your present distress.” “ You are very kind, said I, most noble Empedocles, and when I fly back to Greece, I shall not forget to pay my devotions to you in the tunnel of my chimney every new moon.” “ Think not, replied he, that I do this for the sake of any reward I might expect for it ; by † Endymion,

afterwards discovered by one of his sandals, which the fire cast up again, for his sandals were of brass. See Stanley’s *Lives of the Philosophers*. The manner of his death is related differently by different authors. This was, however, the generally received fable. Lucian, with an equal degree of probability, carries him up to the moon.

* *I am, &c.*] See Homer’s *Odyssey*, b. xvi. l. 187. The speech of Ulysses to his son, on the discovery.

† *By Endymion.*] When Empedocles is got into the moon, Lucian makes him swear by Endymion, in complement to his sovereign lady.

that is not the case, but I was really grieved to see you so uneasy : and now, how shall we contrive to make you see clear ?” “ That, by Jove, said I, I cannot guess, unless you can take off this mist from my eyes, for they are horribly dim at present ; you have brought the remedy along with you.” “ How so !”—“ Have you not got an eagle’s wing ?”—“ True, but what has that to do with an eye ?”—“ An eagle, you know, is more sharp-sighted than any other creature, and the only one that can look against the sun : your true royal bird is known by never winking at the rays, be they ever so strong.”—“ So I have heard, and I am sorry I did not, before I came up, take out my own eyes and put in the eagle’s ; thus imperfect, to be sure, I am not royally furnished, but a kind of bastard bird.”—“ You may have one royal eye, for all that, if you please ; it is only when you rise up to fly, holding the vultur’s wing still, and moving the eagle’s only ; by which means, you will see clearly with one, though not at all with the other.”—“ That will do, and is sufficient for me ; I have often seen smiths, and other artists, look with one eye only, to make their work the truer.” This conversation ended, Empedocles vanished into smoke, and I saw no more of him. I acted as he advised me, and no sooner
moved

moved my eagle's wing, than a great light came all around me, and I saw every thing as clear as possible: looking down to earth, I beheld distinctly cities and men, and every thing that passed amongst them; not only what they did openly, but whatever was going on at home, and in their own houses, where they thought to conceal it. I saw * Ptolemy committing incest with his sister; Lyfimachus betrayed by his † son; Antiochus intriguing with his ‡ mother-in-law; Alexander the Theffalian, slain by his wife; § Antigonus in adultery with his daughter-in-law; and Attalus poisoned by his son: in another place, I saw Arfaces killing his wife, and the eunuch Arbaces drawing his sword upon Arfaces; Spartim, the Mede, dragged by the heels from the banquet by his guards, and knocked o' the head with a cup. In the palaces of Scythia and Thrace, the same wickedness was going forward; and nothing could I see

* *Ptolemy*] *Euergetes*. According to *Herodian*, he afterwards married her.

† *Son*.] *Agathocles*.

‡ *Mother-in-law*.] *Stratonice*.

§ *Antigonus*.] I do not remember to have met with this story in any author, nor can the commentators inform us who this *Antigonus* was; two or three other private histories are here alluded to, which, at this distance of time, we are unacquainted with, though the facts were probably at that time well known, and remembered by every body.

but murtherers, adulterers, conspirators, ravishers, false-swearers, men in perpetual terrors, and betrayed by their dearest friends and acquaintance.

Such was the employment of kings and great men : in private houses there was something more ridiculous ; there I saw Hermodorus the Epicurean forswearing himself for a thousand drachmas ; Agathocles the Stoic quarreling with his disciples about the salary for tuition ; Clinias the orator stealing a phial out of the temple ; and Herophilus the Cynic sleeping in a bawdy-house : not to mention a thousand others, who were undermining walls, litigating in the forum, extorting money, or lending it upon usury ; a sight, upon the whole, of wonderful variety.

F R I E N D.

It must have been very entertaining ; let us have it all, I desire.

M E N I P P U S.

I had much ado to see, to relate it to you is impossible ; it was like Homer's § shield, on one side were feasting and nuptials, on the other harranguing and decrees ; here a sacrifice, and there a burial ; the Getæ at war, the Scythians travelling in their caravans, the Æ-

§ *Shield.*] Of Achilles. See the 18th book of the Iliad.

gyptians

gyptians tilling their fields, the Phœnicians merchandizing, the Cilicians robbing and plundering, the Spartans flogging their children, and the Athenians perpetually quarreling and going to law with one another.

When all this was doing, at the same time, you may conceive what a strange medley this appeared to me; it was just as if a number of dancers, or rather fingers were met together, and every one was ordered to leave the chorus, and sing his own song, each striving to drown the others voice, by bawling as loud as he could; you may imagine what kind of a concert this would make.

F R I E N D.

Truly ridiculous and confused no doubt.

M E N I P P U S.

And yet * such, my friend, are all the poor performers upon earth, and of such is composed the discordant music of human life; the voices not only dissonant and inharmonious, but the forms and habits all differing from each other, moving in various directions, and agreeing in nothing, till at length the great † master of the choir drives every one of them from

* *Such my friend, &c.*] How just and elegant is this comparison!

† *Master.*] Greek, ὁ χοεργός.

the stage, and tells him he is no longer wanted there; then all are silent, and no longer disturb each other with their harsh and jarring discord. But in this wide and extensive theatre, full of various shapes and forms, every thing was matter of laughter and ridicule: above all, I could not help smiling at those who quarrel about the boundaries of their little territory, and fancy themselves great because they occupy a † Sicyonian field, or possess that part of Marathon which borders on Oenoe, or are masters of a thousand acres in Acharnæ; when, after all, to me, who looked from above, Greece was but four fingers in breadth, and Attica a very small portion of it indeed. I could not but think how little these rich men had to be proud of; he who was lord of the most extensive country owned a spot that appeared to me about as large as one of Epicurus's atoms. When I looked down upon Peloponnesus, and beheld § Cynuria, I reflected with
astonish-

† *Sicyonian*] Sicyon was a city near Corinth, famous for the richness and felicity of its soil.

§ *Cynuria*] The famous Ager Cynurius, a little district of Laconia, on the confines of Argolis; the Argives and Spartans, whom it laid between, agreed to decide the property of it by three hundred men of a side in the field: the battle was bloody and desperate, only one man remaining
alive,

astonishment on the number of Argives and Lacedæmonians who fell in one day, fighting for a piece of land no bigger than an Ægyptian lentile; and when I saw a man brooding over his gold, and boasting that he had got four cups or eight rings, I laughed most heartily at him: whilst the whole || Pangæus, with all its mines, seemed no larger than a grain of millet.

F R I E N D.

A fine fight you must have had; but how did the cities and the men look?

M E N I P P U S.

You have often seen a croud of ants running to and fro in and out of their city, some turning up a bit of dung, others dragging a bean-shell, or running away with half a grain of wheat. I make no doubt but they have architects, demagogues, senators, musicians, and philosophers amongst them. Men, my friend, are exactly like these: if you approve not of the

alive, Othryades, the Lacedæmonian, who immediately, though covered with wounds, raised a trophy, which he inscribed with his own blood, to Jupiter Tropæus. This victory the Spartans, who from that time had quiet possession of the field, yearly celebrated with a festival, to commemorate the event.

|| *Pangæus.*] A mountain of Thrace. Dion Cassius places it near Philippi. It was supposed to have abounded in golden mines in some parts of it.

comparison, recollect, if you please, the ancient Theſſalian fables, and you will find that the * Myrmidons, a moſt warlike nation, ſprung originally from piſmires.

When I had thus ſeen and diverted myſelf with every thing, I ſhook my wings, and flew off,

† To join the ſacred ſenate of the ſkies.

Scarce had I gone a furlong, when the Moon, in a ſoft female voice, cried out to me, “ Menippus, will you carry ſomething for me to Jupiter, ſo may your journey be prosperous.” “ With all my heart, ſaid I, if it is nothing very heavy.” “ Only a meſſage, replied ſhe, a ſmall petition to him: my patience is abſolutely worn out by the philoſophers, who are perpetually diſputing about me, who I am, of

* *Myrmidons.*] When Æacus was king of Theſſaly, his kingdom was almoſt depopulated by a dreadful peſtilence; he prayed to Jupiter to avert the diſtemper, and dreamed that he ſaw an innumerable quantity of ants creep out of an old oak, which were immediately turned into men; when he awoke, the dream was fulfilled, and he found his kingdom more populous than ever; from that time the people were called Myrmidons. Such is the fable, which owed its riſe merely to the name of Myrmidons, which it was ſuppoſed muſt come from *μυρμηξ*, an ant, or piſmire — To ſome ſuch trifling circumſtances as theſe we are indebted for half the fables of antiquity.

† *To join, &c.*] See Homer’s Iliad, book i. l. 294.

what

what size, how it happens that I am sometimes round and full, at others cut in half, some say I am inhabited, others that I am only a looking-glass hanging over the sea, and a hundred conjectures of this kind; even my † light, they say, is none of my own, but stolen from the Sun; thus endeavouring to set me and my brother together by the ears, not content with abusing him, and calling him a hot stone, and a mass of fire. In the mean time, I am no stranger to what these men, who look so grave and sour all day, are doing o' nights; but I see and say nothing, not thinking it decent to lay open their vile and abominable lives to the public; for when I catch them committing adultery, thieving, or practising any of their nocturnal tricks, I wrap myself up in a cloud, that I may not expose to the world a parcel of old fellows, who, in spite of their long beards, and professions of virtue, are guilty of every vice, and yet they are always railing at and abusing me. I swear by night, I have often resolved to move farther off to get out of the reach of their busy tongues; and I beg you would tell Jupiter that I cannot possibly stay

† *My light.*] This was the opinion of Anaxagoras, and is confirmed by the more accurate observations of modern philosophy.

here any longer, unless he will destroy these naturalists, stop the mouths of the logicians, throw down the Portico, burn the Academy, and make an end of the inhabitants of Peripatus; so may I enjoy at last a little rest, which these fellows are perpetually disturbing."—"It shall be done," said I, and away I set out for heaven, where

* No tracks of beasts, or signs of men are found.

In a little time the earth was invisible, and the moon appeared very small; and now, leaving the sun on my right hand, I flew amongst the stars, and on the third day reached my journey's end. At first I intended to fly in, just as I was, thinking, that being half an eagle, I should not be discovered, as that bird was an old acquaintance of Jupiter's, but then it occurred to me that I might be found out by my vultur's wing, and laid hold on: deeming it, therefore, most prudent not to run the hazard, I went up, and knocked at the door: Mercury heard me, and asking my name, went off immediately, and carried it to his master; soon after I was let in, and, trembling and quaking with fear, found all the gods sitting together,

* *No tracks, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, book x. l. 113.

and

and seemingly not a little alarmed at my appearance there, expecting, probably, that they should soon have a number of winged mortals travelling up to them in the same manner: when Jupiter, looking at me with a most severe and * Titanic countenance, cried out,

† Say who thou art, and whence thy country, name,
Thy parents —

At this I thought I should have died with fear; I stood motionless, and astonished at the awfulness and majesty of his voice; but recovering myself in a short time, I related to him every thing from the beginning, how desirous I was of knowing sublime truths, how I went to the philosophers, and hearing them contradict one another, and driven to despair, thought on the scheme of making me wings, with all that had happened in my journey quite up to heaven. I then delivered the message to him from the Moon, at which, softening his contracted brow, he smiled at me, and cried, “What were ‡ Otus and Ephialtes in comparison

* *Titanic.*] i. e. Such a countenance as he put on when he slew the rebellious Titans.

† *Say who, &c.*] See Homer’s *Odyssey*, A. v. 170.

‡ *Otus.*] Otus and Ephialtes were two giants of an enormous size; some of the ancients, who, no doubt, were exact in their measurement, assure us that, at nine years old,

parifon of Menippus, who has thus dared to fly up to heaven : but come, we now invite you to fupper with us, to-morrow we will attend to your bufinefs, and difmifs you." At thefe words he rofe up and went to that part of heaven where every thing from below could be heard moft diftinctly ; for this, it feems, was the time appointed to hear petitions. As we went along, he asked me feveral queftions about earthly matters ; fuch as, " How much corn is there at prefent in Greece ? had you a hard winter laft year ? and did your cabbages want rain ? is any of † Phidias's family alive now ? what is the reafon that the Athenians have left off facrificing to me for fo many years ? do they think of

old, they were nine cubits round, and thirty-fix high, and grew in proportion, till they thought proper to attack, and endeavour to dethrone Jupiter ; for which purpofe they piled mount Offa and Pelion upon Olympus, made Mars prifoner, and played feveral tricks of this kind, till Diana, by artifice fubdued them, contriving, fome way or other, to make them fhoot their arrows againft, and deftroy each other, after which Jupiter fent them down to Tartarus. Some attribute to Apollo the honour of conquering them. This ftory has been explained, and allegorized, and tortured fo many different ways, that it is not eafy to unravel the foundation of it.

† *Phidias's*, &c.] Jupiter thought himfelf, we may fup-
pofe, much obliged to Phidias for the famous ftatue which
he had made of him, and therefore, in return, complaifant-
ly enquires after his family.

building

building up the Olympian temple again? are the thieves taken that robbed the Dodonaean?" When I had answered all these, "Pray, Menippus, said he, what does mankind really think of me?" "How should they think of you, said I, but with the utmost veneration, that you are the great sovereign of the gods." "There you jest, said he; I am sure, I know well enough how fond they are of novelty, though you will not own it: there was a time, indeed, when I was held in some estimation, when I was the great physician, when I was every thing, in short,

* When streets, and lanes, and all was full of Jove.

† Pifa and ‡ Dodona were distinguished above every place, and I could not see for the smoke of sacrifices; but, since Apollo has set up his oracle at Delphi, and Æsculapius practises physic at Pergamus; since temples have been erected to § Bendis at Thrace, to Anubis in

* *When streets.*] From Aratus.

† *Pifa.*] A city of Elis, where there was a temple dedicated to Olympian Jupiter, and public games celebrated every fifth year.

‡ *Dodona.*] A city of Thessaly, where there was a temple to Jove; this was likewise the seat of the famous oracle.

§ *Bendis.*] A goddess worshipped in Thrace. Hesychius says this was only another name for Diana. See Strabo.

Ægypt,

Ægypt, and to Diana at Ephesus, every body runs after them ; with them they feast, to them they offer up their hecatombs, and think it honour enough for a worn-out god as I am, if they sacrifice once in six years at Olympia ; whilst my altars are as cold and neglected as || Plato's laws, or the syllogisms of Chrysippus."

With this and such-like chat we passed away the time, till we came to the place where the petitions were to be heard : here we found several holes, with covers to them, and close to every one was placed a golden chair. Jupiter sat down in the first he came to, and lifting up the lid, listened to the prayers, which, as you may suppose, were of various kinds ; I stooped down and heard several of them myself ; such as, " O Jupiter, grant me a large empire !" " O Jupiter, may my leeks and onions flourish and increase." " Grant, Jupiter, that my father may die soon !" " Grant I may survive my wife !" " Grant, I may not be discovered, whilst I lay wait for my brother !" " Grant that I may get my cause !" " Grant that I may be crowned at Olympia !" One sailor asked for a north-wind, another for a south ; the husband-

[|| *Plato's laws.*] Alluding to his republic, which, probably, was considered by Lucian and others, as a kind of Utopian system.

man

man prayed for rain, and the fuller for sunshine: Jupiter heard them all, but did not promise every body,

† — of some the just request,
He heard propitious, and denied the rest.

Those prayers which he thought right and proper he let up through the hole, and blew the wicked and foolish ones back, that they might not rise to heaven: one petition, indeed, puzzled him a little; two men asking favours of him, directly contrary to each other, at the same time, and promising the same sacrifice; he was at a loss which to oblige; he became immediately a perfect Academic, and, like * Pyrrho, was held in suspense between them. When he had done with the prayers, he sat down upon the next chair, over another hole, and listened to those who were swearing and making vows: when he had finished this business, and destroyed Hermodorus, the Epicurean, for perjury, he removed to the next seat, and gave audience to the auguries, oracles, and divinations; which having dispatched, he proceeded to the hole that brought up the fume of the victims, to-

† *Of some, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xvi. l. 250.

* *Pyrrho.*] Of Elis, founder of the Sceptic sect, who doubted of every thing. He flourished about the hundred and tenth Olympiad.

gether with the name of the sacrificer. Then he gave out his orders to the winds and storms:

“Let there be rain to-day in Scythia, lightning in Africa, and snow in Greece; do you, Boreas, blow in Lydia, and, whilst Notus lies still, let the North-wind raise the waves of the Adriatic, and about a thousand measures of hail be sprinkled over Cappadocia.”

When Jupiter had done all his business, we repaired to the feast; for it was now supper-time, and Mercury bade me sit down by Pan, the Corybantes, Attis, and Sabazius, a kind of demi-gods, who are admitted as visitors there. Ceres served us with bread, and Bacchus with wine; Hercules handed about the flesh, Venus scattered myrtles, and Neptune brought us fish; not to mention that I got slyly a little nectar and ambrosia; for my friend Ganymede, out of good-nature, if he saw Jove looking another way, would frequently throw me in a cup or two. The greater gods, as † Homer tells us (who, I suppose, had seen them as well as myself), never taste meat or wine, but feed upon

† *Homer tells us.*]

Οὐ γὰρ σίτον ἔδουσ', οὐδὲ πίνουσ' ἀμβροτὰ σίτων.

— Not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.

See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book v. l. 425.

ambrosia,

ambrosia, and get drunk with nectar, at the same time their greatest luxury is, instead of victuals, to suck in the fumes that rise from the victims, and the blood of the sacrifices that are offered up to them. Whilst we were at supper, Apollo played on the harp, Silenus danced * a cordax, and the Muses repeated Hesiod's Theogony, and the first Ode of Pindar. When these recreations were over, we all retired, tolerably † well-soaked, to bed,

‡ Now pleasing rest had seal'd each mortal eye,
And ev'n immortal gods in slumber lye,
All but myself —

I could not help thinking of a thousand things, and particularly how it came to pass that, during so long a time § Apollo should never have got him a beard; and how there came to be night in heaven, though the sun is always present there, and feasting with them. I slept a little, and early in the morning Jupiter ordered the crier to summon a council of the gods;

* *Cordax.*] See Lucian on Dancing.

† *Well-soaked.*] Greek, *υποεχέτρητος*.

‡ *Now pleasing, &c.*] See the beginning of the second book of the Iliad.

§ *Apollo.*] Apollo is always represented as imberbis, or without a beard, probably from a notion that Phoebus, or the sun, must be always young.

and when they were all assembled, thus addressed himself to them.

“ The stranger, who came here yesterday, is the chief cause of my convening you this day. I have long wanted to talk with you concerning the philosophers, and the complaints now sent to us from the Moon make it immediately necessary to take the affair into consideration: there is lately sprung up a race of men, slothful, quarrelsome, vain-glorious, foolish, petulant, gluttonous, proud, abusive, in short, what Homer calls,

|| An idle burthen to the ground.

These, dividing themselves into sects, run through all the labyrinths of disputation, calling themselves Stoics, Academics, Epicureans, Peripatetics, and a hundred other names still more ridiculous; then wrapping themselves up in the sacred veil of virtue, they contract their brows, and let down their beards, under a specious appearance hiding the most abandoned profligacy: like one of the players on the stage, if you strip him of his fine habits wrought with gold, all that remains behind is a ridiculous spectacle of a little contemptible

|| *An idle, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xviii. l. 134.

fellow,

fellow, hired to appear there for seven drachmas: and yet these men despise every body, talk absurdly of the gods, and drawing in a number of credulous boys, roar to them in a tragical style about virtue, and enter into disputations that are endless and unprofitable. To their disciples they cry up fortitude and temperance, a contempt of riches and pleasures, and, when alone, indulge in riot and debauchery. The most intolerable of all is, that though they contribute nothing towards the good and welfare of the community, though they are

* Unknown alike, in council and in field;

yet are they perpetually finding fault with, abusing, and reviling others, and he is counted the greatest amongst them who is most impudent, noisy, and malevolent; if one should say to one of these fellows who speak ill of every body, What service are you of to the commonwealth? he would reply, if he spoke fairly and honestly, "To be a sailor, or a soldier, or a husbandman, or a mechanic, I think beneath me; but I can make a noise and look dirty, wash myself in cold water, go bare-foot all winter, and then, like Momus, find fault with every body else: if any rich man sups

* *Unknown, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 238.

luxuriously, or keeps a mistress, I rail at, and abuse him; but if any of my friends or acquaintance fall sick, and want my assistance, I take no notice of them.

“Such, my brother gods, are the † cattle which I complain of; and of all these the Epicureans are the worst, who assert, that the gods take no care of human affairs, or look at all into them: it is high time, my brethren, that we should take this matter into consideration, for if once they can persuade the people to believe these things, you must all starve; for who will sacrifice to you, when they can get nothing by it? What the Moon accuses you of, you all heard yesterday from the stranger; consult, therefore, amongst yourselves, and determine what may best promote the happiness of mankind, and our own security.” When Jupiter had thus spoken, the assembly rung with repeated cries, of thunder, and lightning! burn, consume, destroy! down with them into the pit, to Tartarus, and the giants! Jove, however, once more commanding silence, cried out, “It shall be done as you desire; they and their philosophy shall perish together: but at

† Cattle.] Greek, *Speimata*, what Virgil calls *ignavum pecus*.

present, no punishments must be inflicted; for these four months to come, as you all know, it is a solemn feast, and I have declared a truce: next year, in the beginning of the spring, my lightning shall destroy them.

“As to Menippus, first cutting off his wings that he may not come here again; let Mercury carry him down to the earth.”

Saying this, he broke up the assembly, and Mercury taking me up by my right ear, brought me down, and left me yesterday evening in the Ceramicus. And now, my friend, you have heard every thing I had to tell you from heaven; I must take my leave, and carry this good news to the philosophers, who are walking in the Pæcile.

DOUBLE INDICTMENT,

A DIALOGUE.

This Title is taken from the latter part of the little Piece before us; where LUCIAN, in a most ingenious Manner defends his own Method of Writing, against those Critics who blamed him for leaving Oratory, Declamation, and Philosophy, to sport in the more pleasing Walk of easy Dialogue. He ridicules the Logicians, laughs at the Epicureans, and diverts himself with the Platonic and Socratic Disputants. The whole is full of excellent Satire, and sensible Reflections.

JUPITER, MERCURY, JUSTICE, PAN, &c.

J U P I T E R.

A Plague on those philosophers, who say, that the gods alone enjoy true felicity! if they knew what troubles we go through for mankind, they would not call us happy, merely because we have a little nectar and ambrosia, or place such implicit faith in that blind impostor Homer, who tells such stories of our bliss above, and talks about things in heaven, when he cannot so much as see what passes upon earth. There is the poor Sun, clothed with fire, and
shining

shining with his rays, runs about all day in his chariot, from one end of heaven to the other, and has not leisure, as they say, to scratch his ears; for, if he should stop but a moment, the horses would shake off their bridles, turn out of the way, and set every thing on fire. Then observe the Moon, how carefully she takes her round to light toppers that reel home late at night from supper. Then again, Apollo, who has taken a heavy task upon him, is almost stunned with the noise of those that are calling upon him for divinations; now he is forced to go to Delphi, a little after he posts to * Colophon, then, perhaps, crosses † Xanthus, and runs away in his chariot to Claros, Delus, or the ‡ Branchidæ; wherever, in short, his priestess, after drinking the sacred liquor, put on his laurel, or moved the tripod, bids him go, away he must march to deliver his oracles, if

* *Colophon.*] A city near Claros in Ionia, where there was an oracle of Apollo. Potter does not, I believe, mention it; though it is taken notice of by Philostratus, Porphyry, and Jamblichus.

† *Xanthus.*]

Qualis ubi libernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
Deserit, ac delum maternam invisit Apollo.

Virg. *Æn.* iv. l. 143.

‡ *Branchidæ.*] An oracle of Apollo, in the territory of Miletus: so called from the family of the priests.

he has any regard to the honour and glory of his art; not to mention the tricks which they play him to try his power, mixing lamb's flesh and tortoise together; so that if he has not a sharp nose, to smell out the difference, the † Lydian will laugh him to scorn. *Æsculapius* too has enough to do with his patients, meets with many a disagreeable sight, taste, and smell; and, in short, is made unhappy himself, by the miseries of others. Need I speak of the Winds, who are constantly employed in nourishing plants, transporting vessels, and breathing on the fields and meadows: *Somnus* also, who goes about visiting every body, and carries his dreams and his oracles along with him. This, and a great deal more, are the gods obliged to do for the benefit and happiness of mankind: but their trouble is nothing to mine. I, who am the king and father of them all, what hardships do I go through, and what cares am I distracted with! I must overlook all the rest of the gods, and see that they do not neglect their business; besides doing a hundred little things, so numerous and trifling, that there is no attending to them: for, after I have finished my great matters, such as dispensing hail, rain, winds, thunder and lightnings, still I can have no quiet, but like the

† *The Lydian.*] Cræsus.

Nemean

† Nemean shepherd, must be always upon the watch, looking after thieves, false swearers, and sacrifices, observing whose altars smoak, what sailors and sick men are sending up their prayers to me : then, which is worst of all, at one and the same time I must attend the hecatombs at Olympia, and the warriors at Babylon, send hail to the Getæ, and feast with the Æthiopians; and, after all, there is no escaping murmurs and complaints.

§ Th' immortals slumber on their thrones,
All but the ever-wakeful eye of Jove.

For, if there is the least neglect, Epicurus pronounces immediately, that we take no care of human affairs : and, let me tell you, if once men come to believe this, we are in imminent danger ; our temples will have no garlands, our cups will be empty, and our altars cold ; we shall have no victims or sacrifices, and famine must ensue : in the mean time, I stand like the captain of the vessel, with the rudder in my hand, the mariners all drunk, or fast asleep, and only myself awake day and night without food or rest ;

† *Nemean.*] i. e. as the shepherds inhabiting that territory must always have been, before Hercules was so kind as to slay the famous Nemean lion.

§ *Th' immortals, &c.*] See beginning of the second book of the Iliad.

My

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* My heart is full of sorrow, grief, and care,
 And all I have for it is, the honour of being
 called Lord and Master. I would fain ask
 these philosophers who talk so much of our
 happiness, what time they think we can have
 to enjoy our nectar and ambrosia, with so much
 business on our hands: for want of leisure, I
 have now by me, I know not how many old
 books of causes, covered with rust and spider's
 webs, particularly between the professors of
 arts and sciences, which I have never been able
 to settle; these they are always calling upon me
 to decide, accusing me of sloth and indolence,
 not knowing that the delay is occasioned not
 by neglect, but by that state of felicity which
 I am supposed to live in; for so they chuse to
 call my perpetual hurry and fatigue.

M E R C U R Y.

I have often heard them complain, but never
 dared to tell you of it; but as you have men-
 tioned the affair yourself, I may venture to in-
 form you that they are very angry, and though
 they are afraid to speak out, murmur and whis-
 per together, accusing you of delay, when they
 ought to be thoroughly satisfied.

J U P I T E R.

What is to be done then, Mercury; shall we

* *My heart.*] See Iliad, b. ii. l. 3.

give

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give them a hearing now, or put it off till next year?

MERCURY.

O by no means; let us have it immediately.

JUPITER.

Be it so then: do you fly down, and give out, that "whoever has any cause to try, must come forth to the Areopagus, Justice shall there appoint proper judges to determine; but if any one shall think himself aggrieved by the sentence, he may appeal to me, and I will rejudge the cause." Go you, my † daughter, as assessor to the ‡ venerable goddesses, and preside over the court.

JUSTICE.

Must I to earth again then? to be turned out once more, or bear the insults of my rival?

JUPITER.

Hope better things; times are altered now, and the philosophers have persuaded men to prefer you to Injustice; especially the divine Socrates, who has crowned you with the highest praise, and demonstrated that you are the chief good.

JUSTICE.

And of what service was his encomium on me to the poor man himself, who was con-

† Daughter.] Speaking to Justice.

‡ Venerable, &c.] The Furies.

demned

demned by the * eleven, thrown into a goal, and forced to swallow poison, even before he had sacrificed his cock to Æsculapius? so much more powerful were his accusers, who philosophised in favour of my adversary.

J U P I T E R.

Philosophy at that time was unknown amongst the vulgar, and there were very few professors of it; it was no wonder, therefore, that they should listen to † Anytus and Melitus: but now it is quite another thing; do not you observe how many cloaks, and clubs, and fatchels there are about, long beards on every side, with books under their left arms, and all talking for you; one meets troops of philosophers in every street, and not a man but is a disciple, or a teacher of virtue; hundreds leave their occupations, and get themselves scrips, and long cloaks, blacken their bodies, like Æthiops in the sun, from coblers and blacksmiths, turn ‡ extempore philosophers, and go about praising you and your virtues: as the proverb says, it is

* *The eleven.*] Magistrates, or persons, who sat as judges in the Παραβουον, or court of justice; if the majority of these were against the criminal, he was convicted.

† *Anytus and Melitus.*] The accusers of Socrates.

‡ *Extempore.*] This is exactly the case with our modern enthusiasts, the Methodists of this age, who step forth from stalls and counters, to teach religion, and abuse the clergy.

cahier

§ easier for a man on board a ship to avoid touching wood, than, as we walk along, to escape meeting a philosopher.

J U S T I C E.
These, father, are the very people I am most afraid of, for they are always disputing about, and yet know nothing of me; in a word, they pretend to have a great veneration, but in fact have no regard for me, and will not so much as admit me into their houses, where my enemy, Injustice, has already met with a hearty welcome.

J U P I T E R.
They are not all so wicked: you will still find some, my dear daughter, who are good and virtuous; but come, let us be gone, that we may do a little business to-day.

M E R C U R Y.
Away, good Justice, towards Sunium; go along under Hymettus, and leave Parthene on your left, where the two mountains are; you seem to have forgot the way. How is this! crying and lamenting! never be afraid, child, this is quite a different age; the * Scyrons,

§ *Easier.*] This puts us in mind of lady H——, who at the last creation of numerous peers, complained that she could not spit out of her window into the Park, without daubing a lord.

* *Scyrons, &c.*] Ruffians, who robbed and plundered in Attica, and were destroyed by Theseus.

and

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and Pityocampti, and Būfiris's, and Phalaris's, whom you were so afraid of, are all dead and gone; Wisdom now, and the Academy, and the Portico are all in all, they are looking for, and talking of you, waiting impatiently for your arrival.

J U S T I C E.

You, Mercury, and you only can tell the truth, for you are often with them, both in the Forum, and the Gymnasium; you are their herald and their crier, and therefore can best inform me what they are, and whether it is probable I can stay amongst them.

M E R C U R Y.

That you certainly may; unjust it would certainly be in me to deceive you; the generality of people are really much improved by philosophy; from a regard to external appearances, they at least sin with more decency; though, to say the truth, you will meet with many profligate enough, and with some that are but half-wise, and half-wicked: when Philosophy first took them in hand, as many as heartily imbibed the tincture which she gave, changed their colour, and became perfectly good; these are all fond of, and ready to receive you: those who, from the dirt and filth they had formerly contracted, could not take in

in enough of her salutary medicine, were better than many others, but still weak and imperfect, still spotted, like leopards, with vice and folly; and some there are, who only † touching the vessel it was prepared in, thought they had done enough. You, however, will have nothing to do but with the best of them; but see, we are already got to Attica; we must leave Sunium, therefore, on our left, and turn off towards the Acropolis; you may sit down on the hill, and see the assembly from thence, at least till we receive farther commands from Jupiter. I will get upon the Acropolis, and summon them together.

J U S T I C E.

Before you go, Mercury, tell me who it is that is coming towards us: he seems to be horned, has a pipe in his hand, and hairy legs.

M E R C U R Y.

Do not you know * Pan, one of Bacchus's most Bacchanalian ministers † he used to live at

† *Touching*] Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu. Flor.

* *Pan.*] The god of shepherds, hunters, and countrymen, generally represented with horns, and a long beard, like a satyr. He was worshipped in Arcadia, where he had an oracle. He is said, but on what good authority we know not, to have fought for the Athenians at the battle of Marathon, and to have slain a great number of Barbarians.

Parthe-

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Parthenium, but on the incursion of the Barbarians into Marathon, he came as a volunteer to the assistance of the Athenians, and from that time has been honoured with a cave under the towers, where he generally resides, and having spied us out, is coming up, I suppose, to pay his compliments to us.

P A N.

Mercury, your servant; Justice, your's.

J U S T I C E.

Your's, most noble Pan, thou prince of Satyrs for singing and dancing, at Athens the first of warriors too.

P A N.

Mercury, what brought you here?

M E R C U R Y.

She will tell you all; I must to my office of crier at the Acropolis.

J U S T I C E.

Jupiter has sent me down to determine some certain causes here: but how go you on at Athens?

P A N.

They do not treat me quite so well as they ought to do, considering my services, in defending them from so many Barbarians; two or three times a year, indeed, they sacrifice a stinking goat to me, honour me with a little empty praise,

praise, and feed themselves upon the flesh of it; their jests and merriment, however, is some diversion to me.

J U S T I C E.

But tell me, Pan, are they grown better and more virtuous, from the instruction of these philosophers?

P A N.

What philosophers? those solemn, melancholy, talking fellows, do you mean, with down-cast eyes, and beards as long as mine?

J U S T I C E.

The same.

P A N.

I know nothing of them; they are too wise to be understood by me, who am only a mountaineer, and never learned their fine polished language. Who ever heard of a Sophist or philosopher in Arcadia? A crooked reed and a pipe is all my knowlege: I can feed goats, indeed, and dance, and fight a little withal upon occasion. I have heard them talking sometimes about ideas, and nature, and virtue, incorporeal substances, and such kind of strange unintelligible stuff: at first they are very calm and peaceable, but, in the course of the dispute, frequently raise their voices into the * Or-
thian

* *Orthian.*] To *Ophion*, say the lexicographers, *sublatâ et*
Vol. III. D d intentâ

thian mode, and in the heat of the battle, will exert themselves so violently that their faces shall redden, their necks swell, and their veins rise like a flute-player's when he blows in a narrow pipe: at length, the question entirely lost in the general confusion, the combatants wipe the sweat from their foreheads, and retire, abusing one another; and he is generally looked upon as conqueror, who can bawl loudest, and has the most impudence; the multitude, in the mean time, who have nothing else to do, gaze at them with astonishment and admiration: for my own part, I always considered them as a set of vain empty fellows, and was not a little angry at their having beards so like my own. Whether the public may reap any advantage from their noise, or what good their eloquence may do, I cannot say; but to speak the truth, as I live here in a little cave, hard by, I have seen them, sometimes, late in the evening —

J U S T I C E.

Stop a moment, Pan; is not Mercury haranguing them?

intentâ voce. Carmen Verò Orthium dicitur quod voce subtilissimâ cantatur; the Orthian mode, says the Scholiast, is that, qui ad accendendos animos in prælio adhibebatur, which was made use of to raise the spirits of men in battle.

P A N.

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P A N.

He is.

M E R C U R Y.

Oyez, oyez, all people, take notice, that on this day, and good luck attend it! being the seventh of February, there is to be a hearing; whoever has any causes to try, let him appear in the Areopagus; where Justice will herself attend and preside; will appoint judges from amongst the whole Athenian people; every judge to have three oboli, and the* number of the judges to be in proportion to the crime: those who, having began their process, died before it was determined, † Æacus has orders to send back; and if any one shall think himself wronged by the sentence here pronounced, he may appeal to Jupiter."

P A N.

What a noise and clamour there is amongst

* *Number.*] In some of the Grecian courts of judicature, the number of the judges, who were chosen by lot, was in proportion to the weight of the cause to be decided; sometimes there were fifty, and sometimes two or five hundred. When causes of great consequence were to be tried, it was customary to call in all the judges of other courts; and sometimes, we are told, they amounted even to fifteen hundred, or two thousand.

† *Æacus.*] One of the three judges in hell, appointed with his two assessors, Minos and Rhadamanthus, to try men after death, and to punish or reward them as they deserved.

D d 2

them!

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them! how they croud together, and drag one another up the hill! but here comes Mercury. You may go and do your justice business, if you please, as in duty bound; as for me, I shall beg leave to retire to my cave, play upon my pipe, and sing a love-song, as I usually do, to provoke Echo: of judicial determinations I have enough already, for I hear them every day.

M E R C U R Y.

Come, Justice, shall we call them over?

J U S T I C E.

By all means, for they stand very thick, and are buzzing about, you see, like so many wasps.

A T H E N I A N.

I have you now, rascal.

A N O T H E R A T H E N I A N.

You are a liar.

A N O T H E R.

You will pay for it at last.

A N O T H E R.

I shall prove you guilty of such facts —

A N O T H E R.

Bring on my cause first.

A N O T H E R.

Come along, villain.

A N O T H E R.

Do not throttle me.

J U S.

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J U S T I C E.

What shall we do, Mercury? we had better, I think, hear the complaints brought against men by the Arts, Sciences, and different ways of life to-day, and put off the other causes till to-morrow: come, bring on some of those.

M E R C U R Y.

Imprimis, False Imprisonment and Drunkenness sues the Academy for running away with Polemon.

J U S T I C E.

Appoint seven judges for that cause.

M E R C U R Y.

Item, a misdemeanor: the Portico against Pleasure, for stealing away their admirer, Dionysius.

J U S T I C E.

Five will be enough for that.

M E R C U R Y.

Item, Luxury against Virtue, touching * Aristippus.

J U S.

* *Aristippus.*] The disciple of Socrates. After the death of his master, he retired to his own country, Cyrene, and instituted a sect, called from thence the Cyrenaic: his distinguishing characteristic was, that he could conform himself to every place, time, and person, and, like the apostle Paul, become all things to all men, as Horace says,

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res.

Ev'ry condition, habit, and event,

With Aristippus suits.

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J U S T I C E.

Five will do for that too.

M E R C U R Y.

Item, Gluttony against Diogenes, for discretion.

J U S T I C E.

For that only three.

M E R C U R Y.

Item, Painting against * Pyrrho, for † flying his colours.

J U S T I C E.

Nine for that.

M E R C U R Y.

Would you have the two new suits tried now against the Rhetorician?

J U S T I C E.

We had better take the old ones first, and defer them to another day.

He was, consequently, much followed and admired. The Jesuits, of latter times, seem to have adopted the Aristipian maxims, and succeeded accordingly.

* *Pyrrho*.] The famous founder of the Sceptic sect, was, as Apollodorus tells us, originally a painter. In the Gymnasium of Elis was preserved a very good piece of his doing, representing torch-bearers. See Diog. Laert.

† *Flying*.] Greek, λειποταξιο, desertio ordinis. Here, by a lucky expression in our language, coinciding with the sense, the translation (I beg my readers will not pass over so extraordinary a circumstance unobserved,) is better than the original.

M E R-

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M E R C U R Y.

The causes are nearly of the same nature with those we have marked down already, and it is a point that should be determined.

J U S T I C E.

I see, Mercury, you are for obliging every body that applies to you, so let us have them; but these must be the only ones at present; there are judges enough appointed already: come, produce them.

M E R C U R Y.

Rhetoric brings a complaint against a certain † Syrian for male treatment, and Dialogue also for abuse.

J U S T I C E.

Who is it? There is no name?

M E R C U R Y.

The name does not signify, we need only say the Syrian Rhetorician.

J U S T I C E.

These Tramontanes have no business in the court of Athens, their causes should be tried on the other side of the Euphrates; however, put down judges for the two causes.

† Syrian.] The ingenious method which Lucian has here taken to introduce and defend himself, cannot be sufficiently admired. Academy's speaking for both sides of the question, is a fine stroke of indirect satire.

M E R C U R Y.

Very well, Justice; you are saving enough, I find, and would not put the criminals to unnecessary expence.

J U S T I C E.

The first cause to come on is that between Drunkenness and the Academy: come, pour in the water: do you, Drunkenness, speak first; what! not a word to say for yourself, only nodding. Mercury, attend and listen.

M E R C U R Y.

She says, she cannot plead her cause, for the wine has tied up her tongue, and she is afraid of being laughed at: you see she can hardly stand.

J U S T I C E.

O, let her employ an advocate; one of the sharpest she can get; there are enough of them here that will crack their lungs for three halfpence.

M E R C U R Y.

But nobody chuses openly to defend the cause of Drunkenness, though she certainly has a claim to it.

J U S T I C E.

What is to be done then?

M E R C U R Y.

The Academy is always ready to plead on both sides of the question, and she has offered

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to do it now; she says, she will speak first for her, and then for herself.

J U S T I C E.

That is quite a new scheme; however, come, Academy, and plead on both sides, as it is so easy to you.

A C A D E M Y.

Please to observe, most noble judges, that I speak now for Drunkenness; the water flows for her.

“ I have been deeply injured by the Academy, who has robbed me of my servant Polemon, who always looked upon me as his best friend, and did every thing that I bade him. He used to be for ever wandering about with fiddlers, roaring, and drinking from morning to night, with a garland of flowers on his head; this the whole Athenian people can bear witness to, who never saw him sober; but, changing one day, in his rambles, to stumble upon Academy, she laid violent hands upon him, dragged him away from me, forced him to drink water, and be sober, tore off his garland, and, instead of giving him something to drink in bed, taught him certain hard and unintelligible phrases, full of care and misery: instead of that rosy colour which used to shine on his countenance, he soon grew pale, languid, and
dirty,

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dirty, forgot all his songs, and would sit without meat or drink till mid-night, studying some nonsense or other, that Academy had taught him: besides this, which is worse than all, he does nothing now but abuse and traduce me."

Thus far have I spoken in favour of drunkenness; I shall now plead for myself: change the water.

J U S T I C E.

Do so; what will she say now? I wonder.

A C A D E M Y.

Thus hath the advocate for drunkenness pleaded her cause; and now, O most venerable judges, if you will listen to me with kindness and attention, I hope fully to prove, that I have done her no injury; for she herself debauched this Polemon, a noble and ingenuous youth, and naturally well affected to me, seized upon him in his earliest years, and with the assistance of her hand-maid Pleasure, corrupted his mind, and led him to taverns and brothels, till he had lost all sense of shame. What she said in her own defence, may as well suit me: for he was walking night and day through the city, always listening to some fiddler or other, and never sober, to the disgrace of his family, a laughing-

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laughing-stock to the whole town, and every stranger in it. When he came, I happened to be, as I often am, discoursing with some of my friends; at first he made a violent noise, and roaring, and endeavoured as much as he could to interrupt our lecture, but perceiving that we took no notice of him, by degrees, (for as yet he was scarce recovered from his drunken fit,) he grew sober; our conversation had such an effect upon him, that he tore off his garlands, bade the fiddling girl have done playing, and was ashamed of his fine purple coat; as if awakened from a dream, he began to look into himself, and abhor his former life; to the redness of a drunkard which had before covered his cheeks, succeeded the blush of shame; the rebel at length came entirely over to me: not as she tells you, either forced or even invited to it, but of his own accord, and convinced that it was better for him. Call him to me, if you please, and you will see what good friends we are. I found him, most venerable judges, behaving most ridiculously, and so drunk, that he could neither speak, nor stand: I converted him, and instead of a contemptible slave, sent him back to his friends an honest, sober, and respectable man: he acknowledges himself much obliged to me for it; and you may judge which
of

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of us it was best for him to keep company with.

M E R C U R Y.

Come, come, your votes without farther delay : rise, for we have a great many other causes to try.

J U S T I C E.

Academy has it by every voice but one.

M E R C U R Y.

It would have been a wonder, indeed, if drunkenness had not found one friend amongst you. Come, sit down, you that are chosen judges in the cause between the Portico, and Pleasure : the water is poured in ; you, * lady of the pictures, may begin.

P O R T I C O.

I am not ignorant, O judges, how artful and specious an adversary I am now contending with ; many of you, I perceive, are casting an eye of complacency towards her, despising me for my homely appearance, the rough manliness of my countenance, and the severity of my contracted brow. I doubt not, however, but that, if you will listen to me with attention,

* Lady.] Gr. ποικίλη, Pœcile. The portico where Zeno taught the Stoic philosophy, was called Ποικίλη, Pœcile, or various; from the variety of curious pictures which it contained, drawn by the greatest masters in Greece.

I shall

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I shall appear to have more justice on my side than she can pretend to: that assuring countenance, that courtesan's dress, with all its metreticious ornaments, are proof enough against her; with those she seduced my lover, the once wise and sober † Dionysius; the † cause you just now determined, but too nearly resembles mine: consider within yourselves which is most eligible, to wallow in the mire of luxury and intemperance, like so many swine, without a thought of any thing great or noble; or, preferring the good and useful, to the pleasant and agreeable, to act like freemen and philosophers: never dreading pain and affliction as evils not to be surmounted, nor placing, like slaves, our happiness in figs and honey: these are the baits she throws out to allure the weak and idle, representing toil and labour, as something frightful and disgusting: and then it was that she persuaded him to shake me off, after she had infected his mind with this poison; for never in his sober senses would he have listened to her. But why should I be angry with her for abus-

† *Dionysius.*] A famous disciple of Zeno's. It is recorded of him, that labouring for a long time under a dreadful disorder in his eyes, he renounced the Stoic doctrine, and so far apostatised as to acknowledge, that pain was a real evil.

† *The cause.*] Viz. that between Drunkenness and Academy.

ing

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ing me, when she spares not even the gods, but arraigns their providence, and deserves, therefore, to be punished for her impiety! I hear she does not mean to answer for herself, but has hired Epicurus to plead for her; in such contempt does she hold the seat of judgment: but ask her, I intreat you, what she thinks Hercules, and your Theseus would have been, if they had fled from labour, and followed the camp of pleasure; the earth had then been full of nothing but injustice and oppression. This is all I shall observe to you, as I am not fond of long speeches, though, if she thought proper, to enter into a dispute with me, I could soon shew you how little she has to say for herself; but you will remember your oath, and proceed to your suffrages, without giving credit to Epicurus, who will tell you that the gods take no care of human affairs.

M E R C U R Y.

Change the water. You, Epicurus, may speak in defence of your client, Pleasure.

E P I C U R U S.

I shall not detain you, O judges, with a long speech, nor have I occasion for many arguments; if Pleasure has in reality made use of any poisons or incantations to seduce and betray this same Dionysius, let her be condemned as an enchan-

enchantress, and punished accordingly: but if,
 on the other hand, a free man, in a free city,
 disgusted at the sourness of the Portico, and find-
 ing that felicity, which it promised, only an idle
 pretence, should quit its crooked paths, and
 labyrinths of argument, and shake off its chains,
 should consider man, not as a stock or stone,
 labour as it really is, an evil, and pleasure as it
 always must be, sweet and agreeable; must
 such a man, because just escaped from a ship-
 wreck he would swim into the haven, be forced
 into incessant toil, and given up a victim to
 despair, when he fled for refuge to the arms of
 Pleasure, like a suppliant at the altar of mercy?
 or should he labour perpetually in search of that
 great and celebrated object virtue, and spend
 a whole life of misery and sorrow here, in hopes
 of happiness hereafter? could any man deter-
 mine more properly than he did, who, though
 he was well acquainted with all the Stoic doc-
 trines, and acknowledged, that what was honest,
 could alone be good; yet found that labour
 was a real evil, and made choice of that which
 experience taught him was the best. He per-
 ceived, moreover, that those who talked so
 much about patience and long-suffering, were,
 in private, fond of pleasure; and however they
 might boast abroad of temperance and fortitude,
 would

would indulge themselves in luxury at home; that when they were found a little remiss, in not adhering to their tenets, they would blush at the discovery, though they could but ill support this tantalising punishment; and whenever they had an opportunity of violating the laws in secret, and without fear of punishment, took down full draughts of sensuality. If, therefore, they could procure the ring of * Gyges, or the helmet of † Orcus, to make them invisible, I make no doubt but they would all bid adieu to labour, and, one after another, follow pleasure, as Dionysius did before them, who, for a long time flattered himself, that

* *Gyges.*] A king of Lydia, who dethroned Caudales, and succeeded to his kingdom, had a ring, by turning a certain part of which upwards, he could render himself invisible. If the reader would wish to know how he came by the ring, and what use he made of it, I refer him to the third book of Tully's *Offices*, where he will find the whole romantic story told from Plato by the Roman orator, with his philosophical reflections upon it.

† *Orcus.*] Alluding to that passage in the fifth book of the *Iliad*, where Minerva,

— to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

See Pope's *Hom.* ll. b. v. l. 1036.

As every thing that goes into the dark empire of Pluto, or Orcus, disappears, and is seen no more: the Greeks from thence borrowed this figurative expression; to put on Orcus, or Pluto's helmet, that is to say, to become invisible.

their

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their lectures and disputations would be of service to him; till sickness and pain came upon him, and then finding by experience, that the Portico and his weak frame did not agree well together, gave credit to one rather than the other; began to feel that he was a mortal, and had a mortal's body; he resolved, therefore, not to treat it like a statue, being well convinced, that whoever pretended to be of a different opinion, and to find fault with pleasure, only boast in word, whilst in deed their minds are fixed upon it. I have done; you may proceed to judgment.

P O R T I C O.

By no means; I beg to ask him a few questions first.

E P I C U R U S.

Ask them, and I will answer you.

P O R T I C O.

Do you imagine labour to be a real evil?

E P I C U R U S.

Certainly.

P O R T I C O.

And pleasure a certain good?

E P I C U R U S.

No doubt of it.

P O R T I C O.

But tell me, do you know what I mean by

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things

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-things indifferent and not indifferent, essential and non-essential?

E P I C U R U S.

I do.

M E R C U R Y.

The judges say they do not understand these hard terms, therefore have done with your dispute; they are going to vote.

P O R T I C O.

I should inevitably have conquered, if I could have gone on with my questions in the third figure of the * indemonstrables.

J U S T I C E.

Which has gained the cause?

M E R C U R Y.

Pleasure, unanimously.

P O R T I C O.

I appeal to Jupiter.

J U S T I C E.

Success attend you! call somebody else.

* *Indemonstrables.*] Modi indemonstrabiles appellantur, says Apuleius, non quod demonstrari nequerunt, sed quod tam simplices tamque manifesti sunt, ut demonstratione non egeant—They are called indemonstrable, not because they cannot be demonstrated, but because they are so plain and simple, that they do not stand in need of any demonstration. This is about as good an illustration of the word, as serjeant Kite's in the Recruiting Officer, "Demonstration from Dæmon, the father of lies."

M E R.

THE DOUBLE INDICTMENT. 419

M E R C U R Y.

Virtue and Luxury contending for Aristippus: let him appear himself.

V I R T U E.

I must speak first: Aristippus is mine, as all his words and actions sufficiently testify.

L U X U R Y.

It is no such thing; he belongs to me; he is my man, as is evident from his † garlands, his purple, and his ointments.

J U S T I C E.

Let us have no more dispute between you; this cause, likewise, must be put off till Jupiter has determined with regard to Dionysius, for it seems to be a similar affair; if that is given in favour of Pleasure, Luxury shall have Aristippus; but if the Portico is declared conqueror, he must belong to Virtue: so let us call another

† *Garlands.*] Aristippus held that Pleasure was the chief good, or *Summum Bonum* of life; he always, therefore, indulged himself in the luxuries of it. When Dionysius, the Sicilian tyrant, at a feast, commanded that all should put on purple robes, Plato refused, saying,

I will not with a purple robe, disgrace
Myself, who am a man of manly race.

But Aristippus took it, and beginning to dance, said,

If it come pure, a mirthful feast,
Never corrupts a modest breast.

This note is from Stanley's History of Philosophy, see
P. 135.

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cause; but these judges must not have the * reward, for this is not finished.

M E R C U R Y.

And so the old men are to clamber up here for nothing.

J U S T I C E.

If they have a third part, it is enough; away with you, do not grumble; you shall be judges again by and by.

M E R C U R Y.

It is time for Diogenes the Sinopean to make his appearance: you, Gluttony, may speak.

D I O G E N E S.

If she is not quiet, I shall soon give her cause not to accuse me of running away, but of beating her soundly, which I will certainly do, and that immediately.

J U S T I C E.

What is all this? she is running away, and he pursues her with a large club; she will get into a bad scrape soon: call Pyrrho.

M E R C U R Y.

Painting is here, but Pyrrho will not come at all; I thought, indeed, he would serve us in this manner.

* *The reward.*] The three oboli, the established fee given to the judges; but which, Justice says, they were not entitled to, as the cause remained yet undetermined.

J U S-

J U S T I C E.

Why so?

M E R C U R Y.

* Because he never admits of any thing decisive.

J U S T I C E.

Then let him be non-suited. Now call in the Syrian author, though his name was given in last, nor did he seem anxious about the cause; however, let his and Rhetoric's come on first: what a crowd there is to hear it!

M E R C U R Y.

No wonder, for it is quite a new thing; they are in hopes of hearing Dialogue and Rhetoric accusing one another, and the Syrian pleading against them both; this has brought so many people to the trial. Come, Rhetoric, do you begin.

R H E T O R I C.

First † then, O Athenians, I humbly im-

* *Because.*] This is very arch, the Pyrrhonists or Sceptics, doubted of every thing, and consequently could never admit the decisions of a court of judicature.

† *First then, &c.*] This is taken almost word for word from Demosthenes's Oration de Coronâ, and his third Olynthiac, and is introduced here by Lucian, partly, perhaps, as a compliment to Demosthenes, by putting his words into the mouth of Rhetoric herself, and partly, perhaps, to ridicule the affectation and plagiarism of the orators of his time, who made free with that great speaker's works in every discourse. Lucian takes this occasion also to lavish not a few encomiums on himself.

plore the gods, that the same kindness and good-will which I have always borne towards this city, and to all here present, may be extended to me in this cause; that they will inspire you with the resolution, which is but just, to impose silence on him, till I have finished my accusation; very different is what he hath done, from what he hath said to me; for his words, as you will soon perceive, resemble mine, whilst his actions are such as would be most pernicious, and which, I cannot sufficiently guard against: but, not to make a long exordium, whilst the water flows in vain, hear what I have to allege against him.

Know then, most venerable judges, that I found him when a boy, in a habit little better than that of an Assyrian slave, a mere Barbarian in his language, wandering about Ionia, and not knowing which way to turn himself; in this condition I took him under my care and brought him up; as he seemed tractable, and attentive to me, for at this time he held me in the highest esteem and veneration, I left all the rich and great, by whom I was courted and admired, and attached myself to this poor and ignoble youth, to whom I brought the noblest portion, of amazing eloquence; I carried him about to all the tribes, and, though
a fo-

a foreigner, got him enrolled as a citizen, to the no little mortification of his rivals; when he went to rich weddings, I still followed him up and down, helped him to compose and adorn his works, and made him famous wherever he came; what I did for him in Greece was not much, but when he travelled into Italy, I crossed the Ionian gulph with him, accompanied him even into Gaul, and there made his fortune. For a long time he did every thing I desired him, and never was absent even for one night from me. When at length he grew satiated of glory and good living, he became proud, and supercilious, and from that time neglected, or rather totally deserted me, falling violently in love with that old, long-bearded fellow, whom they call the Son of Philosophy; quits, without a blush, that flow of words, and easy freedom which I had taught him, and confines himself to little frittered scraps of questions and answers; instead of haranguing with a loud and noble voice, he speaks nothing but short and pithy sentences, as if his business were only to put syllables together, which I do not find he gets any great admiration or applause by, except, perhaps, a smile, a small clap between the acts, a nod of the head, and now and then a groan; and yet, fond of this, he neglects

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and despises me: though he is not, I hear, on very good terms even with his new favourite, whom he sometimes, they say, abuses and quarrels with.

Is he not, then, the most ungrateful of men, and may I not sue him for ill-treatment, for leaving his lawful wife, who has heaped so many favours on, and ennobled him, to go after a new one? and that at a time too, when all the world beside is admiring me: I am surrounded by lovers on every side knocking at my door; but I will not open them to fellows who bring nothing but noise and nonsense; but all this will not restore the false one to me, he still doats on his new love; and yet what, good heaven! can he expect from such a one, who has nothing to give him but an old cloak? Judges, I have done; in his reply, you will not, I hope, suffer him to use my method of defence; that would be turning my own arms against me; when he pleads the cause of his darling, * Dialogue, let him do it with Dialogue if he can.

M E R C U R Y.

That, lady Rhetoric, we can never allow: he cannot plead by himself, and make use of Dialogue at the same time.

* *Dialogue.*] An arch kind of puzzle, naturally arising from the whimsical personification of the two accusers.

S Y R I A N.

THE DOUBLE INDICTMENT. 425

S Y R I A N.

Since my adversary does not chuse to indulge me in that elaborate and diffusive mode of speech which I learned from her, I shall be brief in my reply. I will satisfy you, however, with regard to every article which she has alleged against me. What she told you about me, I acknowledge was all true; she instructed, travelled with me, and introduced me to the best company in Greece; on all these accounts the connection was most agreeable to me; and now you shall hear why I left her, and fixed my affections on the lovely Dialogue; do not imagine I would be guilty of the least degree of falsehood to support my cause.

Know then, that when I perceived she no longer behaved with that temperance and sobriety, or appeared in that decent habit, which she wore when wedded to the * Pæanian orator, but tricked herself out like a harlot, plaited her hair, and painted her cheeks, I began to suspect, and watched her narrowly; but I will not mention all I saw; suffice it to say, that every night the street was filled with drunken lovers, who came to revel with her, knocking perpetually at her door, and some of them breaking in with rude force and violence, she seeming

* *Pæanian.*] Demosthenes.

all

all the while to laugh at, and be pleased with them for it; frequently would she look down upon them from her window, and listen to their amorous ditties; nay even sometimes open her door, and little thinking I knew any thing of it, play the wanton with them. I did not choose openly to accuse her of adultery, but not being able to bear such treatment, betook myself to Dialogue, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who, I thought, would with open arms receive me. These are all the great injuries which I have done to Rhetoric; but even, if she had not acted in this manner, surely, Sirs, an old man, on the verge of forty, might be permitted to retire from strife and bustle, and end his days in peace; to shelter himself both from the accusations of tyrants, and the applauses of the great; and, no longer ambitious of fame or admiration, to seek the Lycæum or Academy, and converse there peaceably with my friend Dialogue. And now, having nothing more to say, I submit to your equitable determination.

J U S T I C E.

Which is the conqueror?

M E R C U R Y.

The Syrian has every vote but one.

J U S.

THE DOUBLE INDICTMENT. 427

J U S T I C E.

And that one is a Rhetorician: and now, Dialogue, you must speak, before the same court. You, Judges, are to remain, and be paid double for your pains.

D I A L O G U E.

I shall not trouble the court with a long speech, but, as my custom is, be brief as possible; ignorant though I am of forms, I will proceed in my accusation, and support it in the usual manner. Thus far my exordium; and now to the injuries and affronts which I have received from this man, which are as follows: to wit, taking me, who was always, hitherto, used to talk in the sublime and lofty style, to walk over the clouds, and through the air,

- Where mighty Jove, through the wide æther drives
His rapid chariot.

And when I was just got to the pinnacle of all things, stopping me in my flight, breaking my wings, and reducing me upon a level with the multitude: taking off my modest tragic mask, and putting me on a comic and satiric

* *Where mighty, &c.*] Taken from the Phædrus of Plato, where he says, ὁ μὲν δὲ μέγας ἡγεμὼν ἐν ἑρῶνι Ζεὺς πτηνὸν ἀγμὰ ἐλαύνει. Lucian, probably, by this quotation, means to ridicule Plato's expression, as favouring too much of poetical rhapsody.

one; shutting me up with bitter jests, keen iambics, and cynic licentiousness; joining me with Eupolis and Aristophanes, men who laugh at, and are severe upon every thing; and, which is worse, introducing me to the company of that snarling cur, Menippus, who fawns upon, and bites you at the same time. Is not it the worst of treatment, not to suffer me to wear my own cloaths, and force me to talk comedy, stuff, and nonsense? Then, what is most absurd of all, to make such a strange jumble of me, that I am neither prose nor verse, but a mixed unaccountable composition, which the hearers know not what to make of.

M E R C U R Y.

Well, Syrian, what have you to say to this?

S Y R I A N.

It is an attack which I little expected; I had reason, indeed, to hope for different treatment from him, whom I found with a melancholy countenance, shrivelled up with dry interrogatories, grave, indeed, and respectable; but sour, awkward, and ungracious. I taught him to walk on the ground like a man, cleansed him from his filth and nastiness, and gave him a smile of complacency, that made him agreeable to all beholders; by joining him with comedy, which he complains of, I gained him-
the

the good will of his auditors, who before, were afraid of his bristles, which he shot forth like a porcupine, so that they could not venture to go near him. I know what hurts him most is, that I do not fit with him, and dispute about idle, subtle, and perplexing questions, whether the soul is immortal; how many measures, what portion of the divine nature, god, when he made the world, mixed up with the general mass of matter; whether Rhetoric is made up of Flattery and Politics; and such like subtleties, which he highly delights in, though it be, after all, only like scratching an old sore; nothing is so pleasant to him as to be told he can see those things which nobody else can. This is what he wants, always looking round for his wings, to fly up to heaven, and at the same time cannot see the things that lie before him upon earth. As to his complaint, that, being myself a Barbarian, I have given him a Barbarian dress, and stripped him of his Grecian robe, it is a falsehood; shamefully should I have transgressed the laws, to rob him of his native dress; I have only improved it. And now, judges, I have made the best defence I could, and hope you will, as before, fairly acquit me.

M E R.

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M E R C U R Y.

All the ten are for you, though he who voted
against you, is still of the same opinion; but
he is sure always to envy the deserving, and
put in his black ball against them. To-mor-
row some other causes are to come on, in the
mean time, † you may retire.

† You.] Speaking to the judges.

T H E

PARASITÆ,

A DIALOGUE.

*Under the Mask of a grave and labour'd Encomium on the Art or Mystery of Parasitism, universally practis'd in LUCIAN'S time; and not uncommon in our own, we have here a severe Satire on the Professors of it. The Moria Encomium, or Praise of Folly, by Erasmus, was, probably, suggested to him by this very entertaining Dialogue, which is written in an easy unaffected Style, and if it doth not make the Reader smile, he must either have no risible Muscles, or knows not how, or when, to make use of them. Our Author follows the Socratic Method of Disputing, made Use of by Socrates; who, as * Addison observes, "introduced the catechetical Mode of arguing, asking his Adversary Question upon Question, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth, that his Opinions were wrong. This way of Debating (he observes,) drives an Enemy up into a Corner, seizes all the Passes through which he can make his Escape, and forces him to surrender at Discretion."*

* See Spectator, No. 239.

TYCHIADES, SIMO.

TYCHIADES.

HOW comes it to pass, Simo, that whilst all mankind, freemen or slaves, exercise some art which is profitable both to themselves and to others also, you seem to have no employment that can be of service, either to yourself, or to any body else?

SIMO.

I do not rightly understand your question, Tychiades; I beg you would be more explicit.

TYCHIADES.

Is there, I mean, any art or science which you are master of; do you, for instance, understand music?

SIMO.

By Jupiter, not at all.

TYCHIADES.

Physic, perhaps?

SIMO.

Nor that neither.

TYCHIADES.

Geometry?

SIMO.

No.

TYCHIADES.

What then? Rhetoric mayhap? for as to philosophy, I know you are as far from it as vice itself is.

SIMO.

S I M O.

Yes, and farther too would I wish to be if possible; nor would I have you think I am ashamed of my ignorance in that point: I own I am bad enough, and even worse than you suppose me.

T Y C H I A D E S.

May be so; but these, perhaps, are things you never learned, on account of their superior excellency, and the difficulty of attaining them: you may, notwithstanding, be an adept in some of the common trades or professions, a smith's, or a cobbler's; for your fortune, I know, is too small, to do without something of this kind.

S I M O.

True, Tychiades; and yet I know nothing of them.

T Y C H I A D E S.

What other profession are you of, then?

S I M O.

What profession? a very fine one, I think, and when you know what it is, you will think so too, and admire me for it; I assure you I am perfect master of it, though I cannot explain it to you.

T Y C H I A D E S.

What is it?

S I M O.

I cannot, as yet, properly describe it to you;

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it, at present, to inform you, that I have a certain art, which I am a proficient in, and, therefore, am not in want: what it is, you shall hear another time.

T Y C H I A D E S.

But I cannot stay so long.

S I M O.

When you know it, you will say it is something very new and astonishing.

T Y C H I A D E S.

For that very reason, I long to be acquainted with it.

S I M O.

Some other time, my friend.

T Y C H I A D E S.

No no, let us have it now, unless you are ashamed.

S I M O.

It is the art of parasitism.

T Y C H I A D E S.

And would any one but a madman call this an art?

S I M O.

Yes, I do; and if I am mad, consider that this madness excuses me from learning any other art, and then I am sure you will acquit me; for that same dæmon, madness, however dreadful it may be to those who labour under it, is never blamed for the faults it commits; any more

than

THE PARASITE. 435

than the scholar is for what his master has taught him.

TYCHIADES.

The parasite, therefore, practises an art?

SIMO.

Certainly; and that art I am master of.

TYCHIADES.

You own yourself a parasite then?

SIMO.

I do; and now you think you have abused me dreadfully.

TYCHIADES.

Don't you blush when you call yourself a parasite?

SIMO.

By no means: on the contrary, I should have more reason to blush if I did not.

TYCHIADES.

And if I wanted to describe you to a person who desired to know what you were, would you have me say, a parasite?

SIMO.

Were you to call a statuary Phidias, you would not please him more than you do me, by calling me a parasite; nor do I glory less in my art, than he did in his Jupiter.

TYCHIADES.

Now cannot I help smiling, when I think —

Y T

F f 2

SIMO.

S I M O.

Of what?

T Y C H I A D E S.

Why, of writing to you, and directing on the outside, to Simo the Parasite.

S I M O.

Well, and I shall like it better than if it was to * Dion the Philosopher.

T Y C H I A D E S.

As to what you would wish to be called, it signifies little or nothing; but the folly is, with regard to the profession.

S I M O.

What do you mean?

T Y C H I A D E S.

Would you place it, I mean, amongst the arts? if I am asked what art such a one professes, am I to say, as the grammatical, and the medicinal, so the parasitical art?

S I M O.

Certainly, Tychiades; and I would rather say that than any other: and if you please, I will tell you why, though, as I said before, I am not properly prepared for it.

* *Dion*] Of Alexandria, celebrated, according to Philostratus, as an eminent philosopher.

T Y.

TYCHIADES.

Well, let us hear it, though, I am afraid, there will be but little truth in your assertions.

SIMO.

First then, we will consider art in general, and then descend to the several species of it, consider how far they partake of the first principles of it.

TYCHIADES.

What then is art? for it seems you can tell me.

SIMO.

I can.

TYCHIADES.

If you know then, let us have it immediately.

SIMO.

An art, then, as I remember to have been told by a certain learned man, is a system of approved rules, co-operating to a certain end useful to society.

TYCHIADES.

Well recollected; you have delivered it exactly as he defined it to you.

SIMO.

If the practice of a parasite answers in every respect to this definition, what is it but an art?

TYCHIADES.

If it does, an art it must certainly be.

S I M O.

Let us see then, whether by comparing it with the several requisites of an art, it will correspond, or whether, like cracked vessels, they will jar against each other: and first then, this art, like every other, should be a system of approved rules, a complete perception. The first thing, therefore, necessary, is clearly to explore and discern who is the proper person to feed and maintain us, and most likely, when he has taken that resolution, not to change his mind; unless, indeed, we will advance, that he who can distinguish good money from bad, is a proper judge of corn: and yet that he is no artist who can know an honest man from a knave, whereas men are by no means so easily read as corns: for, according to the sage Euripides,

- * No certain mark by which the good from ill
May be distinguish'd, doth the body wear.

So much doth the parasite excel nature in knowing and understanding things the most hidden and obscure, and better than divination itself; to say and do every thing that may recommend and ingratiate himself with his patron, is surely a mark of the strongest faculties and superior understanding.

- * No certain.] From the Medea of Euripides.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Most indisputably.

S I M O.

To be much better treated, and counted a more agreeable companion than any of those who do not understand the art; can this, think you, be managed without sense and wisdom?

T Y C H I A D E S.

By no means.

S I M O.

Then to point out the beauties and faults of the several dishes at table, can never be done but by a proficient in the art; for, as the most noble Plato well observes, If he who treats, has no skill in cookery, he is not fit to give a supper.

But farther; not only are the rules of our art fixed and approved, but reduced also to practice; other arts may remain for days, nights, months, and years, and yet never operate, though at the same time they exist in the person who possesses them; whereas, in the parasite, if the rules are not put in practice, it makes an end both of the art and the artificer. As to the usefulness of the end required, it would be madness to call it in question: for surely nothing is more useful than eating and drinking, as without them, it is impossible to live.

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TYCHIADES.

True.

SIMO.

Again, it is not a gift of nature, like strength, or beauty, but acquired, and consequently an art.

TYCHIADES.

Right.

SIMO.

Neither is it ignorance, for ignorance can never serve or assist you : were you to go to sea in a storm, and knew not how to guide the ship, could you expect to be saved ?

TYCHIADES.

Certainly, no.

SIMO.

And wherefore ? because, doubtless, you wanted the art.

TYCHIADES.

True.

SIMO.

The parasite, therefore, could not be saved if he was ignorant.

TYCHIADES.

Right.

SIMO.

He is saved, therefore, by art, and not by ignorance.

TYCHIADES.

No doubt of it.

SIMO.

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S I M O.

Parasitism, then, must be an art.

T Y C H I A D E S.

So, indeed, it should seem to be.

S I M O.

Moreover, very good pilots, and very good drivers have I seen thrown from their seats, some bruised, others killed; but never did I hear of a parasite wrecked or overturned. Upon the whole, then, since parasitism is not ignorance, nor a gift of nature, but certain fixed and approved rules reduced to practice, be it agreed, henceforth, between us, that it is an art.

T Y C H I A D E S.

By what I learn from you, it certainly is so; the only thing remaining to be proved, is the goodness of the end.

S I M O.

This you have doubtless a right to require: to define it, therefore; the parasitical art is the art of eating and drinking, and saying proper things on that subject; and the end of it is, pleasure.

T Y C H I A D E S.

You have defined your art most admirably; but take care the philosophers do not quarrel with you about the end.

S I M O.

S I M O N.

It is sufficient, surely, with regard to the end, if the parasitical art, and the summum bonum are found to be the same, as will evidently appear; for the wise Homer, who admired the life of a parasite, affirms it to be the most happy, and most enviable of all human conditions.

* How sweet (says he), the products of a peaceful reign!
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast.
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social day in union, and in joy;
The plenteous board, high-heap'd with cakes divine,
And, o'er the foaming bowl, the laughing wine!

And then, as if he had not sufficiently expressed his admiration of it, to confirm his opinion, he adds,

Dear to my heart is such delicious fare.

Concluding, if we are to take his word, that none but the parasite can be truly happy. Observe, withal, that he puts these words into the mouth of no common man, but the wisest of the Greeks: if Ulysses had preferred the ultimate end of the Stoics, he might have said so when he brought back Philoctetes from Lemnos, when he laid waste old Troy, destroyed

* How sweet, &c.] See Pope's Homer's *Odyssey* b. ix. l. 3.

Ilium,

Ilium, or when he entered it, beating himself, and in his poor Stoic tatters; and yet even then he did not call that the most delightful of all ends; nay, when he got again into the Epicurean life with Calypso, in luxury and indolence with Atlas's daughter, and all her allurements, even then he never said this was the sweetest of all ends; but still preferred the life of the parasite. Parasites, you will observe, at that time were called guests; and how does he speak of them! for again, it will be worth while to recur to his verses, nor can they, indeed, be properly understood, unless we often repeat them,

* The plenteous board, high-heap'd with cakes divine,
Epicurus himself stole his summum bonum from
the parasite; and an impudent theft it was, for
Epicurus did not † enjoy that happiness, which
he declares to be his great end; whilst the pa-

* *The plenteous, &c.*] Part of the lines quoted just before from the Odyssey.

† *Enjoy, &c.*] Lucian here, contrary to his usual severity, does justice to the character of Epicurus, who, though he considered pleasure as the summum bonum, lived himself a distinguished example of temperance and sobriety: his followers, however, we have reason to suppose, were not ambitious of imitating him in this particular, but were truly what Horace calls them, *Epicuri de grege Porci*.

parasite

parasite really doth; for pleasure, in my opinion, consists in having a † body free from pain or trouble, and a mind totally divested of all care and solicitude. Now the parasite possesses both these, and the Epicurean neither; for those who are perpetually hunting after the § figure of the earth, the magnitude of the sun, infinite worlds, and their distances from each other, and the first elements of things; disputing whether there are any gods or not, and quarrelling amongst themselves about the end of every good, surely may be styled not merely subject to human miseries, but deeply involved in worldly matters: whilst the parasite, who thinks every thing is as it should be, and that it cannot possibly be in a better situation than it is; never disturbed by such thoughts as these, eats and drinks in peace and safety, and lays all along with his hands and feet in perfect liberty;

† *A body, &c.*] *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Hor.

§ *Figure, &c.*] The earth, according to Epicurus, (who seemed to have no fixed or determinate opinion concerning it,) may be round, oval, or lenticular; triangular, pyramidal, square, hexaedrical, or of any other plain figure, especially if it be unmoved: "Most maintain the world, (say he,) to be as immortal and blessed, so also round, because Plato denieth any figure to be more beautiful than that; but to me, that of the cylinder, or the square, or the cone, or the pyramid, seem, by reason of the variety, more beautiful." See Stanley's Hist. of Phil. p. 570.

like

like Ulysses on his return to Ithaca. But there is another reason why I think the Epicurean a stranger to real pleasure; this wise man either has something to eat, or he has not; now, if he has not, so far from living pleasantly, he cannot live at all: if he has, either he must have it from himself, or from somebody else; but if he has it from any body else, he must be a parasite, and not, what he would have you think him, a philosopher; and if he provides them himself, he can never live pleasantly.

TYCHIADES.

Why so?

SIMO.

Because he must be liable to a thousand inconveniencies: he who would live pleasantly, must satisfy every desire, must he not?

TYCHIADES.

Certainly.

SIMO.

This, he who has a large fortune, perhaps, may, but he who has little or nothing, never can; let not the poor man ever pretend to be wise, since he cannot attain the great end, I mean pleasure: but neither can even the rich, who ministers most abundantly to his desires, arrive at this; and why? because he who spends a great deal, must always meet with a
great

great deal of trouble, such as quarreling with the cook for dressing his victuals so badly, or, if he does not, having nothing fit to eat, and consequently no pleasure; besides, perhaps, scolding his house-keeper for managing matters so ill: are not these things so?

T Y C H I A D E S.

By Jove, I think they are.

S I M O.

Now all this may happen to an Epicurean; ergo, he cannot arrive at the end proposed: but the parasite has no cook to be angry with, no house-keeper, no land or money to lament the loss of; he has nothing to do but to eat and drink, and is free from all the troubles and uneasiness which the other is perpetually subject to.

From the preceding arguments we have fairly proved that parasitism is an art: we shall now proceed to shew that it is the most complete one, that it is not only superior to all arts in general, but, separately considered, to every particular one: and first, it excels them all, because every art necessarily requires labour, discipline, terrors, beatings, stripes, &c. which we have all a natural aversion to, whereas our art is learned without any of them. Who ever returned in tears from a feast, as many do from their masters;

masters; or who ever that was going to a good supper looked melancholy, as they do who frequent the schools? The parasite goes cheerfully and of his own accord to a treat, and seems in love with his art, whilst those who learn others, hold them in abhorrence, and even frequently run away to avoid them. In other arts, parents reward children according to their merit; give the boy some victuals if he has wrote well, or if he has not, give him none; of such consequence is this same eating, that both reward and punishment are determined by it: now the parasite eats every day. In other arts this is the fruit of all their learning, and they receive it with joy after the task is over; but the way to it is rough and difficult: the parasite alone enjoys the fruit of his art at the very time when he is learning it; and even as soon as he begins, attains the end desired. Not only some other arts, but every one of them are practised to gain a maintenance; whilst the parasite gets one the moment he enters upon it. The husbandman does not till his field for the sake of agriculture, nor the builder build houses for the sake of architecture; but the parasite has nothing else in view but the thing itself; his business, and the end for which it was undertaken, is one and the same.

Again:

Again: in other arts, men are perpetually employed, and have only two or three holidays in a month; for some places have annual, others monthly festivals, on which they are allowed to be merry; but the parasite has thirty holy-days in the month; for every day to him seems holy.

In other arts, those who would arrive at any proficiency in them, must be dieted like sick men; for he that eats and drinks abundantly, will never learn much. In other arts, the workman can do nothing without his tools; there is no singing without a flute, nor playing without a lyre, nor riding without a horse; now, our art is so commodious, and so easy to the artist, that he can exercise it without any instrument at all. For other arts, we give something to learn them, but in this we receive for it: others, moreover, require a master, but this none: for, as Socrates says of poetry, it comes by inspiration: add to this, that other arts cannot be practised when you are at sea, or upon a journey, but this may.

T Y C H I A D E S.

True.

S I M O.

Other arts, indeed, seem to stand in need of this, but this of no other.

T Y-

TYCHIADES.

But answer me this; do not those who take what belongs to another, act unjustly?

SIMO.

No doubt of it.

TYCHIADES.

Is not the parasite then guilty of injustice?

SIMO.

I cannot see that; the origin and source of every other art is mean and base, but the parasite's is noble and generous; it springs from that boasted virtue of philosophers, true friendship.

TYCHIADES.

How so?

SIMO.

Because no body invites a man to dinner who is his enemy, or a stranger, or even a person slightly acquainted with him; he must be a friend before he can be admitted to the table, and be initiated into the rites and mysteries of our art: it is a common saying, what sort of a friend must he be, who neither eats nor drinks with us! by which it is plain they mean, that he alone who eats and drinks with us, can be a good and faithful friend. That this is the most princely, and, as it were, sovereign of all arts, is indisputable, because men exercise others not

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only with great toil and labour, but standing, or sitting, as if they were slaves; but the parasite practises his lying all along like a king. Need I mention here the peculiar felicity of him, who, as Homer says, neither * plants, turns the glebe, nor sows, but without doing either, feeds freely upon every thing? the orator, the worker in brass, or the geometrician may exercise their profession, be they ever so foolish, or ever so bad; but no man can be a parasite, who is either one or the other.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Bless us! what a fine thing it is to be a parasite! I could almost wish to be one myself instead of what I am.

S I M O.

I have shewn already how much this excels all arts in general; I shall now proceed to prove how superior it is to every particular one. To compare it with any of the vulgar and mechanic arts, would debase and degrade it: we shall, therefore, only consider the most elegant

* *Plants.*] See Homer's description of the land of the Cyclops in the 9th book of the *Odyssey*, where he tells us the inhabitants are

Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe, or sow,
They all their products to free nature owe.

Pope's *Hom. Od. b. ix. l. 121.*

and

and refined ; and amongst these, it is universally agreed, that rhetoric and philosophy are the principal ones ; which, on account of their superior excellency, are by many styled sciences : if we can prove that parasitism is far beyond these, it must as evidently shine forth the sovereign of arts, as * Nauficae was the queen of chambermaids.

First then, it excels both rhetoric and philosophy, as being a real and actual substance, concerning which, all are agreed ; whilst, with regard to the others, they are not. As to rhetoric, it is not one and the same thing with every body ; for some call it an art, others no art at all, and others a bad and mischievous one, and so on : in like manner, philosophy is not always the same, it is one thing with the Stoics, another with the Epicureans, another with the Academics, and another with the Peripatetics ; to this day its professors are not agreed in their opinion of it : from these two we may form an idea of the rest : I cannot possibly call that an art, which is not so much as a real substance. Arithmetic, indeed, is always one and the same, two and two make four with the Greeks as well as Persians ; in this point, Greeks

* *Nauficas.*] See Homer's *Odyssey*, book vi.

and barbarians never differ : but many and diverse are our philosophies, and we plainly perceive, that neither their principle nor their ends are the same.

TYCHIADES.

What you say is too true ; for the professors call philosophy one simple thing, and yet themselves split it into a hundred.

SIMO.

In other professions, perhaps, some inconsistencies may be pardoned, and some errors passed over ; but to philosophy, which is the teacher of truth, unity is essentially necessary ; and who can bear to see it, like so many discordant instruments, disagreeing with itself ? it cannot be a simple thing, always one and the same, because we see several different kinds of it ; now, different kinds of it there cannot be, because, if it is philosophy, it must be one and the same. We may argue in the same manner also with regard to rhetoric ; when all do not say the same on the subject proposed, but perpetually disagree in their opinions, it is plain to a demonstration, that object can have no real actual existence, the perceptions arising from which, are not universally the same ; when the thing is contested, to whom can it belong ? its never being found in any particular person,

at

at once destroys its existence. But it is not so with parasitism, which is the same, both amongst Greeks and barbarians, in its practice, and in the manner of it; nor can it ever be said, that one man is a parasite in one way, and another in another: nor have they, like the Stoics and Epicureans, different tenets, but a general union and harmony amongst themselves, the actions ever corresponding with the ends proposed by them. Parasitism, therefore, as far as I see, stands the chance of being styled the only true wisdom.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Thus far you seem to be in the right; but how will you prove your art to be superior to philosophy in all other points?

S I M O.

First, I shall observe that no parasite ever fell in love with philosophy, whereas many philosophers are recorded to have turned parasites, and do so to this day.

T Y C H I A D E S.

What philosophers may they be?

S I M O.

Those whom Simo is very well acquainted with, though you seem to insinuate that I know no such persons; as if you thought it would be no honour to them, but rather a disgrace.

G g 3

T Y.

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TYCHIADES.

Not so, by Jupiter ! but I am really in doubt whether you can produce them.

SIMO.

You can never have read their lives, my good friend, otherwise you must know well enough who I mean.

TYCHIADES.

By Hercules, then, I should be glad you would tell me their names.

SIMO.

I will ; and I assure you they are men of the first rank, and such, perhaps, as you little think of : and first, then, there was * *Æschines*, the Socratic, who wrote the long and elegant dialogues which he brought with him into Sicily, purposely to introduce himself to Dionysius ; and finding that his Miltiades, which he read over to the tyrant, met with his approbation, he even sat himself down there, became the king's parasite, and from that hour had a final adieu to the disputations of Socrates,

* *Æschines*.] A famous philosopher, contemporary with and a disciple of the great Socrates. He ingratiated himself with Dionysius the tyrant, and was supported by him. He wrote many dialogues, amongst which was the Miltiades here mentioned, together with several orations and epistles, which are greatly admired.

Next

Next to him, what think you of * Aristippus the Cyrenian, was not he one of your most celebrated philosophers?

TYCHIADES.

Most undoubtedly.

SIMO.

He also lived in Sicily at the same time, and was a parasite to Dionysius, who held him in the highest esteem; his genius, indeed, appeared, above all men, best adapted to that art, inasmuch, that the tyrant would every day send his cooks to be instructed by him: he seems, indeed, to have been one of the greatest ornaments of our profession.

The next I shall mention, is your famous Plato, who travelled into Sicily for this very purpose, who practised this art at the † tyrant's

* *Aristippus.*] This satire on Aristippus is very fair: it is well known that philosopher lived a great part of his time in the court of Dionysius the Sicilian tyrant; and, as he acknowledged himself, for a very good reason; "when I wanted wisdom, (said he to the king,) I went to Socrates; now I want money, I come to you." He fell down at the king's feet to ask a favour of him, which was granted, and being reproved for his meanness and servility; "Blame me not," said he, but Dionysius, whose ears are in his feet."

† *Tyrant's, &c.*] Dionysius, to which he resorted, but not being altogether of so compliant a disposition as Æschines and Aristippus, did not meet with the same encouragement; he staid there, however, long enough to rank amongst Lucian's parasites, and to be handed down as such, (with what degree of truth we know not) to posterity.

court for a few days, but failed from want of natural capacity; after which, he returned to Athens, took a great deal of pains to qualify himself, and once more set sail for Sicily, where, trying a little while, he again met with as bad success through unskilfulness; his misfortune, indeed, in this particular, resembles the fate of † Nicias.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Who mentions this affair, Simo?

S I M O.

Several; particularly § Aristoxenus the musician, a man of no little note, who was, him-

† *Nicias.*] A famous commander mentioned by Thucydides, who perished at Syracuse, in the sea-fight between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians.

§ *Aristoxenus.*] He lived in the reign of Alexander the Great, and was a contemporary of Plato and Aristotle; eminent both as a philosopher and a musician, but most distinguished in the latter character: having written several learned treatises on ancient music, of which only his Harmonics, in three books, are come down to us; they are translated into Latin by Meursius. He is said by Suidas to have written no less than 452 different works, amongst which, those on music were most esteemed.

For a farther account of him and the merit of his Harmonics, I refer my readers to the ingenious Dr. Burney's General History of Music, one of the most instructive and entertaining works published in this century. See his Account of the Greek Music, p. 459.

self,

self, the parasite of * Neleus. † Euripides, besides, as you very well know, was parasite to Archelaus, to the day of his death, as † Anaxarchus was to Alexander: as to Aristotle, he § touched but slightly this art, as he did on all the rest. Philosophers, therefore, as I just now observed, have frequently turned parasites, but

* *Neleus.*] Concerning this Neleus we have very little information to be depended on, though he is slightly mentioned by Athenæus. He was, probably, however, some man of fashion and consequence at that time, with whom Aristoxenus was intimately connected.

† *Euripides.*] This famous tragedian, as it is well known, and recorded by all his biographers, left his native country, probably, on account of some ill treatment from his rivals, and spent the latter part of his life at the court of Archelaus, king of Macædon, who loaded him with favours, and treated him with all the respect due to his character and abilities: this was a sufficient foundation for Lucian to call him a parasite, a name which, notwithstanding, he might probably very little deserve.

‡ *Anaxarchus.*] A philosopher of Abdera, and follower of Democritus. He lived intirely with Alexander the Great, and flourished about the hundred and tenth Olympiad.

§ *Touched, &c.*] Aristotle, says Lucian, only skimmed the surface of this art, as he did with regard to many others, by which he means, we may suppose, to insinuate that this great writer treated matters but superficially, and never went to the bottom of them. Of his abstruse philosophy we have certainly enough, because if he had said more, he would only have been more tedious: but when we turn to his rhetoric, tragedy, &c. we wish, perhaps, with Lucian, he had been more copious and explicit.

nobody

nobody ever saw a parasite who wished to turn philosopher. If never to know hunger, thirst, or cold, be real happiness, parasites alone are happy: for, as to philosophers, many are found starving, we never are: this is the fate of your wise men only, or such wretches and beggars as resemble them.

T Y C H I A D E S.

True; but how will you prove, after all, that your art is superior to rhetoric and philosophy?

S I M O.

There are too seasons, my good friend, when the arts, and the professors of them, have an opportunity of shewing their real merit; the time of war, and the time of peace; let us, if you please, take the former, and consider which will appear to the greatest advantage, and be of most service, both to themselves and the public.

T Y C H I A D E S.

An excellent trial of skill you have proposed, and I cannot help smiling to myself, when I think of a parasite, and a philosopher thus compared together.

S I M O.

To stop your admiration, and convince you that it is no jesting matter, let us but for a moment

moment suppose word was just now brought, that the enemy had invaded this country, that we could no longer suffer him to lay waste our lands, but were under the immediate necessity of taking up arms against him; that our commanders had summoned all to the field who were of age to fight, and, among the rest, the philosophers, rhetoricians, and parasites were gathered together: first, then, let us see them naked, for they must be stripped before they put down their arms; observe the men one by one, and examine their bodies; you will find some of them pale, thin, and emaciated, as if they had been left half dead on the field of battle; how ridiculous it is to imagine, that such poor wretches as these could ever be fit for a close engagement, or be able to endure the fatigue and bustle of a war! but now, on the other hand, turn your eyes towards the parasite, and mark his appearance; observe what a body he has, and what a colour, not black like a slave, nor white like a woman, but of a fine sanguine complexion, and a countenance full of fire and spirit, like mine. To go to battle with a weak and timid eye, is mean and detestable; but such a warrior as ours

In

* In life is beauteous, and in death admir'd.

But why need we form conjectures about what we may easily prove by example? to say the truth, never would your orators or philosophers venture on the outside of the walls, or if they were ever forced into an engagement, they were sure to quit their ranks and run away.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Very surprising and extraordinary indeed!

S I M O.

Yet so it is, and I will prove it; amongst your orators, how did Isocrates behave! so far was he from going out to battle, that he was afraid even to ascend the rostrum, but lost his voice in the fright. In the war with Philip, did not Demades, Æschines, and Philocrates give up themselves and their country through fear to the invader; did not they stay at home on purpose to manage his affairs with the commonwealth, and were not all those who took his part ranked amongst their best friends? even Hyperides, Lycurgus, and Demosthenes, who were so much braver, who were always abusing Philip, and stirring up the people against him in their harangues, what mighty act did they

* *In life, &c.*] This is probably from some tragic writer, though I do not remember the passage in any now extant.

perform

perform against him when the war began? Hyperides and Lycurgus never so much as dared to put their heads out beyond the city walls, but sculked behind them, and during the siege, contented themselves with making little speeches and decrees against him; whilst their great * leader, who was always crying out "Philip, that plague of Macedon, from whom no man would even purchase a slave." After venturing as far as Bœotia, before the battle began, threw down his shield, and fled. This you must have heard, as it is universally known, not by Athenians only, but by the Thracians and Scythians, those barbarians from whom this coward sprung.

T Y C H I A D E S.

I acknowledge it; but these were only orators, people employed to teach language and not virtue; what say you to philosophers? you cannot accuse them.

S I M O.

These, Tychiades, though they are perpetually talking about fortitude, and hackneying the name of virtue, are more timid and cowardly even than our orators: who ever heard of a philosopher dying in battle? they either never

* *Leader.*] Demosthenes.

fought

fought at all, or if they did, took the first opportunity to run away. Antisthenes, Diogenes, Crates, Zeno, Plato, Æschines, Aristotle, and the whole tribe of them, never so much as saw an engagement. The wise Socrates alone ventured to a battle, but was glad to retreat from † Parnethe to the palæstra of Taurea; he thought it much pleasanter and more polite to divert himself with the young men, and throw out his jests and sarcasms, than to fight with the Spartans.

T Y C H I A D E S.

In truth, my good friend, I have heard as much from others, and those two, who did not

† *Parnethe.*] Socrates, in spite of what is here roundly asserted by Lucian's parasite, was no coward; but, according to Plutarch's testimony, always behaved well in battle, so well, indeed, that an honourable reward was assigned to him by the general, which he declined in favour of his friend Alcibiades. With regard to the affair here alluded to, Lucian has misrepresented it; for, as Plutarch tells us, in his tract concerning the dæmon of Socrates, as the army came to a way that was divided into two, Socrates made a stand, and advised those that were with him not to take the path they were going into, along the mountain Parne, but the other, by the way called Retiste, for such, said he to them, was the dæmon's advice; most of them, however, persisted in their own opinion, were met by a party of horsemen, and all cut off. Socrates, and those who followed him, got safe home.

This, surely, was prudence, and not cowardice. We must not always depend on my friend Lucian's veracity.

say

say it merely for the sake of laughing at, or abusing them, nor do I therefore imagine you have belyed them, in compliment to your own art; but now, if you please, let us know how your friends behave in battle, and whether any of the ancient heroes were parasites.

S I M O.

Every body, my friend, be he ever so ignorant, is acquainted with Homer; and those that know him, know that his greatest heroes were parasites: the famous Nestor, whose * lips flowed with honey, was the king's parasite; nor was Achilles, who not only seemed, but was the most beautiful and most courageous of men, nor Diomed, nor Ajax, so much praised and admired by him as Nestor; he does not wish for ten Ajax's, or ten Achilles's, but tells us he should † soon take Troy, if he had but ten such soldiers as this old parasite. Idomeneus too, the offspring of Jove, was another parasite, as he informs us, of Agamemnon's.

* *Lips.*] Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 332.

† *Soon take, &c.*] — Wou'd the gods decree

But ten such sages as they grant in thee,

Such wisdom soon shou'd Priam's force destroy,

And soon shou'd fall the haughty tow'rs of Troy.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 442.

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T Y C H I A D E S.

I remember very well what you mention, but I do not rightly comprehend why they must be styled parasites.

S I M O.

Recollect, I beseech you, the verses where Agamemnon speaks to Idomeneus.

T Y C H I A D E S,

Which do you mean?

S I M O.

‡ — in banquets when the gen'rous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warrior's souls,
Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.

And this, he said, not because the goblet of Idomeneus was always filled for him, either fighting or sleeping, but because he alone had the privilege of supping every night with the king, whilst other soldiers were only invited on particular occasions.

Again, after Ajax had fought in single combat with Hector, they * led him, he tells us, to the divine Agamemnon, where he was rewarded by supping with the king; but Nestor and Idomeneus, as he informs us, had that

‡ *In banquets, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book iv. l. 296.

* *Led him.*] See Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 312.

honour

honour every day. Nestor, indeed, was the first of royal parasites, and understood the art better than any of them, having practised it before with † Cæneus and Hexadius, nor did he quit it, till after the death of Agamemnon.

T Y C H I A D E S.

He was certainly a most excellent one; if you know of any others, let us have them.

S I M O.

What think you of Patroclus, the famous parasite of Achilles, a man not inferior to any of the Greeks, though but a youth, either in body or mind? nay, if Homer is to be credited, equal to Achilles himself: he who burst through the gates, and attacked Hector in the trenches, and drove him to the ships, he who saved the burning vessel of Protefilaus, which was more than Ajax and Teucer, the sons of Telamon, could do, though one was a heavy-armed leader, and the other a famous archer: this noble parasite slew a number of the barbarians, and amongst the rest Sarpedon, the son of

† *Cæneus*.] This alludes to Nestor's speech in the first book of the Iliad, where he talks of his old acquaintance,

Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Cæneus' deathless name.

Theseus and Polyphron are likewise recorded, but no mention is there made of Hexadius.

Jove: nor did he die like other men; Achilles we know alone, killed Hector, and Paris alone slew Achilles; but no less than two men and one god went to the slaying of our parasite, who, when he died, did not supplicate like the brave Hector, who fell down at Achilles's feet, and intreated that his body might be given to his friends, but behaved as became the dignity of his calling, and cried out

TYCHIADES.

What?

SIMO.

- Had twenty mortals, each thy match in fight,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in night.

TYCHIADES.

That's enough; but you must first fairly prove that Patroclus was not a friend, but a parasite.

SIMO.

I will produce you his own words to prove him the latter.

TYCHIADES.

Wonderful indeed!

SIMO.

Mark what he says:

† — As in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine;

* *Had twenty, &c.*] See Pope's Hom. II. b. xvi. l. 1002.

† *As in fate.*] Part of the speech of Patroclus's shade to Achilles. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 103.

Together

Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed:

Again, when he went away,

Me Peleus cherish'd long, and bad me be,
What I have prov'd, a † minister to thee.

That is, his parasite; if he had meant that Patroclus was his friend, he would not have called him minister, for Patroclus, we know, was a free man; whom then could he call ministers, but those who were neither slaves nor friends, and consequently must be parasites? You will observe too, that he does not honour Idomeneus, though he was the son of Jupiter, with the epithet of Mars-like, but his parasite Meriones. Again, what think you of Aristogiton, the poor plebeian, who, as Thucydides tells us, was the parasite of Hermodius, and his lover also, for parasites must love those who maintain them; this man, we know, defended Athens when groaning under tyranny and oppression, and restored her freedom and independency: the brazen statues of him and his dearly beloved remain to this day in the market-place: please to observe, that all these brave men were parasites.

How does our parasite behave in the battle!
does he not always, before he goes out to

† Minister.] Greek, *ὑπακοὴ*.

H h 2

fight,

fight, as * Ulysses prescribes, take his breakfast ? for, whomsoever he commanded to fight, him he first invited to feast, let him begin ever so early : whilst other soldiers spend their time in a cowardly manner, some in fitting on their helmets, others preparing their breast-plates, others in trembling for the event of the battle ; he with a chearful countenance employs it in making a good meal, and the moment he goes out, steps forward, and is foremost in the engagement : behind him, in another rank, stands his feeder, whom he covers with his shield, as Ajax did Teucer, and as the darts are flying round, exposing his own body, shelters him, anxious to protect and save his patron, rather than himself : if he perishes in battle, neither general nor soldier need blush to see his beautiful body falling gracefully as at a banquet. It is worth while, at the same time, to observe the carcase of the philosopher that lies by him, dry and dirty, with his long beard, a poor little creature who was half dead before

* *Ulysses prescribes.*]

Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by gen'rous wine and food ;
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xix. l. 169.

the

the fight began : how must we despise the unfortunate city that has such defenders, who that beheld these pale puny wretches thus stretched out on the ground, but must suppose them to be so many malefactors let out of prison for lack of better soldiers to fight for their country ! Such, my friend, are parasites in time of war, compared to your orators and philosophers ; in peace they are as preferable to them as peace itself is to war ; and to prove this, we will first, if you please, consider the situations of peace.

T Y C H I A D E S.

I do not rightly understand what you mean by that.

S I M O.

The forum, the courts of justice, the palæstra, the gymnasium, hunting parties, and banquets, these I call peaceful situations ; are they not so ?

T Y C H I A D E S.

Most undoubtedly.

S I M O.

To the forum, or court of justice then, our parasite never comes, because they are fitter for informers and petty-foggers, seldom any thing just or honest is carried on there ; the palæstra indeed, the gymnasium, and the ban-

H h 3

quet,

quet, he always frequents, and is the great ornament and conductor of them. In the palæstra, what orator or philosopher can be compared with him for shape and beauty, which of them is not rather a disgrace to the gymnasium whenever he appears in it? If one of them meets a wild beast in the desert, he is frightened out of his wits at him; whilst our parasite sustains his attack with the greatest ease and indifference: by the frequent view of his adversary on a * table, he has learned to despise him; no stag nor horrid boar affrights our hero; for if the boar whets his teeth against him, he, in return, whets his teeth against the boar: as to hares, he is fonder of running after them than the dogs themselves: at a feast, whether eating or jesting, who is able to contend with him? who can so well entertain the company, he who is for ever singing and cutting jokes, or the poor creature who lies down in his short cloak, never smiles, but looks upon the ground, with a melancholy countenance, as if he came to a funeral instead of a banquet; a philosopher at a feast, I think, is like a † dog in a bath.

* *A table.*] The wild-boar was a favourite dish at the tables of the great: the parasite, therefore, is not afraid of meeting with his old acquaintance.

† *A dog.*] Frightened at the hot water, splashing, sweating, and, in short, as we say, quite out of his element.

But,

But, to pass over these matters, let us come at once to the life of the parasite, and compare it with theirs. In the first place then, he has an utter contempt of all fame and glory, and never cares what people think of him ; now your orators and philosophers, one and all of them, are fond of both, and what is worse, of money too ; whilst the parasite values it no more than the sand upon the sea-shore, and thinks it as bad as fire. Our rhetoricians, and what is more shameful, those who call themselves philosophers, are so attached to their interest, that amongst them, (for as to the orators, I shall take no notice of them,) some in the courts of judicature have taken bribes, others exact money from their pupils, others without a blush, will ask a stipend of a king for living with him. You may see many an old fellow rambling about, and letting himself out, like Indian and Scythian slaves, nor is he ashamed to own that he receives wages : besides all this, you will find them subject to melancholy, to anger, envy, to passions, appetites, and desires of every kind ; but the parasite is free from all : he is never angry, first, because he can bear misfortunes, and secondly, because there is nobody whom he can be angry with ; if at any time he

is a little ruffled, his resentment produces nothing harsh nor gloomy, but rather excites mirth and laughter; he puts those in a good humour with whom he converses, and is, himself, never melancholy, as it is the peculiar advantage of his profession, that nothing can make him uneasy; for he has neither estate nor house, nor servant, nor wife, nor children, the loss of which, and they are all perishable, must deeply affect the possessor of them; but he is not fond of glory, or riches, or any of those things that are so univesally admired.

T Y C H I A D E S.

But, perhaps, Simo, want of victuals may now and then affect him a little.

S I M O.

You have forgot, my friend, that he who wants victuals is no parasite; he is not a brave man whose bravery is departed from him, nor is he a wise man who is deprived of wisdom; our inquiry is about him who is a parasite, and not about him who is none; now if the brave man is only brave whilst he is exercising his bravery, and the prudent man whilst he is practising prudence, in like manner, he only is a parasite who is * actually feeding, and if he

* *Actually feeding.*] Gr. παρασιτος, parasitus, from σίτος, food. A pun upon the Greek word.

is not so, we are talking not about him, but about somebody else.

TYCHIADES.

The parasite then, you think, must always have plenty.

SIMO.

Certainly; neither on this account, therefore, nor any other, can he be unhappy. Moreover, you will please to observe, that orators and philosophers are all cowards; you never see them go out without a club, which they would not be armed with, if they were not afraid; making their doors as fast as possible for fear of thieves: whilst our parasite just shuts his, and that carelessly, to keep the wind out; be there ever so much noise in the night, he is no more moved than if there was no noise at all; and if he walks through a desert, he goes without a sword, for he is afraid of nothing: but many a philosopher have I seen, armed with spears and arrows, where there is nothing to fear; they carry clubs with them even when they go into the bath, or to dinner: you never knew a parasite accused of an assault, rape, adultery, or any crime of that kind; he never hurts any body but himself: but as to orators and philosophers, we not only know of
a thou-

a thousand crimes committed by them in our own age, but have them recorded in books; there is still extant the apology of Socrates, Æschines, Hyperides, Demosthenes, and many others amongst your wise men; but who ever saw the defence of a parasite? nor can we call to mind a suit commenced against one of them.

T Y C H I A D E S.

But, supposing the life of a parasite superior to that of an orator or philosopher, his death, after all, perhaps, may be much more wretched.

S I M O.

So far from it, that it is infinitely more happy. All your philosophers, we know, at least three parts of them, have died miserably; some condemned to suffer for the most atrocious of crimes, have been forced to drink * poison, others were burned to ashes, others died of the strangury, and others were banished; whereas parasites never go off in either of these ways, but come to a happy end, eating and drinking; or if, perhaps, any of them ever did die a violent death, it must have been from indigestion.

T Y C H I A D E S.

You have fought your parasite's battle with the philosophers most nobly; all I want you

* *Poison.*] Alluding to the deaths of Socrates and Empedocles.

now to shew, is, what honour and profit redounds to the patron who supports him, and whether it is not a shame he should be so liberally supported.

S I M O.

How ignorant, Tychiades, must you be, not to know that the rich man, who eats by himself, though he had all the wealth of Gyges, must be really poor, and if he appears in public without a parasite, looks like a beggar! for, as a soldier is contemptible without arms, a garment without purple, or a horse without his trappings, even so does a great man without a parasite seem of no rank or estimation. The parasite sets off the rich man, but the rich man never sets off the parasite: it is no disgrace, as you acknowledge, for the latter to live upon the former, as the poor should depend upon the rich; and to the former the dependent is highly useful, not only because he shews him off, but because from the attendance of the one, is derived the happiness of the other: woe be to those who attack the patron, when his parasite stands by him; and who will attempt to poison the man who has always a friend to taste his meat and drink for him? the rich man is not only dignified by the parasite, but is, at the same time, saved from the greatest dangers by him;

him; the parasite, from his zeal and attachment, runs every hazard for his patron, not only takes care he shall never eat by himself, but even chuses to eat with him at the peril of his life.

TYCHIADES.

In good truth, my friend, you have done every thing in your power, have not neglected the defence of your art in any particular, but appeared to be what you promised, well prepared, and an adept in the profession; I would only ask you now, whether there is not something in the appellation of parasite, that is mean and base.

SIMO.

No such thing: it means no more than eating together; and is not failing together, running together, riding and shooting together, and consequently eating together, better than failing, and running, and riding, and shooting, and eating alone?

TYCHIADES.

You are quite right, and I entirely agree with you: for the future I shall come, as the children do, night and morning, to learn of you; you should teach me your art, I think, freely, because I am your first scholar, as mother's, they say, are always fondest of their first-born.

A N A-

ANACHARSIS.
A DIALOGUE ON GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

The Advantages arising from the public gymnastic Exercises practised in Greece, and the Inconveniences sometimes attendant on them, are here set forth in a lively and entertaining Dialogue. LUCIAN, in the Person of ANACHARSIS, the Scythian, laughs, but with great good Humour, at the obvious Absurdities, and ridiculous Circumstances which sometimes accompanied them: whilst the Lawgiver defends his own Statutes and Customs, with a Warmth and Seriousness suitable to the Occasion. The contrasted Characters of the Grecian, and Scythian, are well supported throughout, and the whole sprinkled with that Portion of true Attic Salt which distinguishes the Productions of this amusing Author.

ANACHARSIS AND SOLON.

ANACHARSIS.

PRAY, Solon, what is the meaning of these young gentlemen's diverting themselves in this manner? Some of them are locked close together, and tripping up one another's heels, some writhing and twisting, rolling in the mud, and begriming themselves like so
many

many hogs: when they first undressed, I saw them stroking and anointing one another, as peaceably as could be; then, all on a sudden, heaven knows why or wherefore, butting, and lifting their heads together, like rams. Look there, one of them has thrown his antagonist on the ground, he will not suffer him to rise, but gets upon, and keeps him down with his knees, and, with his hands at his throat, is going to suffocate him, whilst the other lays hold on his shoulder, as if beseeching that he would not throttle him. The oil does not keep them a bit cleaner, for it is soon wiped off, and they are covered with sweat and dirt. I cannot help laughing to see them slip out of one another's hands like eels. Yonder are others in the open air, with a deep sand under them, which they are raking up like so many chicken, and sprinkling each other with, I suppose that they may lay the faster hold, as the sand takes off the slipperiness of the ointment, and makes them stand firmer on the ground: and now they go to it hand and foot; one poor creature seems as if he was spitting out all his teeth, his mouth is so full of sand and blood, from the blow he has received on his face; that officer who presides over the sport, for by the
purple

purple I take him to be a magistrate, never offers to part them, or put an end to the fray, but seems to encourage and promote it, as you see by the applauses he bestows on that bruiser. But look yonder, some of them are skipping about with great agility, as if they were running a race, though they never stir from the spot; observe how they raise their bodies up into the air, and shake their legs: I should be glad to know what good end or purpose this can possibly answer, for, to me, it appears like madness, nor shall I easily be persuaded that they are not all out of their senses.

S O L O N.

No wonder, Anacharsis, they should seem so to you, as these customs must appear strange and foreign to your Scythian manners; and so would many of your's to us, if we were eyewitnesses of them, as you are now of our's: but believe me, my good friend, there is no madness in the case, nor do they, when they roll about in the dirt, kick up the sand, and strike one another, mean to do any injury, or act from anger and resentment: many good and useful consequences result from it, and the body acquires no little strength and improvement; if you stay any time in Greece, as I hope you will, I make no doubt but I shall see
you

you as deep in dirt and dust as the best of them, so useful and so agreeable will the custom soon appear to you.

ANACHARSIS.

Keep your useful and agreeable to yourselves, I beseech you, Solon; for if any one of you attempts to treat me in that manner, he shall find I do not wear a * scymitar for nothing: but pray inform me, what do you call this, and what is it they are about?

SOLON.

This place is called the † Gymnasium, and is sacred to Apollo the Lycian. Observe his statue, the head reclining on his right hand, with a bow in his left, represents the deity as rising from long labour: with regard to the exercises, what you observe in the mud there, and likewise on the sand, we call wrestling: when they stand upright, and attack one another, we term it the pancratiun: we have

* *A scymitar.*] The acinaces, or scymitar of the Scythians, was their favourite weapon, which they always wore, both in peace and war; it was even treated with some degree of adoration, and worshipped by them. See Lucian's *Toxaris*, and the note upon it.

† *Gymnasium.*] The gymnasium, or palæstra, was the place where all the public exercises were performed, divided into several parts, which are all accurately and minutely described by Pausanias, Vitruvius, Potter, and other writers.

likewise

likewise other sports, such as * boxing, quoits, and leaping, for every one of which we lay down certain rewards, which the conqueror is entitled to.

A N A C H A R S I S.

And what are they?

S O L O N.

At the Olympic games, an † olive crown, or garland; at the Isthmian, one of pine; at the Nemean, one of parsley; at the Pythian, apples from the trees sacred to Apollo; and with us, at the Panathenaica, olives from the tree of Minerva. What do you smile at? you think our prizes very small, I suppose.

A N A C H A R S I S.

O no; your rewards are certainly most magnificent, and such as must stir up a contest amongst the donors which shall be most libe-

* *Boxing, &c*] The curious reader will meet with a particular account of all the ancient gymnastic sports, in three pieces written by Mons. Burette, and printed in the second volume of *Memoires de Literature de l'Academie Royale des Inscriptions, &c.*

† *Olive*] The first reward bestowed upon the conquerors in the Olympic games was a chaplet, or crown, composed of the branches of wild olive, to enhance the value of which, it was pretended, that the tree from whence they were taken was brought to Olympia by Hercules, from the country of the Hyperboreans, and withal, that it was indicated to the Eleans by the Delphic oracle. See West's *Dissertation on the Olympic Games.*

ral, worthy, no doubt, to be contended for by the candidates, even beyond their strength: they must take a great deal of pains, to be sure, and willingly run the hazard of being throttled for apples and parsley, as if they could not have plenty of them when they pleased, without having their faces smeared with mud, and their breaths trod out of their bodies for it.

S O L O N.

But remember, my friend, it is not the reward alone which we look towards: these are only the marks and tokens of victory: the glory which results from it, is the conqueror's great reward: those who look for glory, and thirst after that alone, must suffer many things, and wait for it as the noble and worthy end of all their labours.

A N A C H A R S I S.

The great and noble end, you talk of then, is, that those, who before pitied them for their wounds and dangers, shall applaud their victories, and see them crowned: whilst they shall themselves be supremely happy in the possession of their apples and parsley.

S O L O N.

You know little at present, I tell you, of our manners; by and by you will think better of them: when you come to the assembly, and
see

See such numbers of people gathered together, and the amphitheatre filled with so many thousand spectators, the combatants crowned with shouts of applause, and the conqueror equalled in honour and glory to the gods.

A N A C H A R S I S.

That, now, to me appears the most unfortunate circumstance of all; to suffer so many hardships, not before a few judges only, but in the sight of so many people, who are eye-witnesses of their misery, and compliment them so highly when they are bleeding at every vein, and half-choaked by their adversaries; for this it seems is the happiness of victory. Now, amongst us Scythians, if any one beats a citizen, throws him down, or tears his cloaths off his back, he is severely punished by our elders, even when there are ever so few witnesses, and not in large and spacious theatres, such as you talk of at your Isthmians and Olympics. I pity the combatants most sincerely on account of their sufferings, and as to your spectators, composed, as you say, of the first people in the state, who frequent these assemblies, I wonder not a little how they can neglect their own affairs to throw away their time on such things as these, nor do I understand what pleasure

they can find in seeing men beating, squeezing, and tearing one another.

S O L O N.

If this was the season of our public games, you would then see how useful and agreeable they are; you cannot by description form any idea of the pleasure which it would give you to sit amidst a number of spectators, and observe the courage of the men, the beauty of their forms, their strength and agility, their skill and bravery, their unconquerable spirit, and never-ceasing desire of fame and victory; I am sure, if you were to be an eye-witness of it, there would be no end of your acclamations and applause.

A N A C H A R S I S.

Rather say, my friend, of ridicule and censure; for to tell you the truth, I think all those mighty virtues, you talk of, that strength, skill, and spirit, is only thrown away for nothing, when neither your country is in danger, your lands laid waste, nor your friends injured nor affronted; if the combatants, therefore, are, as you say, persons of the first rank, more fools are they, to suffer so much for nothing, to contend with misfortune, and roll beautiful bodies in the dirt, to get a few apples, or a branch of olive:

olive: for I cannot forget the immense rewards which you bestow on your conquerors. But, pray inform me, does every candidate receive a prize?

S O L O N.

By no means, * only he who overcomes all the rest.

A N A C H A R S I S.

It is only, therefore, in pursuit of a doubtful and uncertain victory that all these men contend, though they know at the same time only one can be conqueror, and all the others, not only vanquished, but perhaps miserably maul-ed and wounded into the bargain.

S O L O N.

You seem, Anacharsis, to be an utter stranger to every thing that concerns the proper regulation and management of a commonwealth; you would not otherwise find fault with such excellent institutions; but when you come to know how a city may be best established, and its members become most useful and praiseworthy, you will then approve of these our exercises, and the warmth with which we pursue

† *Only he, &c.*] “Know ye not (says St. Paul), that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize; so run that ye may obtain.” See Epist. to the Corinthians, ch. ix. v. 24.

them, and will acknowledge that such employments are of use, though they now appear to you so fruitless and unprofitable.

A N A C H A R S I S.

For no other reason, Solon, did I travel thus far, and cross the stormy Euxine, but that I might learn the laws of the Greeks, acquaint myself with your manners, and acquire the most perfect idea of true policy : for this purpose did I fix on Solon to be my friend and companion, as a man who, I was told, had framed the most excellent laws, introduced the most useful institutions, and formed the most noble republic : receive therefore your disciple, and instruct him ; for I would stay here with pleasure, without meat or drink, as long as you please, to hear your talk on these subjects.

S O L O N.

It would require, my friend, much time and pains to explain every thing to you ; but if you have a mind to go through the several parts, I will give you my opinion concerning the gods, parents, marriage, and the rest. But first, with regard to the treatment of our youth, and the methods which we take, as soon as they are capable of knowing what is good, to strengthen their bodies, and render them fit for labour, I shall acquaint you with the reasons why we exercise

exercise them in this manner, not, as you will see, merely for the sake of the reward, for that a few only can obtain, but with the view to a much greater advantage arising to the whole city, and to every individual in it; another more noble contention springs from hence, amongst all the members of the community, and a crown is bestowed, not of pine, of olive, or of parsley, but one, with which is wreathed public happiness and private liberty, the ancient rites and ceremonies, the wealth, honour, and glory of our country, the safety of every man's property, with every good and noble gift we wish for from the gods: these are all interwoven with that crown, and result from that contest, and to this all our toils and labours lead.

A N A C H A R S I S.

When you had such rewards as these, my worthy friend, why did you talk of wild olives, pines, apples, and parsley?

S O L O N.

Even these you will not think so trifling and inconsiderable, when you come rightly to understand what I just now mentioned; for these are in consequence of the same plan, and should be considered as so many small parts of that great contention, and that noble crown which

how I spoke of. I have wandered I know not from the main subject, and got into our ~~own~~ Isthmian, Olympic, and Nemæan games; but as we are now at leisure, and you are desirous of hearing me, we will go back, if you please, to the great principle, that common and universal trial of skill, which, as I observed to you, all this is intended to raise and promote.

ANACHARSIS.

It would be better, I think, to do so; I shall then, perhaps, learn to laugh no longer at those who are so happy in their crowns of olive and parsley; but, if you please, we will retire into that arbour, and seat ourselves on the bench, where we shall be removed a little from the noise of the combatants, and the shouts of the spectators; besides, to tell you the truth, I cannot well bear the heat of the sun, which strikes full upon my head, and I have left my * hat at home, on purpose that I might not appear as a foreigner amongst you;

* *Hat.*] The Scythian, we see, leaves his hat at home in complaisance to the Grecian, who, we may suppose by this, thought it effeminate to wear any thing upon his head, even in the dog-days. Lucian, in the character of Anacharsis, laughs at him, as well he might, for the absurdity; but when a custom is once established, especially when founded on national vanity, as this was, be it ever so ridiculous, it is not easily shaken off.

at

at this time of the year, what you call the dog-star burns up every thing, and makes the air hot and dry, and the meridian sun just over our heads renders the heat intolerable; I am surprised, therefore, that you, who are an old man, seem neither to sweat as I do, nor feel any inconvenience from it, never looking about for shade, but exposing yourself thus to the sun.

S O L O N.

Those ridiculous labours, as you call them, Anacharsis, our constant rolling about in the mud, and the hardships we suffer, by being perpetually on the sand and in the open air, are the very things which make us proof against the darts of the sun: we want no hats to keep the rays from our heads; but, come, I will accompany you.

And now, observe, I do not expect you implicitly to obey and submit to my laws, but whenever I appear to be wrong, that you will scrutinise and oppose my tenets, whence this advantage will inevitably accrue, either that you, when every thing is carefully examined, will embrace and firmly adhere to my opinion, or, on the other hand, I shall be convinced of my error, and learn better of you, for which the whole city of Athens will be infinitely obliged to you: in this case I shall conceal nothing,

thing, but standing up in the great assembly, "I have given you, O Athenians, will I say to them, a body of laws, which I deemed good and salutary, but this stranger (pointing to you), who, though a Scythian, is a man of the highest sense and abilities, hath convinced me of my mistake, and taught me better precepts with regard to life and manners; look upon him, therefore, as your friend and benefactor, and erect a statue to him next to your Minerva." Athens, I assure you, will never be ashamed of learning what is good, even from a stranger and Barbarian.

ANACHARSIS.

* You Athenians, I see, as I have often heard, are fond of irony; for how should a poor wandering shepherd like me, who have lived in a waggon all my life, and strolled about from place to place, one who had never learned any thing before he came here, pretend to dispute about your affairs, or to instruct men, like you, † sprung from the soil which they inhabit,

* *You Athenians, &c.*] It is observable that, whilst Anacharsis is blaming the Athenians for their irony, he is here himself praising it.

† *Sprung, &c.*] Anacharsis laughs at the vanity of the Athenians, which, after all, was a vanity not peculiar to themselves, for the Egyptians, Phrygians, Scythians, and many

bit, who have preserved this noble and most ancient city, by your salutary laws, for so many ages ; or you above all, great Solon, who knows so well what will best establish and promote its happiness and prosperity ! but, as a legislator, I will obey you even in this ; and if any thing you advance appears wrong, venture to contradict, only that I may be better instructed by you. We are now got into the shade, where the sun can no longer annoy us, and this cool stone will afford us a pleasant seat. Begin, therefore, and inform me, why you so early inure your young men to labour, how it happens that rolling in the mud makes men good, and why dust and dirt should increase honour and virtue ; this is what I would first wish to know, and instruct me in other points afterwards, each in its proper place ; only remem-

many other nations fancied themselves to be the first race of mankind, as the Arcadians boasted that they were *πρὸς ἄλλους*, or, before the moon ; in like manner the Athenians gave out that they were produced at the same time with the sun, and assumed the pompous name of *αὐτοχθόνες*, persons produced out of the same soil that they inhabit, as it was a vulgar opinion, that in the beginning of the world men sprang up like plants from their mother earth ; the Athenians called themselves also, alluding to this opinion, *τῆτιγες*, or grasshoppers, and wore grasshoppers of gold in their hair, to signify the antiquity of their race, because those insects were believed to be generated out of the ground.

ber,

ber, I beseech you, that you are conversing with an ignorant Barbarian. I mention this, that you may be plain and intelligible in your discourse, and, above all, not too long, lest whilst you are delivering one part, I should forget the other.

S O L O N.

When I am obscure or tedious, therefore, you must interrupt and cut me off; though if what I say is not foreign to the purpose, you may indulge me a little in point of time, for thus it is our custom to act in the Areopagus; when a cause comes on there of murder or fire, the parties have a right to speak, the plaintiff and defendant, each in their turn, either themselves, or by their orator who pleads for them. As long as they confine themselves to the matter in hand, the judges listen with silence and attention; but if any of them usher in their defence with a long proœmium in favour of their clients, or attempt to excite compassion, or stir up the resentment of the audience, as the sons of rhetoric are apt to do, the † crier immediately steps forth into the middle of the assembly,

† *The crier.*] This check upon the prating counsel must have been of infinite service, and contributed greatly towards shortening a tedious law-suit. How extremely useful would an office of this kind be in our courts of judicature!

and

and commands silence, never suffering them to play the fool before the judges, to obscure or puzzle the cause by a multiplicity of words, but obliging them to explain the naked fact, and that only. And here, Anacharsis, in like manner, I constitute and appoint you an Areopagite: hear me as counsel in this cause, and impose silence on me when you think I play the orator, and endeavour to deceive you; but give me leave to go on, whilst I adhere to the point in question. We are not now in the heat of the sun, so that a little longer conversation will never hurt us, the shade is thick round us, and we have nothing else to do.

A N A C H A R S I S.

True, Solon, I am greatly obliged to you, for thus acquainting me with your manner of determining causes in the Areopagus, where the judges decide so equitably: but proceed; I accept the honourable office you have conferred on me, and shall act accordingly.

S O L O N.

I will first, then, acquaint you with the methods we take in regard to the city and its inhabitants: the former is considered by us, not merely as consisting of walls, temples, wharfs, and buildings, but the whole as a firm and immovable body, framed for the reception and security

security of the citizens, in whom alone we place all our strength, and who are to preside over, govern and direct every thing, as the soul presides over the body; we take care, therefore, of the city, adorning it with noble edifices within, and securing it by strong bulwarks from without: but our chief concern is the citizens themselves, to preserve them in strength both of mind and body, that they may be able to guard the commonwealth, and keep it free and happy, in war and in peace. For this purpose, we commit our children first to the care of mothers, nurses, and school-masters, to instruct them properly in their early years; but as soon as they begin to understand what is right and good, when fear, shame, and emulation spring up in their minds, we then employ them in studies of a different kind, and inure their bodies to labour by exercises that will increase their strength and vigour. we do not rest content with that power of mind or body which nature has endowed them with, but endeavour to improve it by education, which renders the good qualities that are born with us more conspicuous, and changes the bad into better; following the example of the husbandman, who shelters and hedges round the plant, whilst it is low and tender; but when it has gained strength and

and thickness, takes away the unnecessary support, and by leaving it open to the wind and weather, increases its growth and fertility.

We teach them, therefore, first music, and arithmetic, to write letters, and to read aloud clearly and distinctly; as they grow older, we give them the maxims, sayings, and opinions of the wise men, and the works of the ancients, generally in verse, as easier for the memory: when they read of the great and noble actions thus recorded, they are struck with admiration, and a desire of imitating them, ambitious of being themselves distinguished, admired, and celebrated by the poets of future ages, as their predecessors were by Homer and Hesiod. When they become able to guard the commonwealth, and enter on public affairs — but I am wandering beyond my subject; as my intention was first to explain to you, why we inured them so much to bodily exercises: I shall stop, therefore, of my own accord, without waiting for a crier to admonish me, or your censure, my good Areopagite, though you are so modest, as not to reprove me for prating thus.

A N A C H A R S I S.

Pray, Solon, inform me, is there no punishment in your court for those who leave unsaid what they ought to have said?

S O.

S O L O N.

Why do you ask me that question?

A N A C H A R S I S.

Because you are for passing over what it is most necessary for me, as well as most agreeable to hear, and would dwell upon the least useful, your sports and exercises.

S O L O N.

I only do that, my friend, in pursuance of the subject we * first entered upon, and that I might not load your memory with too many things at once; I will speak, however, of what you desire to know, but briefly at present, as the full consideration of this will require another interview.

We form then, the minds of our youth, by making them thoroughly acquainted with the laws of the community, which are written in great letters, and put up in a public place, and which contain every thing which should be done, and every thing which should not. We commit them, moreover, to the care of certain good and approved masters, who are called sophists, or philosophers, by whom they are taught both to say and do what is right and just, to attend to, and assist the common-weal, to live honestly, never to seek after what is base

* *First, &c.*] The gymnastic exercises.

of unworthy, or to commit violence on any man : we carry them to comedies and tragedies at our theatre, that whilst they behold the virtues and vices of past times, they may, themselves, be attached to the one, and avoid the other ; permitting our comic writers to expose and ridicule the citizens ; and this we do, as well for their sakes, who may grow better by seeing themselves laughed at, as for that of the spectators in general, who may thus escape being ridiculed for the like absurdities.

A N A C H A R S I S.

I have seen, I believe, what you call your tragedians and comedians ; the former, I think, have high heavy shoes, gold fringes on their garments, with great * helmets on their heads, gaping immensely wide, and truly ridiculous ; they made a prodigious noise, and contrived, heaven knows how, to walk in their † chopines :
it

* *Helmets.*] The ancient masque was a kind of casque or helmet, which covered the whole head, generally copied from the busts or statues of the personages represented : in so extensive an area as the Greek theatre, it might be necessary to exaggerate the features, and enlarge the form of the actor. This, however, makes the mask a proper subject of ridicule, and Lucian has frequently taken the liberty to laugh at it as such.

† *Chopines.*] The cothurnus or buskin was a kind of large and high shoe, the sole of which, being made of very thick

it was, if I remember right, at the feast of Bacchus, where the comedians wore shoes not quite so high, could stand upon their feet, and were more like human creatures, but their head-pieces were even more ridiculous than the others, and the whole audience laughed at them, though they looked very grave and melancholy at the high-heeled tragedians, as if they were concerned at the load which they dragged after them.

S O L O N.

It was not their compassion, my good friend, which made them so melancholy, but, probably, the story which the poet told of some ancient calamity, which, repeated in a mournful tragic strain, drew tears from them: at the same time, I suppose, you heard some playing on the flute, and others singing to it, standing in a † circle; these, I assure you, have their thick wood, raised the actors to an extraordinary height, and made them appear extremely tall. It was, probably, of the same form as the high shoe, or piece of cork, worn by the Spanish women, called a chopini, and which it should seem by a passage in Shakspeare, was used on our own stage—"Your ladyship (says Hamlet to the player,) is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine." Hamlet, act II. scene 7.

† *In a circle.*] The chorus. For a full account of which, see the Dissertation on Ancient Tragedy, prefixed to my translation of Sophocles. Octavo edition, vol. i. p. 22.

use,

use, for by such allurements, the mind is sharpened, and the heart improved.

And now, with regard to their bodies, which you seemed particularly inquisitive about, I will shew you how we exercise them. First, as soon as they are able to bear it, we strip them naked, to accustom them to the open air, to inure them to all kinds of weather, that they may be able to bear heat and cold; we then anoint them with oil, to fit them for more laborious exertion. It would be absurd, indeed, to suppose, that leather could be rendered by oil more supple, to last longer, and be less liable to crack, and that a living body like our own, should not be the better for it: we, therefore, invented various methods of exercise, and appointed masters in every one of them; some wrestle, others box, by which they are enabled to bear fatigue, and not to faint under wounds and blows; it gives them spirit to encounter difficulties and danger, and at the same time, makes them hardy and robust: by frequent throws, they learn to fall without danger, and to rise with ease; by the various inflexions, and squeezings of their bodies, and lifting up their adversary, and pressing him in their arms, their limbs are rendered more pliant, and less susceptible of injury; but the

greatest advantage arising from hence is, their practice of the same discipline in the field of battle; as it is manifest, that the man who is thus instructed, if he lays hold on his enemy, knows better how to throw him down, or, if he falls himself, can rise with more ease. To this great purpose, we endeavour to make every thing subservient, and imagine that those who are thus kept in constant exercise, will prove the best soldiers, their bodies being thus rendered stronger, as well as more supple and fit for engagement. You see what a figure it is probable those will make in arms, who, even when naked, strike their enemies with terror; who do not carry about with them a lifeless load of flesh, nor lean and pale bodies, like women's, that wither in the shade, or dissolve in perpetual sweats, especially if the meridian sun scorches as it does now. What service can such be of, always thirsting, unable to bear the heat and dust, who faint at the sight of blood, and die with fear before they come within reach of a weapon? but our young warriors are robust and rosy, borrow their colour from the sun that burns them, of a manly aspect, full of warmth, spirit, and courage; not rough and dry, or bending beneath their own weight,

weight, but with bodies of due symmetry and proportion, who have carried off their superfluous flesh by constant labour, and kept only that which is firm and substantial. Exercise is to the body, what a fan is to the corn, which blows away the chaff, and dust, and separates it from the useful grain. Such, therefore, must be healthful and fit for labour, not subject to colliquation, nor, till the latter part of life, to infirmities or decay; for to return to my allusion of the corn, if you set it on fire, the flames will first destroy the stubble, and afterwards the grain, which will smoke and take fire by degrees: and in like manner, such bodies as I have been describing to you, will not soon or easily be subdued either by toil or distemperature; their interior parts being well prepared, and the external so defended as not to be hurt by heat or cold: if at any time they yield to extraordinary fatigue, the vital spirits within supplies them with fresh vigour, and alacrity; in-somuch, that increase of labour, only increases strength, and renders them indefatigable.

We teach them likewise to run races, which makes them swift of foot, and prevents their being out of breath; the course, moreover, is not on solid ground, but in a deep sand, where the foot can never be firm, but slips away

from beneath them; we exercise them likewise in leaping over ditches, with leaden weights in their hands, and teach them to throw darts at a great distance: you must have seen also in the gymnasium, a brass thing like a small shield, round, and without a handle or strings; you took one up, I remember, and thought it very heavy, and so smooth that you could not hold it; this they throw up into the air, or * *strait* forwards, contending who shall cast it farthest; this strengthens the shoulders, and gives the limbs their full power and agility. As to the dust and dirt, which seemed to you so ridiculous, I will tell you why we have so much of it; in the first place, we do it that the combatants may not hurt themselves on the ground, but fall soft, and without danger; and second-

* *Strait*, &c.] Lucian has here given us a pretty exact description of the quoit, or discus, and the manner of playing with it, a proof, at the same time, as the learned Mr. West observes, that all the competitors made use of one and the same disc, which is confirmed by the testimonies of Homer, Ovid, and Statius. The disc was probably composed of different materials, as iron, brass, stone, or wood, and thrown underhand, much in the same manner as the quoit is amongst us, though not as we do at any particular mark, their whole endeavour being to throw beyond one another, and he who threw farthest obtained the victory. With the Greeks it was only a trial of strength, with us it is a game of skill also.

ly,

ly, because, when they grow wet in the mud, and look like so many eels, as you called them, it lubricates the limbs; it is therefore neither useless nor ridiculous, but promotes strength and agility, by obliging them to hold one another with all their might, to prevent their slipping away: add to this, that to lift up a man who is anointed with oil, and rolled in the mud besides, is no easy task: all this, as I before observed to you, may be useful in time of war, if you want to carry off a wounded friend, or to lift up an enemy whom you have taken: for this reason we use them to the most violent exercises, teaching them first the most difficult things, that those which are less so may be performed by them with the greater facility; the sand, moreover, prevents their slipping away from each other; besides that, when spread over the body, it keeps in the sweat, makes them stronger, and hinders the cold air from entering into their open pores; it likewise wipes off the filth, and makes the man appear more neat and clean. I am sure you would prefer one of these to our delicate youth that are brought up in the shade, even without putting their abilities to the proof, as you would find the body of the one firm, solid, and compact, of the other soft, pale, and bloodless.

K k 4

Thus,

Thus, my friend, do we exercise our youth, hoping by these means to render them the guardians of our city, and supporters of the common-weal, that they will defend our liberties, conquer our enemies, and make us fear'd and respected by all around us: in peace they become better subjects, are above any thing that is base, and do not run into vice and debauchery from idleness, but spend their leisure in these useful employments. I call this, therefore, a common good, and the greatest happiness which we enjoy, that our young men are thus prepared for peace and war, and are always thus engaged in what is both innocent and praise-worthy.

A N A C H A R S I S.

If then, Solon, you are at any time invaded by your enemies, you have nothing to do but to anoint yourselves with oil, sprinkle the dust over your bodies, and fall upon them; they, to be sure, will run away immediately, being afraid, as well they may, that you will throw the sand in their faces, or, getting behind them with agility, twist your legs round, and press them to death: then your archers will cast their darts at them, you, in the mean time, will stand like so many impenetrable statues; you who take your colour from the sun, and have such a quantity of blood in you; you are no
chaff

chaff and stubble, to be destroyed immediately, though, perhaps, at last, and by very deep wounds, they may draw a little blood from you; for so, if I understand you right, it must happen; it is odds, moreover, but you will borrow arms from your players, and when you rush out upon the enemy, put on their gaping vizards to appear formidable, and strike terror into them, or, perhaps, strut in their high shoes; they would be light to fly in if you are beat, or if you pursue the foe, you will make such long strides in them, that he can never escape you. Upon the whole, I am afraid these diversions, which seem so excellent to you, are only trifling and ridiculous, a mere sport for boys, that can only make cowards of them: if you wish to be free and happy, you must use yourselves to other exercises, and such as may be of service to you in battle; leave your oil and your sand, and teach your young men not to throw light darts, that are carried away by the wind, but heavy lances, that hiss in the air, large stones that will fill their hands, a hatchet in one, and a shield in the other, with helmets and breast-plates. As you furnish them at present, a few light-armed soldiers would soon rout them, and they must owe their safety, I think,

bus to

to the mercy of heaven. If I were to draw this little sword out of my girdle, I could put your whole gymnasium to flight; they would not dare to look at it, but hide themselves behind the statues and pillars, whilst I should laugh at their fright, and divert myself with their misery; you would soon see them, not fresh and rosy as they are at present, but pale with fear: you have had such a long peace that your men dare not so much as look at the crest of an enemy's shield.

S O L O N.

The * Thracians who came with Eumolpus to attack us, were not of that opinion, nor those women of your's, whom † Hippolyta led to invade us, nor any, indeed, who ever tried our courage in the field: though we strip the bodies of our youth in their exercise, we do not, therefore, my good friend, send them naked

* *The Thracians.*] Eumolpus, by some supposed to be the son of Orpheus, by others of Musæus, disputed the kingdom of Athens with Erechtheus. Both leaders were slain in the contest. The Athenians, after their death, gave the throne to the family of Erechtheus, and bestowed on that of Eumolpus the dignity of hierophantes, or chief priest in the Eleusinian mysteries, wherein it is said to have continued for twelve hundred years.

† *Hippolyta.*] Queen of the Amazons. Hercules, by command of Eurystheus, invaded her kingdom, killed her brothers Mygdon and Amycus, took her prisoner, and gave her in marriage to his friend Theseus.

aud

and unarmed to battle, but when they have gained strength, put weapons in their hands, which by these means they know better how to make use of.

A N A C H A R S I S.

And pray, Solon, whereabouts is your armory? I have looked all about the city, and could never find one.

S O L O N.

If you stay a little longer with us, you will soon see it; we have crests, horses, trappings, and arms of every kind to use, whenever there is occasion for them: a fourth part of our citizens are horsemen; but we think it very unnecessary to wear arms in time of peace; it is even forbidden by our laws to carry them about the city: but it is pardonable, indeed, in you, who are always at war; as you live without any walls and bulwarks, you are perpetually exposed to treachery, and for ever in danger, a man may drag you by night out of your cart, and kill you in your sleep; you live in fear of each other, every man acts as he pleases, and there are no laws to restrain you: the sword, therefore, must always be drawn, and ready to defend you against violence and rapine.

A N A C H A R S I S.

You think it then unnecessary to carry arms
constantly

constantly about you, but lay them by you for service when there may be occasion for them, subduing the bodies of your young men by perpetual labour, and exhausting all their strength by rolling in dirt and filth for nothing.

S O L O N.

You seem to consider the strength of man as if it was like water, wine, or any other liquor, that by dint of labour it would evaporate out of the vessel, and leave the body dry and empty, having no resource to supply it with more; but this is not the case, for the more strength is exhausted by exercise, the more is added; like the hydra, which when one head was cut off, produced two in the room of it; but if they are not inured to labour from their infancy, and by that gain supplies of strength, then are they quickly consumed and worn away by the least toil or exertion; it is like fire and a candle, the same breath which adds force to the one, extinguishes the other, if you do not supply it with fresh matter.

ANACHARSIS.

I really do not understand you; your allusions are too refined, and above my comprehension: but I should be glad to know why at the Olympic, Isthmian, and Pythian games, when so many people, as you tell me, come together to

see

see your exercises, you do not arm your young men, but send them forth naked, to be kicked and beat about, and when they conquer give them nothing but apples and olive garlands.

SOLON.

Because it makes them more inclined to labour and assiduity, when they see the victors thus crowned with honour and glory by the applause of all Greece; besides, that being obliged to appear naked, makes them keep their bodies neat and fit to be seen. As to the rewards, they, as I before observed to you, are by no means inconsiderable; to be praised by the spectators, and pointed out as superior to their rivals, is a prize sufficient for them; add to this, that numbers of the spectators, whose age demands the like exercise, feel the same ambition of excelling, and prepare themselves for labour. Take away the love of fame from mankind, and what virtue would remain amongst us, or who would strive to perform great and splendid actions; you may judge from hence how they will fight for their wives and children, their religion and their country, who, naked and unarmed, shew such an ardent thirst after victory, when they contend only for apples and wreaths of olive.

But

But what would you say if you were to see the battles of our * quails, and † fighting cocks! you would smile, no doubt, especially when I tell you, that they are by public appointment; and that we enjoin our youth, when they arrive at years of maturity to attend them, and be eye-witnesses of the courage of these birds who fight till they die: nor is there any thing ridiculous in this custom; for, hence they learn to despise danger, and are ashamed to appear less bold and courageous than our cocks, to sink under any wounds, or be intimi-

* *Quails, &c.*] The fighting of quails is mentioned by several authors, as a favourite diversion amongst the ancients; "Circulos faciunt (says Belingerus,) in illisque Coturnices statuunt, quas ad pugnam inter se stimulant; Coturnix quæ victa circulo ejicitur cedit domino Coturnicis victicis." See Jul. Cæsar Belingerus de Ludis Veterum.

By this account it appears that they fought in a pit, like our game-cocks. The ancients had, probably, a great plenty of these martial birds: in England they are rather scarce; we, therefore, when we can get, make a better use of them.

† *Fighting cocks.*] Our favourite diversion of cock-fighting has, we see, at least, the plea of antiquity, and, perhaps, it is the only plea it can boast, in favour of it. It does not, however, appear that the ancients furnished them as we do, with any artificial arms to destroy one another. For a circumstantial account of the places and manner in which these bloody battles were fought, I refer the curious reader to a Tract on this subject in the Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript, and Belles Lettres.

dated

dated at any difficulty or misfortune; as to putting arms in their hands, and permitting them to cut and hack one another, we think it idle, savage, and unnecessary, to run the hazard of destroying our best men, who might be of so much service against our enemies.

As you propose, before your return home, to visit the other parts of Greece, you will not, I hope, when you come to Laedæmon, laugh at, or condemn the Spartans, for frequently killing one another about a ball, or for assembling together in a little island, surrounded with water, where the Lycurgeans and Herculeans attack furiously, and throw each other into the river: after which, a peace succeeds, and they are all good friends again; nor, above all, must you be offended when you see their young men whipped at the altar, and streaming with blood; whilst their fathers and mothers stand by, intreating them to suffer it courageously, and even proceed to threats, if they do not bear it with patience and resolution: many have died under this discipline, rather than acknowledge themselves unequal to it before their friends and relations. Statues of these

* *Young men.*] The Spartan custom of whipping their boys at the altar of Diana, is taken notice of by Pausanias, and by Plutarch in his life of Lycurgus.

have

have frequently been erected at the public expence. Think not, therefore, that they are out of their senses, because, neither forced by their enemies, nor at the command of a tyrant, they submit to such punishments. Their law-giver, Lycurgus, would give you very good reasons for it; would tell you, that he does not thus chastise them from hatred or cruelty, but with intent, that those who are to defend their country, may be endowed with extraordinary patience, and be superior to all pain and affliction. But, without Lycurgus's apology, you must, yourself, naturally conclude, that one of these young men would never reveal a secret prejudicial to his country, though the enemy should torture him ever so severely, but rather provoke a repetition of the strokes, and try who should be tired first.

A N A C H A R S I S.

Was Lycurgus himself whipped thus when he was a youth, or, being passed the whipping, did he safely and securely enjoin this discipline to be practised by others?

S O L O N.

When he made these laws he was an old man, and just returned from Crete, whither he had travelled, on account of the excellent statutes

tutes which he had heard were established there by Minos the son of Jupiter.

A N A C H A R S I S.

And why do not you imitate Lycurgus, and flog your young men? it is a noble custom, and worthy of you.

S O L O N.

Because our own exercises are of themselves sufficient; besides that we think it beneath us to imitate foreigners.

A N A C H A R S I S.

That is not your reason; you are convinced, I am sure, that to tie up young men naked in this manner, by both their hands, and whip them, can answer no good end whatsoever, either to the individual, or the whole community; and if ever I go to Sparta, and find them at this sport, I shall certainly be stoned for laughing at them, when I see them whipping their young men like so many thieves and robbers. That city, in my opinion, stands in need of a good quantity of hellebore, which gives its public sanction to any thing so absurd and ridiculous.

S O L O N.

Think not, my good friend, to gain the victory by thus arguing without an antagonist; you will find at Sparta enough who will be able

to answer and confute you. But, as I have told you all our customs, which you seem not much to approve of, I have a right to beg in return that you will acquaint me with your's, that I may know how you exercise and bring up your Scythian youth, and by what means you make them good and honest men.

ANACHARIS.
 To this, Solon, you have, no doubt, a fair claim, and I will give you an exact account of our laws and customs, though they are not so grand and respectable as your's, nor indeed any ways resembling them, as we never so much as venture to give one another a slap on the face; we are rather afraid, indeed, of the consequence: however, such as they are, you shall have them; but I must defer it till * to-morrow, that I may have time to reflect a little on what you have told me, and recollect what I am to inform you of; in the mean time, we must part for the present, for it is almost dark.

* *To-morrow.*] An account of the Scythian customs, with Lucian's remarks upon them, would have been a valuable tract; but Anacharis, which we have reason to lament, probably, did not keep his word, as no such piece is come down to us.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

In this little Tract LUCIAN laughs at the whole Story of the Pagan Hell, as related by the Poets, and believed by the Multitude; together with many of the ridiculous Customs and Ceremonies used at Funerals, by People of all Nations. There are some good strokes of Humour in several Parts of it.

IT is well worthy of our observation to remark what strange things the generality of mankind do and say with regard to mourning, both those who suffer, and those who condole; how dreadful and lamentable every thing appears, though, by Pluto and Proserpine, I believe none of them really know whether what happens is the better or the worse, for those whom they thus pity and lament: but they grieve according to stated modes and forms, and when a man dies, thus they always act. I would first examine, therefore, what their opinion concerning death is, so will all the superfluous pomp and parade attending it be best accounted for.

The great multitude, whom the wise and learned call the mobility, who have an implicit faith in Homer, Hesiod, and other fabulous writers, believe that there is beneath the earth, a place called Hades, or Hell, deep, dark, and spacious, where the sun never enters, and yet, we know not how, so * enlightened, as that all things in it may be fairly seen. In this cavern reigns the brother of Jupiter, surnamed Pluto, (for so I was informed by one skilled in those matters), and so called, because he is † rich in dead men; here he lives, and gives laws to his own kingdom, for to him, it seems, was allotted the empire of the dead, whom he holds in indissoluble chains, never permitting them to return to earth, but on some particular occasions, and which have very seldom happened from the earliest period of time to this day: the whole region is surrounded by rivers, which excite terror by their very names, such as ‡ Cocytus, Periphlegethon, and the rest of them; then there is the lake

* *Enlightened.*] What Milton in his description of hell poetically calls "Darkness visible."

† *Rich.*] A play upon the word Πλούς, or Pluto, in Greek signifying rich.

‡ *Cocytus.*] From Κόρυς, lamentation.

Acheron,

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* Acheron, that receives the new inhabitants, and which cannot be passed without a ferryman, too deep to go through on foot, and too wide to swim over; even the dead birds cannot fly so far. At the gate, which is of adamant, sits † Æacus, the king's brother's son, who guards it; and near him stands the ‡ three-headed dog, a most fierce beast, who welcomes the guests with a mild and placid countenance, but if they endeavour to escape, makes a most dreadful howling. After passing this lake, they are received into a large meadow, planted with asphodelus, and drink the liquor of oblivion, which destroys the memory, and is therefore called § Lethe: so we are told by those who returned from thence, Alcestes, Protefilaus, Thesalus, Theseus the son of Ægeus, and Homer's

* *Acheron.*] From the Greek, which signifies fine gaudium, or joyless. See Virg. Georg. ii. and the sixth book of the Æneid.

† *Æacus.*] Son of Jupiter and Ægina, he was king of Oenopia, which he called Ægina, in honour of his mother; he was so renowned for equity that the poets thought proper to reward him, by reserving a place for him between Minos and Rhadamanthus, the two chief justices of hell.

‡ *Three-headed dog.*] Cerberus.

§ *Lethe.*] Which in Greek signifies oblivion. The properties attributed to this water, furnished a late ingenious writer, whom we cannot sufficiently lament, with the subject of his excellent dramatic satire,

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Ulysses, most grave and creditable witnesses, and who, I suppose, never drank of that same water, or they could not so well have remembered it. There, they tell us, Pluto and Proserpine reign, and govern all things; with them exercise dominion also, a large multitude of Furies, Terrors, and Punishments, with || Mercury at their head, though he is not always amongst them. As magistrates, satraps, or judges, sit Minos and Rhadmanthus, two Cretans, and sons of Jupiter; these, when they get together a few good and honest men, who have lived virtuously, send them off to establish a colony in the Elysian fields, where they live a life of joy and happiness. On the other hand, when they lay hold on the wicked, they deliver them over to the Furies to be punished for their iniquities, in the regions of sorrow; there they suffer most grievously; some are tortured, others burned, torn by vulturs, fixed on wheels, or rolling stones up hill; Tantalus standing at the lake, and dying with thirst; great numbers in a kind of * middle state, wander along

[Mercury.] Whole business it was to conduct the departed mortals to the shades, leave them there, and immediately return to earth for another cargo. His stay, therefore, as Lucian observes, could be but short amongst them.

* Middle state.] This is probably the

Inhumata infestaque turba,

mentioned

along the mead without bodies, shades, that on the least touch, vanish like smoke: these receive a sort of nourishment from our libations, and the offerings which we leave on their graves, so that if the poor spirit has no friends or relations left above ground, he stands a chance of starving in the regions below. The vulgar are firmly persuaded, that if any of their kindred die, it is their duty to put a piece of money into their mouth to pay the ferry-man for his passage, not determining, at the same time, what coin will best pass there, whether a farthing of Attica, or Ægina, or Macedonia will be most current; nor reflecting, that it would be better for them not to pay at all, as the ferry-man then would not admit them, and so they might return to life again.

After this, when they have washed them well (as if the infernal lake was not sufficient for the purpose), they anoint with the finest ointment the almost stinking carcase, crown it with flowers, and dress it up fine, that it may not be mentioned by Virgil; a set of poor souls, who for want of the ceremony of being buried were forced after death to wander about, and could gain admittance neither into the regions of bliss, nor the seats of punishment. The account of this in ancient authors is very imperfect and obscure; it seems, however, to have laid the foundation of a doctrine equally absurd with the Pagan, a Popish purgatory.

catch cold upon the road, or appear naked before Cerberus. To this succeeds the weeping of the women, tears and lamentations on every side, beatings of the breast, tearings of the hair, and bloody cheeks; sometimes the garments are rent in pieces, dust sprinkled on the head, and the living, in short, in a worse condition than the dead; for they roll themselves on the earth, and beat their heads against the ground, whilst the deceased is finely adorned, and carried about as to some pompous celebrity: then, perhaps, steps forth from the middle of the croud the father or mother (for we will suppose, the better to carry on the farce, that the deceased is some beautiful youth,) and embracing him, utters some strange and absurd speech, which the dead man, if he had a voice, would give a proper † answer to; for now the father, in a melancholy tone, cries out, “ † My sweetest boy, why would you die, and leave me thus, cut off in the flower of your age; never didst thou marry or have children; never didst thou fight

† *Answer.*] This answer Lucian gives a little farther on, Wherefore, good old man, &c.

‡ *My sweetest boy, &c.*] This custom, I am told, is even now to be found in several parts of Ireland, where the relations of the deceased, croud about the grave, and cry out, “ Arrah! why would you die, my dear honey, and leave your wife and sweet babes, &c.”

for

for thy country, or till the earth, or arrive at old age; never again, my child, shalt thou keep company, never shalt thou fall in love, never shalt thou get drunk with thy companions."

This, or something like this, will the foolish father say, as if he thought he could stand in need of these things after death, and would not be able to get them. But this is nothing; some I have known ridiculous enough on the death of their relations, to kill their horses, their women, and their slaves, to burn along with them their apparel, and bury their furniture, as thinking they may have occasion for them below. But the old man I mentioned, whatever he might say with a tragical voice, did not do it for his son's sake, who, he very well knew, could not hear him, though he roared like Stentor; nor was it for his own, as the sentiment would have done just as well without being expressed, and nobody need talk to themselves; it must be therefore only to please others, and because it is the fashion, as he could not possibly tell where his son was going, or whether his death was really a misfortune or not.

Might not the son, therefore, having begged leave of Æacus and Pluto to peep from the door of his prison, thus have reproved the father for
his

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his idle complaints, "Wherefore, good old man, art thou so unhappy and disquieted? Why dost thou trouble me with thy lamentations; leave off tearing thy hair, and cutting thy flesh; why dost thou call me wretched, when I am much happier than thyself? dost thou think it a misfortune to me that I am not like thee, old, haggard, and withered, and rusty, with a bald pate, and wrinkled face, bent down with age, and weak hams, after such a number of Olympiads, that are but so many witnesses of thy folly; what is there in life so valuable that I should here regret the loss of it? Eating and drinking, you will say, fine cloaths, and fine women; and fearest thou that I shall be wretched for want of these? Knowest thou not that never to be thirsty is better than to drink, never to be hungry than to eat, never to want cloaths than to have the greatest plenty of them?

"But I will tell you, for you seem not to know, why you should lament; once more begin your complaints, and cry out, "Wretched son, no longer shalt thou be hungry or dry, no longer shalt thou mourn, no longer dread disorders, fevers, enemies, or tyrants, no longer shall love or passion torment thee, no longer shalt thou stuff thyself two or three times a day, nor shalt thou grow old and despised, or thy
presence

presence be detested by the young and gay. Would not this, my good father, be a fitter subject of complaint? but you cannot bear the darkness, it seems, which is to surround me, and are afraid I shall be choaked in my grave; but please to remember, when my eyes are putrified, or burned, if you mean to burn me, I shall not be able to distinguish light from darkness: but, moreover, of what service to me will be all your grief, the beatings of the breast, and women's lamentations, the sepulchre crowned with flowers, or the wine poured upon it, do you think it will distill to me, or penetrate into the infernal regions? And as for your sacrifices and libations, the smoke of them can only rise to heaven, and be of little use to the dead; what is left will be nothing but dust, and do you think we are to be fed with ashes? that the empire of Pluto is so barren and unfruitful, that we have no asphodelus left, and must be obliged to you for our subsistence? By Tisiphone, I could laugh at every thing you have said and done, but that you have tied up my jaws with your linen bandage."

* He ceas'd, the Fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath.

And now, by Jupiter, I beseech you, might not

* He ceas'd, &c.] See Homer's Iliad, II. 502.

the

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the dead youth most justly have argued in this manner? And yet foolish men make a noise and bustle, and call in every day some lamentable sophist or other to murmur for them, and join their own ridiculous complaints to his melancholy song: with regard to this all are fools alike; but as to sepulture, people have different customs; the Grecian burns his dead, the Persian inters, the Indian makes an earthen crust for them, the Scythian eats, the Ægyptian pickles them, he makes the dried carcase, I speak from ocular proof, his guest and pot companion; a poor Ægyptian frequently gets money to maintain himself by pawning his dead relations; then come pyramids, tombs, monuments, and inscriptions, which last, heaven knows, but a very little time, and are truly idle and ridiculous; some have instituted sports and funeral orations at the tombs of the deceased, as if they meant to plead his cause, and give a favourable character of him to the judges below; after all these comes the relations feast; the kindred meet to comfort the parents, and force them to take some refreshment, which they need not do, for they who have fasted three days are glad enough to eat again; then they cry out to them, how long, my friends, will you mourn, suffer the manes of your hap-

ON MOURNING FOR THE DEAD. 525

py child to rest in peace; but if you are resolved still to weep and lament, for that very reason you should not abstain from food, but eat away, that you may have strength to go on with it; then in the mouths of all you hear those verses of Homer,

* ——— Do not, thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego;
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine.

And,

† Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead.

They then, perhaps, begin to feed a little, though with fear and trembling, as if they were ashamed, after the death of their dear relations, to be subject to human infirmities.

These, and a great many other things, still more ridiculous, one may observe with regard to mourning, arising, perhaps, all from the vulgar opinion, that death is the greatest of evils.

* *Do not thus, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xxiv. l. 755.

† *Eternal, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 227.

COMPLETE ORATOR.

In the Time of LUCIAN, and it is not impossible but such a Thing may happen in our own, a Species of false and tinsel Eloquence had crept in, and, probably gained many Admirers amongst the idle and unthinking Multitude, which our Satirist has here attacked with his usual Arms of Raillery and Ridicule. A rich Vein of pleasant Irony runs through the whole, which must render it highly entertaining to every Reader of Taste and Sensibility; nothing, indeed, is wanting to recommend it to us, but a perfect Knowledge of the Facts and Speeches, wisely alluded to in many Parts of it, which at this Distance of Time we cannot possibly acquire. Some Critics assert that the Satire was principally aimed at JULIUS POLLUX, Author of the Onomasticum; but this seems to be a mere Conjecture.

YOU have often asked me, my young friend, how you may become an orator, and acquire the most noble and respectable title of a sophist: you have even gone so far as to say, you cannot properly enjoy life till you have gained such a proficiency in the art of speaking

speaking as to be irresistible, one whom none should dare to oppose, but all Greece unite to admire: you are resolved, therefore, to pursue the means, whatever they may be, that are conducive to this end: nor shall I refuse my instructions to a youth, who, like you, ambitious of excelling in the noblest accomplishments, and ignorant how to acquire them, solicits advice and direction. Listen then to what I am going to say, and make not the least doubt but that in a very short time you will know every thing that is requisite, and be able to practise it, provided that you continue to observe what I shall teach you, reflect seriously upon it, and carefully tread in that path, till you reach the goal. The game you are in chase of is, indeed, by no means poor or contemptible, but such as will require toil and vigilance, and in pursuit of which there is nothing which ought not to be borne; for how many, you must remark, who before were men of no esteem, have, by their skill in oratory, become rich, great, and noble!

In the mean time, be not dismayed or terrified by the multiplicity of labours which you are to undergo; for I shall not carry you such a rough and bad road as will tire you before you get half way, and make you turn back again: that

that would be acting like most other guides, who generally lead people through round-about, stony, and dangerous paths; but the advantage of following me is, that I shall shew you the pleasantest and the nearest way, a fine smooth * horse-road, which you will travel with delight, through flowery meadows and thick shade, go on at your ease, and get soon, without sweating and toil, to the end of your journey, where you may lay and feast yourself, and look down upon the poor wretches who went the other way, puffing and blowing at the bottom of the hill, scarce able to crawl through the rough and dangerous precipices, some tumbling on their heads, and others wounded by the rocks; whilst you sit at the top, crowned with honour and glory, and reaping, in a short time, all the fruits of eloquence, and are scarce waked out of your sleep for it.

A most magnificent promise this! but by hospitable Jove I intreat you not to doubt or mistrust me, when I say, I will conduct you with the greatest ease, pleasure, and safety; and if † Hesiod, only by cropping a few leaves from

* *Horse-road.*] Gr. ἵππων ὁδὸν.

† *Hesiod.*] Alluding to the following passage in the beginning of his *Theogony*:

— The

from Helicon, from a simple shepherd, immediately became a poet, and favoured by the Muses, sung the birth of gods and men: shall we think it impossible, in a very short time, to make an orator, who is so much beneath the grandeur and dignity of a poet, if we can but discover the quickest way for it?

I will tell you the proposal of a certain Sidonian merchant, which failed only by not being attended to, and, therefore, was of no service to the person to whom it was addressed. Alexander, after the victory over Darius at Arbela, was master of Persia, and had occasion to send messengers through all parts of the empire; now, it was a long way from Persia to Ægypt, for they were to go all round the mountains, and then from Babylonia into Arabia, and after passing through a long desert, on to Ægypt: this gave Alexander no little un-

— The maids of Jove, the sacred nine,
Had pluck'd a sceptre from the tree divine,
To me the branch they gave, with look serene,
The laurel ensign, never-fading green;
I took the gift, with holy raptures fir'd,
My words flow sweeter, and my soul's inspir'd.

Ovid, in the beginning of his *Art of Love*, alludes to this enthusiastic flight of Hesiod's, where he says,

Nor Clio, nor her sisters, have I seen,
As Hesiod saw them in the shady green.

easiness, as he had heard the Ægyptians were planning something against him, and wanted much to give orders to his satraps concerning them. At this time it was, that a Sidonian merchant said to him, "I can promise, O king, to shew you a very short way from Persia to Ægypt; let a man but get over those mountains, which he may do in three days, and he will be there immediately." And such was really the case, but Alexander would not believe the merchant, and called him an impostor: the improbability of the promise ever being fulfilled rendered it absolutely incredible to the multitude.

But do not you imitate them, for you will soon know by experience, that nothing can hinder you from being a complete orator in less than a day's time, by flying with me over the mountain from Persia into Ægypt: but, before we set off, let me shew you, by an allegory, in the manner of * Cebes, both the roads, for there are two which leads to that oratory which you seem so ambitious to obtain. Observe then, sitting on an eminence, a beautiful figure, bearing in her right hand the horn of Amalthæa, filled with fruit of every kind; imagine that on

* *Cebes.*] The Theban Philosopher, and disciple of Socrates, author of the famous allegory of the *Tabula Cebetis*.
the

the other side, you behold the amiable Plutus all over gold, by their side are glory and power, with a number of praises and compliments, like so many little Cupids, embracing each other, and fluttering about you ; just as you have seen the Nile represented leaning on a crocodile, or Hippopotamos, with boys playing round him, which they call the † cubits of Ægypt ; such are the praises that hover round an orator. Approach then, fond lover, ascend the eminence, and there receive thy bride, with riches, glory, and applause, for these are all the lawful right of him who shall espouse her. When you come near to the mountain, at first you will, perhaps, despair of ever getting to the top of it ; it will appear as Aornos did to the Macedonians, so inaccessible, that even the birds can scarce fly up to it, and requires the strength of a Bacchus, or Hercules, to take possession of it. But you will soon perceive two paths that lead up to it, one narrow, rough, and over-

† *Cubits.*] There is now at the Tuilleries near Paris, a marble groupe of figures, copied from the antique statue here alluded to, representing the river Nile, under the figure of an old man crowned with laurel, and leaning on his elbow with a cornucopia in his hand ; on his arms, shoulders, and thighs, are sixteen naked boys, signifying so many cubits, the height of the river, when it overflows, and enriches the whole territory of Ægypt.

grown with thorns and briars, scarce passable, without much toil and labour; Hesiod has already engaged to shew it, and therefore you will not want my assistance: the other is broad, pleasant, flowery, well-watered, such, in short, not to detain you from the desired object, as I before described to you. Here, however, I must not forget to observe, that in the hard and rough way, you will find very few footsteps, and what there are, of a long standing: I myself went that road like a fool as I was, and took a great deal of unnecessary pains. The other plain and even path, I saw, indeed, at a distance, just as it now is, but would not step into it, for when I was young, I did not know what was best for me, but thought the poet must be right who tells us, that * labour is the source of happiness; but it is not so, for I see numbers every day, who acquire the good things of life, without toil or care, only by a happy choice of the right road to them.

You will be in doubt, I know, at the beginning of the journey, which path you shall

• *Labour.*]

The paths of virtue must be reach'd by toil,
Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil;
Thorny the path, but when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the prospect plain.

See Hesiod's *Weeks and Days*, l. 290.
turn;

turn to; but I will instruct you how to reach with ease the summit, to enjoy your beloved mistress, to be happy, and to be admired. It is enough, that I was myself deceived and tired, for you every thing shall spring up without ploughing or sowing, as in the days of Saturn.

And now, observe, there comes towards you a stout and hardy figure, robust and active, with a manly gait and gesture; he comes to be your guide in that rough and thorny way, and commands you to follow him: he will tell you many an idle tale, shew you the steps of Demosthenes, Plato, and others, steps much † larger than those of our days, but such as are now buried in obscurity and oblivion; these, he will say, if you tread in, you will soon gain the lovely bride, and be happy: but it is like walking on a rope, for if you go but ever so little beyond the line, or turn your foot to the right, or left, down you tumble. He will then order you to imitate the ancients, which

† *Larger.*] A happy allusion to what Homer tells us of Hector's extraordinary strength, when, as Garth, in his Epilogue to the Distress'd Mother, has humorously described it,

He threw a stone of such prodigious weight,
As not two men could lift, not even of those,
Who in that race of thundering mortals rose;
It would have strain'd a dozen—modern beaux.

is not very easy to do, and produce you some obsolete examples out of the old shop, such as * Crates, † Hegesias, and the famous ‡ islander, stiff and laboured things, mighty accurate and exact. He will inform you, perhaps, that industry, watchfulness, water-drinking, frugality, and so forth, are indispensable, as without them you can never travel that road. But what is the most disagreeable of all, is, that it will cost you so much time, not days or months, but years, nay, whole Olympiads, so that before half your task is over, you will sink under the toil, and in despair, bid a long adieu to all your hoped-for happiness : add to this, that he will himself

* *Crates*] Is mentioned by Diogenes Laertius as a celebrated orator. The critics, however, seem to think, that Lucian meant in this place, to speak of Critias, the famous orator, mentioned by Cicero, in his Treatise de Claris Oratoribus, who lived in the time of Thucydides ; and who is likewise taken notice of by Philostratus, in his book de Vitis Sophistarum.

† *Hegesias*.] Cicero speaks likewise, but seems to have entertained no very high opinion of him, observing in the above mentioned treatise, de Clar. Orat. that Charisii voluit similis esse, atque se ita putavit Atticum, ut viros illos præ se penè agrestes putaret.

‡ *Islander*.] Gorgias Leontinus, called the Islander, from his being a native of Sicily, which was termed the island Κατ' ἐξοχὴν ; he was a disciple of Empedocles, and held the first rank amongst the sophists of his time ; he is mentioned likewise by Philostratus and Plutarch.

expect

expect no little reward, nor will he condescend to be your guide, unless you bribe him handsomely before-hand. This insolent old Saturnian, who proposes his ancient models, and wants you to rake up things long since buried in oblivion; will advise you, as a great and mighty matter, to rival the § sword-maker's son, or || Atrometes the scribe, and that too, in time of peace, not when Philip invades, or Alexander commands, for then it might have been of some service. But he knows nothing, all the time, of our new, short, easy, and direct road to rhetoric: never do you listen or attend to him, lest he should entirely ruin you, or at least make you grow old before your time, by the toil and labour he will impose on you; if you are really fond of eloquence, and wish as soon as possible to possess her, whilst you are in full vigour, take an eternal farewell of that sturdy rugged old fellow, let him go up himself, and carry with him as many as he can seduce, whilst you leave them all sweating and panting behind you.

For, as soon as you strike into the other road, you will meet a number of figures, and amongst

§ *Sword-maker's son.*] Demosthenes.

|| *Atrometes.*] Æschines, the famous orator. See Demosthenes's *Oratio de Coronâ*.

the rest an * all-knowing and beautiful man, with an undulating motion in his gait, and his head bent on one side, a soft voice, and an effeminate countenance, touching his head gently with the tip of his finger, and adjusting his curled hyacinthine locks, like Sardanapalus, Cyniras, or † Agatho himself, the famous handsome tragic poet: you will know him by these marks; let not, I beseech you, so divine a figure, one so dear to Venus and the Graces, escape your observation; but how can I suppose it should! for when he shall approach you, even though you were blind, and open, which suits admirably with a white hat, that ‡ Hymettian mouth of his, with its accustomed sweetness, you will soon perceive that he is not one of us common people, who live upon the fruits of the earth, but some foreign and miraculous creature, fed with dew and ambrosia: to him, if you consign yourself, you will im-

* *An all-knowing, &c.*] It is supposed, as I observed in the first note, that Lucian here meant to satirise Julius Polux; but this is by no means clear.

† *Agatho.*] This famous tragic poet is mentioned by Aristotle in his Poetics, and by the scholiasts on Aristophanes. But for the fullest account of him, I refer the curious reader to the learned Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Euripides.

‡ *Hymettian.*] Alluding to the mountain of Hymettus, so famous for its honey.

mediately

mediately become a famous orator, or, as he calls himself, a * king of words, and ride in the chariot of eloquence; for he will soon teach you every thing.

But let him speak for himself; ridiculous, indeed, would it be in me, to harangue for such an orator; I should but spoil the part of so great a hero, were I to attempt to perform it: let him, therefore, address you, as soon as he has stroked down his little foretop, and given you one of his soft beautiful smiles, with a voice like Glycera, Malthace, or the great comic † Thais herself; in this modest manner then, will he, perhaps, speak of himself:

“ Did the Pythian oracle send you here? and did it inform you that I was the prince of orators, as it told ‡ Chærephon of old, who was the wisest of men? if it be not so, and urged by the love of glory, you come of your own accord,

* *King of words, &c.*] Ridiculous expressions, probably quoted from the works of the unfortunate author, now (happily for himself,) consigned to oblivion, whom Lucian meant to expose.

† *Thais herself.*] Lucian calls her *Αυτοθαις*, the great Thais, or Thais herself. In the same manner in his *Timon*, he calls Boreas *Αυτο Βορεας*, ipsemet Boreas; an uncommon expression, I believe, and peculiar to this author.

‡ *Chærephon.*] Who, we are told, enquired of the Pythian oracle, who was the wisest of men? the oracle returned for answer, Socrates.

because

because you have heard all mankind unite in praise of my perfections, and, astonished at my superiority, yield the palm to me, soon shall you know how divine a person you are applying to. You will not compare me to common men, but think what I shall shew you, beyond all that a * Tityus, an Otus, or Ophialtes could produce: my voice shall excel every other, as much as the trumpet doth the pipe, the bee a grasshopper, or the full chorus, every little chanter.

“ If you wish to be an orator, nobody can teach you better than myself; follow me, therefore, thou favourite of Apollo, mind what I say, and look forward to every thing thou canst desire, but mark the laws which I lay down, and observe them well; go on boldly, and without delay; be not afraid because thou art not first initiated by vain pretenders, who would shew thee another path; we shall not want their assistance; step in, as the proverb says, with unwashed feet, thou wilt be never the worse for it; nay, not even shouldst thou not be able to write thy name; a true orator is above all these things.

“ But, first, I must tell you what provision

* *Tityus*.] The famous giants mentioned by Homer. See *Odyssæy* A. l. 307.

you are to bring along with you, and what necessities for the journey ; and then, by my advice and direction, before sun-set, I will make you as good an orator as myself, who know the beginning, and the middle, and the end of every thing that can, or ought to be said. Bring with you, therefore, a great deal of ignorance, with much confidence, and, above all, a large quantity of boldness and assurance : as to modesty, blushing, truth, and equity, you may leave them at home, as totally useless, and contrary to our design : forget not, however, the loudest bawling you can produce, an impudent tone, with gait and gesture exactly like mine. These are absolutely necessary, and these alone are sufficient. Let your dress be white, with flowers upon it, and of the † Tarentine make, that the body may be seen through it ; your slippers Attic, such as the women wear, and finely wrought ; or a ‡ Sicyonian shoe, which suits admirably

† *Tarentine.*] The linen of Tarentum was, probably, a kind of gauze, so remarkably fine as to be almost pellucid, and consequently shewed the ladies or gentlemen's limbs who wore it to the greatest advantage.

‡ *Sicyonian shoe*] This kind of shoe, so called from the place where it was made, and generally worn by the ladies ; though the macaronies of that age, as we find by this passage, sometimes made use of them. Si mihi calceos (says Tully,) Sicyonias attulisses, non uterer, quamvis essent habiles, & apti ad pedem ; sed non viriles. See Cic. de Orat. b. i.

with

with a white hat; bring a good many servants with you, and always carry a book in your hand. All this you must provide yourself with; and as for the rest, as we go along, I will explain every thing to you, and lay down some rules, which, if you carefully observe, oratory shall not reject you as one who hath never been initiated into her mysteries, but with open arms receive and embrace you. And first, remember that your dress and appearance are decent and handsome; then get you fifteen or twenty good Attic words, well selected, and maturely considered of, which you must have always ready, and at your tongue's end, such as * *atta*, and *kata*, and *mone*, and *ameegete*, and *lowste*, and so forth; these you must sprinkle over every discourse, like so many sweetmeats, and never mind, if the rest of your words are ever so unlike them, harsh, and dissonant, and of quite another class. Let your garb be as coarse as you please, so that the purple be fine, and full of flowers. In the other parts of your speech, your words may be strange, obsolete, and such as are seldom met with amongst the ancients;

* *Atta*, &c.] Greek words frequently used by some of the best Attic writers, and which, therefore, the ridiculous imitators of them were perpetually making use of, and applying, right or wrong, in their own works.

these

these you must have ready to throw at every body who converses with you : the vulgar will admire you, and think you a wonderful man, whose learning is above their † comprehension.

“ If, after all, you blunder upon solecisms and barbarisms, there is one infallible remedy for you, which is impudence ; you have nothing to do but immediately to quote some poet or prose-writer, no matter whether there ever was such a person, who approves that mode of speech, and who was a most learned man, and an excellent judge of language. As to study, you must never read the ancients, the trifler ‡ Isocrates, the awkward ungraceful Demosthenes, or the frigid Plato ; but consult the books lately published, what we call our declamations ; from these you may gather instructions, use them whenever you have occasion, and take, as from a store-house, whatever you want out of them.

“ If you are to speak on any point, and the persons present are for suggesting arguments to you, and furnishing you with matter, treat them

† *Comprehension.*] Here Lucian quotes two or three quaint words and phrases, used at that time by the literary coxcombs of the age, which, as the learned reader who well knows them, will easily perceive, are untranslatable.

‡ *Isocrates.*] See Bayle.

with

with contempt; tell them, what they call difficult is extremely easy, and that they are afraid of doing any thing great or noble: then without delay rush on, and say any thing that comes into your head, never going from first to second, and from second to third, but let whatever comes first, be first advanced; and if it so happens, put the boot upon your head, and the helmet on your foot; go on talking, whatever you do, and never be silent. If you are speaking about an adultery at Athens, be sure you let them know what is done in such cases at Persia, and the Indies: above all, do not forget Marathon and Cynagirus, for without them you do nothing: sail to mount Athos, and go on foot to the Hellespont, cover the Sun with Persian arrows, make Xerxes fly, hold up Leonidas to admiration, read the bloody letters of * Othryades, and talk for ever about Salamis, Artemisium, and Plataea; dwell perpetually on these, let them float upon the surface, keep these flowers always in bloom, and continually repeating your *atta* and *depothen*, though there is no occasion for them; for they are always beautiful, even when they are nothing to the purpose.

* *Othryades*.] See latter part of Charon, vol. i. and the note upon it.

“ If

“ If at any time you have an opportunity of singing, let every thing be sung; but if you can find nothing fit to be sung, modulate your voice to the proper tone, address yourself in sing-song to the judges, and depend upon it, the harmony is complete. Be sure to repeat frequently, alas! alas! then strike your thigh, stretch your throat, and roar out your words in a loud scream, and strut about manfully, and shake your posteriors: if they do not applaud you, be angry with, and abuse them; if they seem ashamed, and want to go off, stop them, make them sit down, and, in short, exercise your full dominion over them. That the vulgar may admire your speeches, bring your arguments from the siege of Troy, or rather, if you will, from the marriage of Deucalion and Pyrrha, quite down to the present times. Understanding hearers are few in number, and out of good nature will say nothing, or if they should, it will only look like envy; but the multitude will admire your dress, voice, walk, gesture, singing, nay even your fine shoes, and your *atta*; and when they see you sweat, and toil, and puff, and blow, will never be persuaded but that you are a most accomplished orator: besides,

fides, that the rapidity of your extempore eloquence carries with it no little excuse for every thing, and always gains admiration with the vulgar. Take care, therefore, that you never write down any thing, or seem to think before you speak; for that would be a strong argument against you. Let your friends be always ready to applaud you with their * feet; it is what they owe you for their suppers; and if at any time they perceive you tripping, or hesitating, let them lay hold of your hand and pay you compliments, in the mean time you may find something to say and go on. Be sure you take care to have a chorus of your own to sing with you.

“ This you are to observe with regard to your speeches: after they are over, let your guard of friends lead you off, conversing with them about your oration; and if you meet any body, be full of your own praises, that you may appear of some consequence to him, crying

* *Feet.*] This method of applause, by striking the feet on the ground, was, we have reason to suppose, generally adopted by the ancients: a modern audience makes use of the hands, for the same purpose, which is easier, and at the same time, perhaps, more exhilarating.

out,

out, what is the † Pæanian to me, which of the ancients will contend with me? and so forth.

“ But there is one principal thing, and which will raise your reputation above all, which I had forgot to mention; whoever speaks besides yourself, always laugh at them; if they speak well, say they stole it, and it is none of their own; if it is only tolerable, say it is good for nothing: always come late into the assembly, and you will be the more taken notice of, and when they are all silent, begin some strange panegyric, that may call off the attention of the audience from him who was speaking before, and make them shut their ears against him. Do not move your hand too often by way of applauding any body, for that is low and vulgar; nor rise up to speak above once or twice at most, but often smile to yourself, as if to shew your contempt of all that is said; for to those who are inclined to censure, some occasion may always be found; you must be confident and bold, have a lie always ready, and an oath at your tongue's end, envy, hatred, calumny, and malice, these will soon make you celebrated and conspicuous.

† *Pæanian.*] Demosthenes.

“ So much for your outward appearance: in private you may game, whore, commit adultery, at least tell every body you do, glory in it, and shew the love-letters written to you; endeavour to make yourself as handsome as you can, that the women may seem to have some reason for admiring you; this will be of use to you as an orator, as it will give you more assurance; women are more loquacious than men, and have better talents for abuse: the more you are like them, therefore, the more you will † excel. * * * *

—These things, young man, if you diligently observe (and they are very easily done), I will answer for it, in a short time, you will be the best orator in the world, and as great as myself; the consequence I need not point out to you, nor the many advantages which eloquence has to bestow; for only look on me, born of no very noble race, for my father was a * slave, and my mother a mender of old cloaths: at first, for you see my person is not

† *Excel.*] Here follow in the original two or three lines, which, for decency's sake, are omitted in the translation.

* *A slave.*] The original adds, which served on the other side of Xoïs and Thmuis, cities of Lower Ægypt, or Abyssinia.

con-

contemptible, I served an old miser only for my board, for that was all I could get, though, as I told you before, I was well accomplished, having a good share of ignorance and impudence. After this, I lived with an old woman of seventy, who fed me well for some time, for I pretended to be fond of her, though she had but four teeth left, and those † fastened in by a bit of gold : I was compelled by poverty to go through this laborious employment ; hunger made the cold kisses from this sepulchre most delicious to me ; and I should certainly have been left heir to all she had, if a rascally servant had not told her that I bought some poison on purpose to make an end of her ; upon which she thrust me headlong out of doors. I was not, however, left to starve, for I soon after turned orator, and gained universal applause, betrayed my clients, and promised those that knew no better, that I would bribe the judges for them. Many a time have I lost my cause, but still I § hung up the green branches

and

† *Fastened.*] The art, we see, of fastening in false teeth with gold wire, though generally considered as a modern invention, was known by the Spence's and Vanbutchell's of antiquity.

§ *Hung up.*] It was customary amongst the ancients, as

and crowns before my door; for I always lay this as a bait for the ignorant, and it is no little advantage to me to be known and fear'd, to be pointed at as a skilful advocate, versed in every fraud, and the prince of mischief. Such are the precepts which I deliver to you, and which I practis'd long ago myself, with no little emolument."

Thus will your noble guide finish his discourse: and now, my young friend, if you will follow his advice, you may suppose yourself arriv'd at the desired haven; nor need you fear but that you will soon be a great orator, and universally admired; that you will be wedded, not to an old woman like your preceptor, but to the beauteous fair one, Eloquence herself, we learn from Casaubon and other writers, for those advocates, who had gained their cause, to hang up green branches and crowns before their doors, in token of their success, which Juvenal alludes to,

ut tibi lasso

Figantur virides, scalarum gloria palmæ.

And Martial also, in the following lines,

Sic fora mirentur, sic te palatia laudent,

Excolat et geminas plurima palma fores.

Book vii. Epig. 27.

If this custom took place amongst us, what groves of triumphant green would have crowned the doors of a *Tburlow*, a *Norton*, and a *Dunning*!

and

and ride in the swift chariot of Plato. As for myself (slothful and timid as I am), I must get out of your way, and since I cannot follow such advice, give up all thoughts of being an orator. I have, indeed, long since declined it. Go you, therefore, my good friend, talk away, and be admired; only remember, that you did not get before me by running faster, but by taking the easiest and the nearest way.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

and a little in the swift chariot of Pisto. As for
myself (timid and timid as I am), I must get
out of your way, and since I cannot follow
such advice, give up all thoughts of being an
orator. I have, indeed, long since declined it.
Go you, therefore, my good friend, talk away,
and be admired; or, if you prefer, that you
did not get before me in the same matter, but
by taking the easier and less well way.

